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MY CHILDREN AND I*

BY

ELLEN TERRY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS AND PORTRAITS

I

ROSSETTI—BERNHARDT—IRVING
1865—1867

MOST people know that Tom Taylor was one of the leading playwrights of the sixties as well as the dramatic critic of the *Times*, but to us he was more than this—he was an institution! I simply cannot remember when I did not know him. It is the Tom Taylors of the world who give children on the stage their splendid education! We never had any education in the strict sense of the word, yet, through the Taylors and others, we *were* educated. Their house in Lavender Sweep was lovely. I can hardly bear to go near that part of London now, it is so horribly changed. Where are its green fields and its chestnut-trees? We were always welcome at the Taylors', and every Sunday we heard music and met interesting people —Charles Reade among them. Mrs. Taylor had rather a hard outside,—she was like Mrs. Charles Kean in that respect,—and I was often frightened out of my life by her; yet I adored her. She was so tender at heart, so generous—she didn't know how to keep her pocket closed against distress. And what an admirable musician! She composed nearly all the music for her husband's plays.

Tom Taylor was one of the most benign and gentle of men, a good and a loyal friend. At first he was more interested in my sister Kate's career than in mine, as was only natural; for, up to the time of my first marriage, Kate had a present, I only a future. Before we went to Bristol and played with the stock company, she had made her name. At the St. James' Theatre, in 1862, she was playing a small part in a version of Sardou's "Nos Intimes," known then as "Friends and Foes" and in a later day and in another version as "Peril."

Pre-Raphaelite Pets

Miss Herbert—the beautiful Miss Herbert, as she was appropriately called—had the chief part in the play (Mrs. Union), and Kate, although not the understudy, was called upon to play it at a few hours' notice. She had from childhood acquired a habit of studying every part in every play in which she was concerned, so she was as ready as if she had been the understudy. Miss Herbert was not a good actress, but her appearance made up to many for her want of skill. She was very tall, with pale gold hair and the spiritual, ethereal look which the aesthetic movement loved. When mother wanted to flatter me very highly, she said that I looked like Miss Herbert. Rossetti founded many of his pictures on her, and she and Miss Janie Morris were his favourite types. When any one was the object of Rossetti's devotion, there was no extravagant length to which he would not go in demonstrating it. He bought a white bull because it had "eyes like Janie Morris," and tethered it on the lawn of his home in Chelsea. Soon there was no lawn left—only the bull! He invited people to meet it, and heaped favours on it until it kicked everything to pieces, when he reluctantly got rid of it.

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His next purchase was a white peacock, which, very soon after its arrival, disappeared under the sofa. In vain did Rossetti "shoo" it out. It refused to budge. This went on for days.

"The lovely creature won't respond to me," said Rossetti pathetically to a friend.

The friend dragged out the bird.

"No wonder! It's *dead!*"

"Bulls don't like me," said Rossetti a few days later, "and peacocks aren't homely."

It preyed on his mind so much that he tried to repair the failure by buying some white dormice. He sat them up on little bamboo chairs, and they looked sweet. When the winter was over, he invited a party to meet them and congratulate them upon waking up from their long sleep.

"They are awake now," he said, "but how quiet they are! How full of repose!"

One of the guests went to inspect the dormice more closely, and a peculiar expression came over his face. It might almost have been thought that he was holding his nose.

"Wake up, little dormice," said Rossetti.

"They'll never do *that*," said the guest. "They're *dead*. I believe they have been dead some days!"

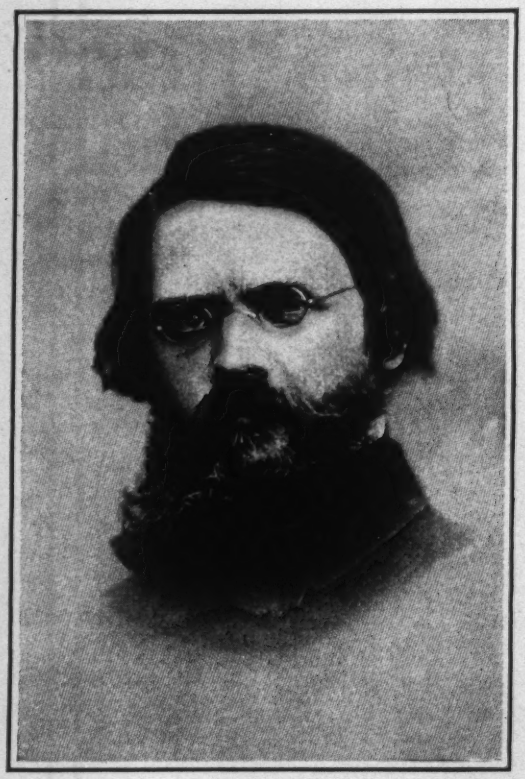
Do you think Rossetti gave up live stock after this? Not a bit of it. He tried armadillos and tortoises.

"How are the tortoises?" he asked his man one day, after a long spell of forgetfulness that he had any.

"Pretty well, sir, thank you. . . . That's to say, sir, there ain't no tortoises!"

The tortoises, bought to eat the beetles, had been eaten themselves. At least, the shells were found full of beetles.

And the armadillos? "The air of Chelsea don't suit them," said Rossetti's servant. They had certainly left Rossetti's house, but they had not left Chelsea. All the neighbours had dozens of them! They had burrowed, and come up smiling in houses where they were far from welcome.



TOM TAYLOR

Kate Terry's Leap into Fame

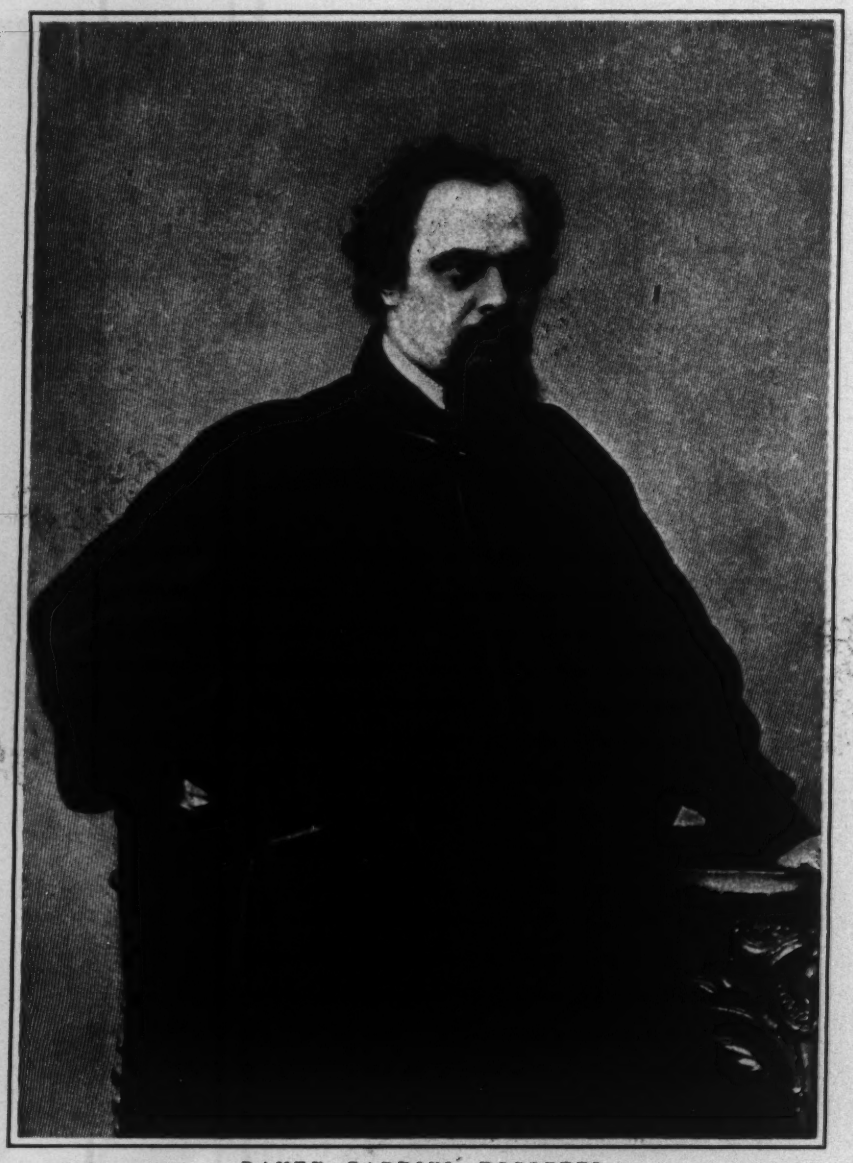
This by the way. Miss Herbert, who looked like the Blessed Damosel leaning out "across the bar of heaven," was quite unsuited to the line of parts that she was playing at the St. James'. Perhaps this had something to do with her falling ill during the run of "Friends and Foes." At any rate, her illness was Kate's opportunity. From the night that Kate played Mrs. Union, her reputation was made.

It was a splendid chance, no doubt, but of what use would it have been to any one who was not ready to use it? Kate, though only about nineteen at this time, was a finished actress. She had been a perfect Ariel, a beautiful Cordelia, and had played at least forty other parts of importance since she had appeared as a tiny Robin in the Keans' production of "Merry Wives of Windsor." She had not had her head turned by big salaries, and she had never ceased working since she was four years old! No wonder that she was capable of bearing the burden of a piece at a moment's notice. The Americans cleverly say that "the lucky cat *watches*." I should add that the lucky cat *works*. Reputations on the stage — at any rate, enduring reputations — are not made by chance, and to an actress who has not worked hard the finest opportunity in the world will be utterly useless.

My own opinion of my sister's acting must be taken for what it is worth — and that is very little. I remember how she looked on the stage, — like a frail white azalea, — and that her acting, unlike that of Adelaide Neilson, who was the great popular favourite before Kate came to the front, was scientific. She knew what she was about. There was more ideality than passionate womanliness in her

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

ELLEN TERRY IN 1866



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

interpretations. For this reason, perhaps, her Cordelia was finer than her Portia or her Beatrice.

She was engaged at one time to a young actor called Montagu. If the course of that love had run smooth where should I have been? Kate would have been the Terry of the age. But Mr. Montagu went to America, and, after five years of life as a matinée idol, died there. Before that Arthur Lewis had come along. I was glad because he was rich, and I had some riding.

Tom Taylor had an enormous admiration of Kate, and during her second season as a "star" at Bristol he came down to see her play Juliet and Beatrice and Portia. This second Bristol season came in the middle of my time at the Haymarket, but I went back, too, and played Nerissa and Hero. Before that I had played my first leading Shakspere part, but only at one matinée.

An actor named Walter Montgomery was giving a matinée of "Othello" at the Princess' (the theatre where I made my first appearance) in the June of 1863, and he wanted a Desdemona. The agents sent for me. It was Saturday, and I had to play it on Monday! But for my training, how could I have done it? At this time I knew the words, and had *studied* the words—a very different thing—of every woman's part in Shakspere. I don't know what kind of performance I gave on that memorable afternoon,

but I think it was not so bad. And Walter Montgomery's Othello? Why can't I remember something about it? I remember that the unfortunate actor shot himself on his wedding-day!

Any one who has come with me so far in my life will realize that Kate Terry was much better known than Ellen at the time of Ellen's first retirement from the stage. From Bristol my sister had gone to London to become Fechter's leading lady, and from that time until she made her last appearance in 1867 as Juliet at the Adelphi, her career was a blaze of triumph.

MRS. TOM TAYLOR AND SON

Paris—Eugénie and Bernhardt

Before I came back to take part in her farewell tour (she became engaged to Mr. Arthur Lewis in 1866), I paid my first visit to Paris. I saw the Empress Eugénie driving in the Bois, looking like an exquisite waxwork. Oh, the beautiful *slope* of women at this period! They sat like beautiful half-moons, lying back in their carriages. It was an age of elegance—in France particularly—an age of luxury. They had just laid down asphalt for the first time in the streets of Paris, and the quiet of the boulevards was wonderful after the rattling London streets. I often went to three parties a night, but I was in a difficult position, as I could not speak a word of the language. I met Tissot and Gambard, who had just built Rosa Bonheur's house at Nice.

I liked the Frenchmen because they liked me, but I didn't admire them.

I tried to learn to smoke, but I never took kindly to it and soon gave it up.

What was the thing which made me homesick for London? *Household Words*. The excitement in the sixties over each new Dickens can be understood only by people who experienced it at the time. Boys used to sell *Household Words* in the streets, and they were often pursued by an eager crowd, for all the world as if they were carrying news of the "latest winner."

Of course I went to the theatre in Paris. I saw Sarah Bernhardt for the first time, and Madame Favart, Croisette, Delaunay, and Got. I never thought Croisette—a superb animal—"a patch" on Sarah, who was at this time as thin as a harrow. Even then I recognized that Sarah was not a bit conventional, and would not stay long at the Comédie. Yet she did not put me out of conceit with the old school. I saw "Les Précieuses Ridicules" finely done, and I said to myself then, as I have often said since: "Old school—new school? What does it matter which, so long as it is *good enough!*"

Madame Favart I knew personally, and she gave me many useful hints. One was never to black my eyes underneath when "making up." She pointed out that although this was necessary when the stage was lighted entirely from beneath, it had become ugly and meaningless since the introduction of top-lights.

The friend who took me everywhere in Paris landed me one night in the dressing-room of a singer. I remember it because I heard her complain to a man of some injustice. She had not got some engagement that she had expected.

"It serves you damn right!" he answered. "You can't sing a bit."

A Street Drama

For the first time I seemed to realise how brutal it was of a man to speak to a woman like that, and I *hated* it. Long afterward, in the same city, I saw a man sitting calmly in a cab, a man of the "gentlemanly" class, and ordering the *cocher* to drive on, although a woman was clinging to the side of the carriage and refused to let go. She was a strong, splendid creature of the peasant type, bareheaded, with a fine open brow, and she was obviously

consumed by resentment of some injustice—mad with it. She was dragged along in one of the busiest streets in Paris, the little Frenchman sitting there smiling, easy. How she escaped death, I don't know. Then he became conscious that people were looking, and he stopped the cab and let her get in. O men!

Paris! Paris! Young as I was, I fell under the spell of your elegance, your cleanness, your well-designed streets, your nonchalant gaiety. I drank coffee at Tortoni's. I visited the studio of Meissonier. I stood in the crowd that collected round Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," which was in the Salon that year. I grew dead sick of the endless galleries of the Louvre. I went to the Madeleine at Eastertime,—all purple and white lilies,—and fainted from trying to imagine ecstasy when the Host was raised. If that is true, if people believe it with their souls, how can their souls stay in their bodies? . . . I never fainted again in my life, except once from *anger*, when I heard some friends whom I loved slandering another friend whom I loved more.

NAPOLEON III. AND EUGÉNIE

Good-by to Paris and back to London, where I began acting again with only half my heart. I did very well, they said, as Helen in "The Hunchback," the first part I played after my return; but I cared nothing about my success. I was feeling wretchedly ill, and angry, too, because they insisted on putting my married name on the bills.

After playing with Kate at Bristol and at the Adelphi in London, I accepted an engagement to appear in a new play by Tom Taylor, called "The Antipodes." It was a bad play, and I had a bad part, but Telbin's scenery was lovely. Telbin was a poet, and he has handed on much of his talent to his son, who is alive now, and painted our Faust scenery at the Lyceum. I have always been friendly with the scene-painters, perhaps because I have always taken pains about my dresses, and consulted them beforehand about the colour, so that I should not look wrong in their scenes, nor their scenes wrong with my dresses!

Telbin and Albert Moore together did up the New Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, which was opened in October, 1867, under the ostensible management of the Wigans. I say "ostensible," because Mr. Labouchere had something to do with it, and Miss Henrietta Hodson, whom he afterward married, played in the burlesques and farces without which no theatre bill in London at that time was complete. The Wigans offered me an engagement, and I stayed with them until 1868, when I again left the stage. During this engagement I acted with Charles Wyndham and Lionel Brough, and, last but not least, with Henry Irving.

Mrs. Wigan, *née* Leonora Pincott, did me the honour to think that I was worth teaching, and took nearly as much pains to improve me as Mrs. Kean had done at a different stage in my artistic growth. Her own accomplishment as a comedy actress impressed me more than I can say. I remember seeing her as Mrs. Candour, and thinking to myself, "This is absolutely perfect." If I were a teacher I would impress on young actresses never to move a finger or turn the eye without being quite certain that the movement or the glance *tells* something. Mrs. Wigan made few gestures, but each one quietly, delicately indicated what the words which followed expressed. And while she was speaking she never frittered away the effect of that silent eloquence.

One of my besetting sins was — nay, still is — the lack of repose. Mrs. Wigan at once detected the fault, and at rehearsals would work to make me remedy it. "*Stand still!*" she would shout from the stalls. "Now you're

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT

From the painting by de la Gandara

of value!" "Motionless! Just as you are! *That's* right."

A few years later she came to see me at the Court Theatre, where I was playing in "The House of Darnley," and afterward wrote me the following very kind and encouraging letter:

December 7, '77.

DEAR MISS TERRY:

You have a very difficult part in "The House of Darnley." I know no one who could play it as well as you did last night—but you could do it much better. You would vex me much if I thought you had no ambition in your art. You are the one young actress of my day who can have her success entirely in her own hands. You have all the gifts for your noble profession, and, as you know, your own devotion to it will give you all that can be learned. I'm very glad my stage direction was useful and pleasant to you, and any benefit you have derived from it is overpaid by your style of acting. You cannot have a "groove"; you are too much an artist. Go and prosper, and if at any time you think I can help you in your art, you may always count on that help from your most sincere well-wisher,

LEONORA WIGAN.

ELLEN TERRY IN 1866

In the character of Gertrude

Another service that Mrs. Wigan did me was to cure me of "fooling" on the stage. "*Did* she?" Well, at any rate, she gave me a good fright one night, and I never forgot it, though I will not say I never laughed again. I think it was in "The Double Marriage," the first play put on at the New Queen's. As Rose de Beaurepaire, I wore a white muslin Directoire dress and looked absurdly young. There was one "curtain" which used to convulse Wyndham. He had a line: "Whose child is this?" and there was I, looking a mere child, and with a bad cold in my head, too, answering: "It's *mine!*" The very thought of it used to send us off into fits of laughter. We hung on to chairs, helpless, limp, and incapable. Mrs. Wigan said if we did it again, she would go in front and hiss us, and she carried out her threat. The very next time we laughed, a loud hiss rose from the stage-box. I was simply paralysed with terror.

Dear old Mrs. Wigan! The stories that have been told about her would fill a book! She was exceedingly plain, rather like a toad, yet, perversely, she was more vain of her looks than of her acting. In the theatre she gave herself great airs and graces, and outside it hobnobbed with duchesses and princesses.

This fondness for aristocratic society gave additional point to the story that one day a blear-eyed old cabman in capes and muffler descended from the box of a disreputable-looking growler, and inquired at the stage-door for Leonora Pincott.

"Any lady 'ere of that name?"

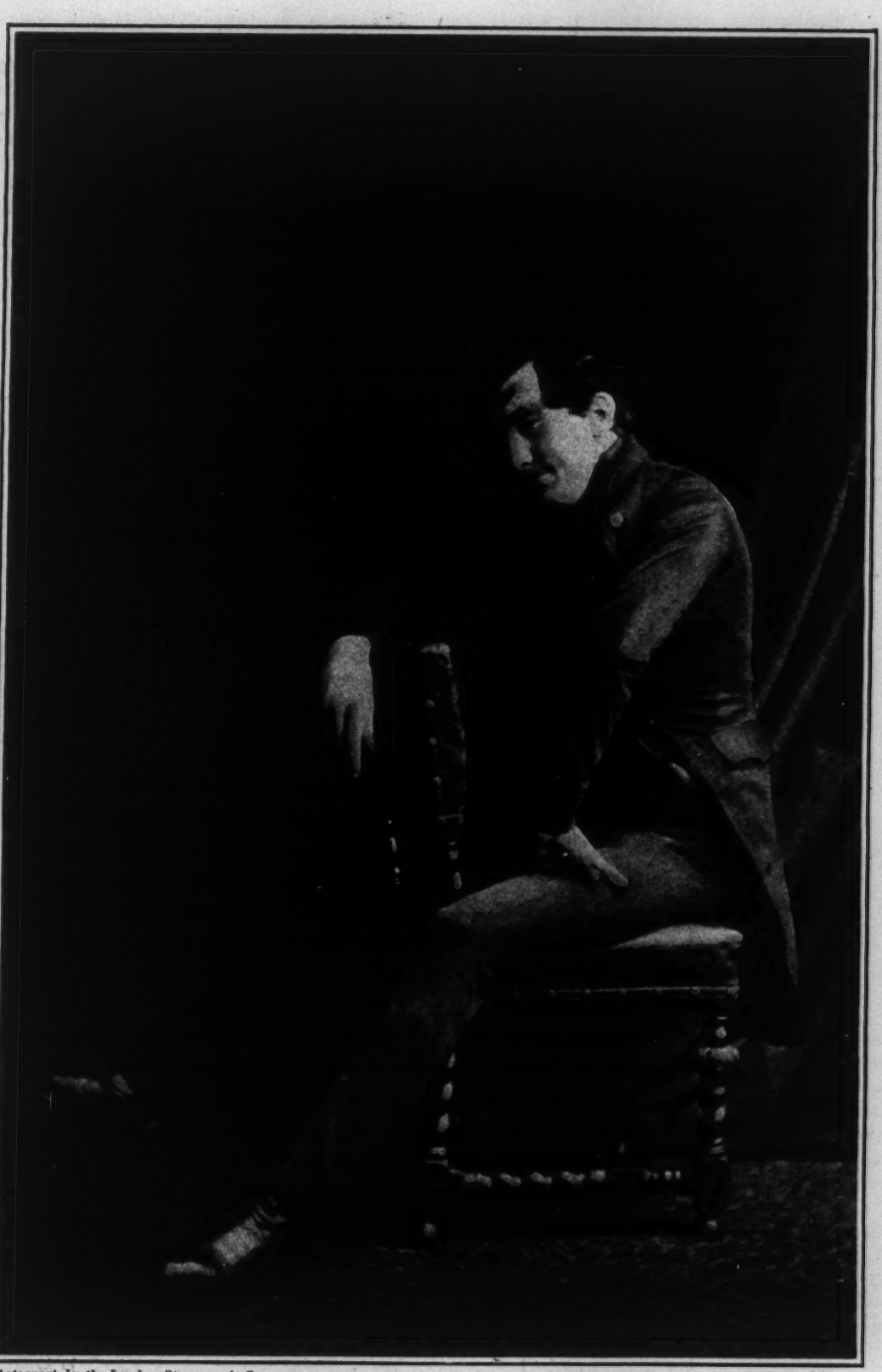
"No."

"Well, I think she's married and changed her name, but she's 'ere right enough. Tell 'er I won't keep 'er a minute. I'm 'er b—old father!"

In "Still Waters Run Deep" I was rather good as Mrs. Mildmay, and the rest of the cast were admirable. Wyndham, who was afterward to be such a splendid Mildmay, played Hawksley, and Alfred Wigan was Mildmay, as he had been in the original production. When the play is revived now, much of it seems very old-fashioned, but the office scene strikes one as freshly and strongly as when it was first acted. I don't think that any drama which is vital and *essential* can ever be old-fashioned.

My First Impressions of Henry Irving

One very foggy night in December, 1867,—it was Boxing Day, I think,—I acted for the first time with Henry Irving. This ought to



Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

HENRY IRVING

In the character of Jingle in "Mr. Pickwick"

have been a great event in my life, but at the time it passed me by and left "no wrack behind." Ever anxious to improve on the truth, which is often devoid of all sensationalism, people have told a story of Henry Irving promising that if he ever were in a position to offer me an engagement I should be his leading lady. But this fairy story has been improved on since. The newest tale of my first meeting with Irving was told during my Jubilee. Then, to my amazement, I read that on that famous night when I was playing Puck at the Princess', and caught my toe in the trap, "a young man with dark hair and a white face rushed forward from the crowd and said: 'Never mind, darling. Don't cry! One day you will be queen of the stage.' It was Henry Irving!"

In view of these legends, I ought to say all the more stoutly that, until I went to the Lyceum Theatre, Henry Irving was nothing to me and I was nothing to him. I never thought that he would become a great actor. He had no high opinion of *my* acting! He has said since that he thought me at the Queen's Theatre charming and individual as a woman, but as an actress *boydenish*. I believe that he hardly spared me even so much definite thought as this. His soul was not more surely in his body than in the theatre, and I, a woman who was at this time caring more about love and life than the theatre, must have been to him more or less unsympathetic. He thought of nothing else, cared for nothing else; worked day and night; went without his dinner to buy a book that might be helpful in studying or a stage jewel that might be helpful to wear. I remember his telling me that he once bought a sword with a jewelled hilt, and hung it at the foot of his bed. All night he kept getting up and striking matches to see it, shifting its position, rapt in admiration of it.

Photograph lent by Robert Coster

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL

In the characters of Pygmalion and Galatea

He had it all in him when we acted together that foggy night, but he could express very little. Many of his defects sprang from his not having been on the stage as a child. He was stiff with vanity and self-consciousness; his eyes were dull and his face heavy. The piece we played was Garrick's boiled-down version of "The Taming of the Shrew," and he, as Petruchio, appreciated the humour and everything else far more than I did, as Katherine; yet he played badly, nearly as badly as I did;

CHARLES WYNDHAM

In the character of David Garrick

From the painting by John Pettie, R. A.

and how much more to blame I was, for I was at this time much more easy and skilful from a purely technical point of view.

Was Henry Irving impressive in those days? Yes and no. His fierce and indomitable will showed itself in his application to his work. Quite unconsciously I learned from watching him that to do work well, the artist must spend his life in incessant work and deny himself everything for that purpose. It is a lesson we actors and actresses cannot learn too early, for the bright and glorious heyday of our success must always be brief at best. Henry Irving, when he played Petruchio, had been toiling in the provinces for eleven solid years, and not until as Rawdon Scudamore in "Hunted Down"

had he had any success. Even that was forgotten in his failure as Petruchio. What a trouncing he received from the critics who have since heaped praise on many worse men!

Irving's Long Struggle

I think this was the peculiar quality in his acting afterwards — a kind of fine temper, like the purest steel, produced by the perpetual fight against difficulties. Socrates, it is said, had every capacity for evil in his face, and he was good as a naturally good man could never be. Henry Irving at first had everything against him as an actor. He could not speak, he could not walk, he could not *look*. He wanted to do things in a part, and he could not do them. His amazing power was imprisoned, and only after long and weary years did he succeed in setting it free.

A man with a will like that *must* be impressive! To quick-seeing eyes he must, no doubt. But my eyes were not quick, and they were, moreover, fixed on a world outside the theatre. Better than his talent and his will, I remember his courtesy. In those days, instead of having our salaries brought to our dressing-rooms, we used to wait in a queue on Treasury Day to receive them. I was always late in coming, and always in a hurry to get away. Very gravely and quietly Henry Irving used to give up his place to me.

I played once more at the Queen's after Katherine and Petruchio. It was in a little piece called "The Household Fairy," and I remember it chiefly through an accident which befell poor Jack Clayton through me. The curtain had fallen on "The Household Fairy," and Clayton, who had acted with me in it, was dancing with me on the stage to the music which was being played during the wait, instead of changing his dress for the next piece. This dancing during the entr'acte was very popular among us. Many are the burlesque quadrilles I had with Terriss and others in later days. On this occasion Clayton suddenly found he was late in changing, and, rushing up-stairs to his dressing-room in a hurry, he missed his footing and fell back on his head. This made me very miserable, as I could not help feeling that I was responsible. Soon afterward I left the stage for six years, without the slightest idea of ever going back. I left it without regret. And I was very happy, leading a quiet, domestic life in the heart of the country. When my two children were born, I thought of the stage less than ever. They absorbed all my time, all my interest, all my love.

II

HIDING IN THE COUNTRY
1868—1874

MY disappearance from the stage must have been a heavy blow to my father and mother, who had urged me to return in 1866 and were quite certain that I had a great future. For the first time in years they had no child in the theatre. Marion and Floss, who were afterward to adopt it as a profession, were still at school; Kate had married; and none of their sons had shown any great aptitude for acting. Fred, who was afterward to do so well, was at this time hardly out of petticoats.

Perhaps it was because I knew they would oppose me that I left the stage quite quietly and secretly. It seemed to outsiders natural, if regrettable, that I should follow Kate's example. But I was troubling myself little about what people were thinking and saying. "They are saying — what are they saying? Let them be saying!"

Then a dreadful thing happened. A body was found in the river — the dead body of a young woman, very fair and slight and tall. Every one thought that it was my body.

I had gone away without a word. No one knew where I was. My own mother identified the body, and Floss and Marion, at their boarding-school, were put into mourning. Then father went and swore it was not his daughter. It was just at this moment that the news came to me in my country retreat that I had been found dead, and I flew up to London to give ocular proof to my poor distracted parents that I was alive. Father, who had been the only one not to identify the drowned girl, confessed to me that she was so like me that just for a second he, too, was deceived. You see, they knew I had not been very happy since my return to the stage, and when I went away without a word, they were terribly anxious, and prepared to believe the first bad tidings that came to hand. It came in the shape of that most extraordinary likeness between me and that poor soul who threw herself into the river.

A Six-Year Vacation

I was not twenty-one when this happened, and I haven't made up my mind yet whether it was good or bad for me, as an actress, to cease from practising my craft for six years. Talma, the great French actor, recommends long spells of rest, and says that "perpetual indulgence in the excitement of impersonation dulls the sympathy and impairs the imaginative faculty of the comedian." This is very useful in my defence, yet I could find many examples which

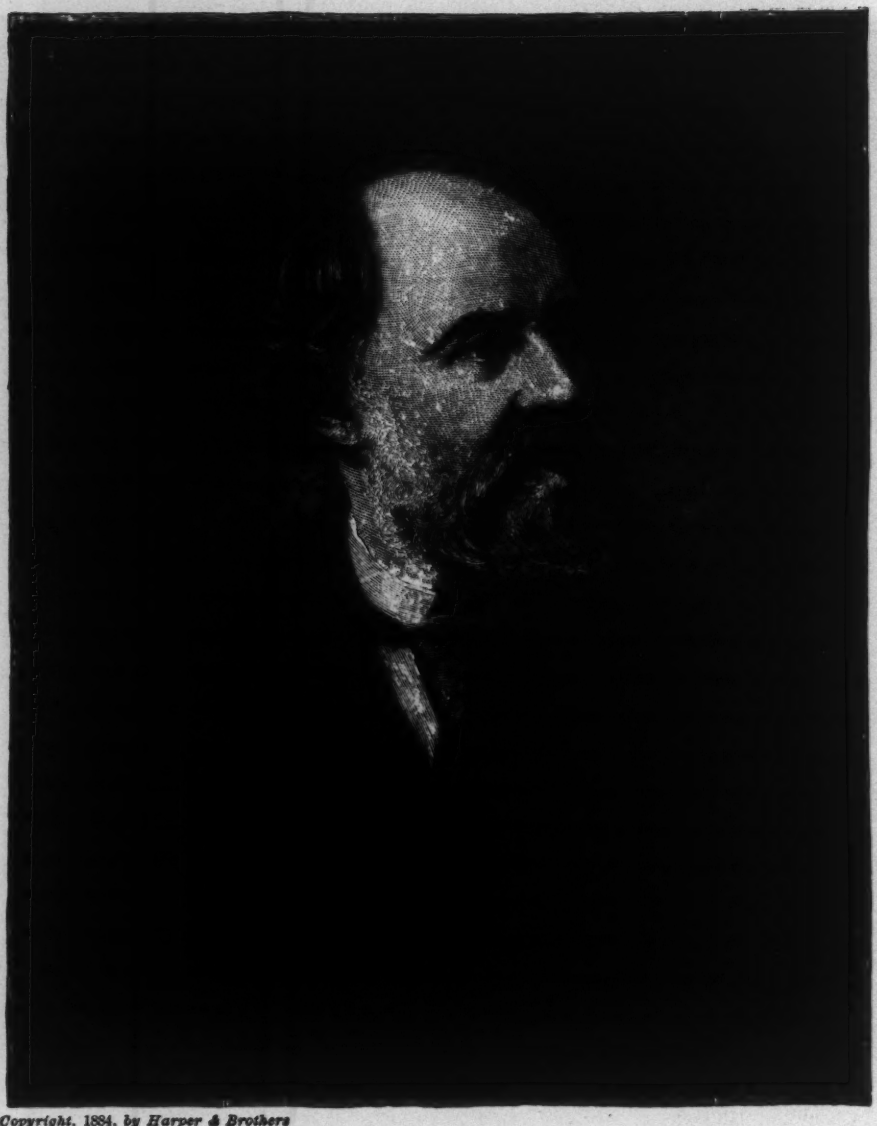
Photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

HEAD OF A YOUNG GIRL (ELLEN TERRY)

From the painting by George Frederick Watts, in the collection of Alexander Henderson, Esq., M.P.

prove the contrary. I could never imagine Henry Irving leaving the stage for six months, let alone six years, and I don't think it would have been of the slightest benefit to him. But he had not been on the stage as a child. If I was able to rest so long without rusting, it was, I am sure, because I had been thoroughly trained in the technique of acting long before I reached my twentieth year — an age at which most students are just beginning to wrestle with elementary principles.

Of course, I did not argue in this way at the time! As I have said, I had no intention of ever acting again when I left the Queen's Theatre. If it is the mark of the artist to love art before everything, to renounce everything for its sake,



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CHARLES READE

to think all the sweet human things of life well lost if only he may attain something, do some good, great work — then I never was an artist. I have been happiest in my work when I was working for some one else. I admire those impersonal people who care for nothing outside their own ambition, yet I detest them at the same time, and I have the simplest faith that absolute devotion to another human being means the greatest *happiness*.

I now led a most unconventional life, and experienced exquisite delight from the mere fact of being in the country. No one knows what "the country" means until he or she has lived in it. "Then, if ever, come perfect days."

Adventures in Cooking

What a sensation it was, too, to be untrammelled by time! Actors must take care of themselves and their voices, husband their strength for the evening's work, and when it is over they are too tired to do anything! For the first time I was able to put all my energies into living. Charles Lamb says, I think, that when he left the East India House, he felt embarrassed by the vast estates of time at his disposal, and wished that he had a bailiff to manage them, but I knew no such embarrassment. I began gardening, "the purest of human pleasures"; I learned to work, and in

time cooked very well, though my first essay in the difficult art was rewarded with dire and complete failure.

It was a chicken! Now, as all the chickens had names,—Sultan, Duke, Lord Tom Noddy, Lady Teazle, and so forth,—and as I was very proud of them as living birds, it was a great wrench to kill one at all, to start with. It was the murder of Sultan, not the killing of a chicken. However, at last it was done, and Sultan deprived of his feathers, floured, and trussed. I had no idea *how* this was all done, but I tried to make him "sit up" nicely like the chickens in the shops.

He came up to the table looking magnificent —as large as any turkey.

"Hasn't this chicken rather an odd smell?' said our visitor.

"How can you!" I answered. "It must be quite fresh—it's Sultan!"

However, when we began to carve, the smell grew more and more potent.

I had cooked Sultan without taking out his in'ards!

There was no dinner that day except bread-sauce, beautifully made, well-cooked vegetables, and pastry like the foam of the sea. I had a wonderful hand for pastry!

My hour of rising at this pleasant place near Mackery End in Hertfordshire was six. Then I washed the babies. I had a perfect mania for *washing* everything and everybody. We had one little servant, and I insisted on washing her head. Her mother came up from the village to protest.

"Never washed her head in my life. Never washed any of my children's heads. And just look at their splendid hair!"

After the washing I fed the animals. There were two hundred ducks and fowls to feed, as well as the children. By the time I had done this, and cooked the dinner, the morning had flown away. After the midday meal I sewed. Sometimes I drove out in the pony-cart. And in the evening I walked across the common to fetch the milk. The babies used to roam where they liked on this common, in charge of a bull-dog, while I sat and read.

I studied cookery-books instead of parts—Mrs. Beeton instead of Shakspere!

Babies and Baby-talk

Of course, I thought my children the most brilliant and beautiful children in the world, and, indeed, "this side idolatry," they were exceptional, and they had an exceptional bringing up. They were allowed no rubbishy picture-books, but from the first Japanese prints and fans lined their nursery walls, and Walter Crane was their classic. If injudicious friends gave the wrong sort of present, it was promptly burned! A mechanical mouse in which Edy, my little daughter, showed keen interest and delight was taken away as being "realistic and common." Only wooden toys were allowed. This severe training proved so effective that when a doll dressed in a violent pink silk dress was given to Edy, she said it was "vulgar"!

By that time she had found a tongue, but until she was two years old she never spoke a word, though she seemed to notice everything with her grave dark eyes. We were out driving when I heard her voice for the first time:

"There's some more."

She spoke quite distinctly. It was almost uncanny.

"More what?" I asked in a trembling voice, afraid that, having delivered herself once, she might lapse into dumbness.

"Birds!"

The nursemaid, Essie, described Edy tersely as "a piece," while Teddy, who was adored by every one because he was fat and fair and angelic-looking, she called "the feather of England."

"The feather of England" was considered by his sister a great coward. She used to hit him on the head with a wooden spoon for crying, and exhort him, when he said, "Master Teddy afraid of the dark," to be a *woman!*

I feel that if I go maundering on much longer about my children, some one will exclaim, with a witty and delightful author when he saw "Peter Pan" for the seventh time: "Oh, for an hour of Herod!" When I think of little Edy bringing me in minute bunches of flowers all the morning, with the reassuring intelligence that "there were lots more," I could cry, but why should any one be interested in that? Is it interesting to any one else that when she dug up a turnip in the garden for the first time, she should have come running in to beg me to come quick: "Miss Edy found a radish. It's as big as—as big as *God!*"

When I took her to her first theatre,—it was Sanger's circus,—and the clown pretended to fall, and the drum went bang! she said: "Take me away! take me away! you ought never to have brought me here!" No wonder she was considered a dour child! I immediately and humbly obeyed.

It was truly the simple life we led in Hertfordshire. From scrubbing floors and lighting fires, cooking, gardening, and harnessing the pony, I grew thinner than ever—as thin as a whipping-post, a hurdle, or a haddock! I went

to church in blue-and-white cotton, with my servant in silk. "I don't half like it," she said. "They'll take you for the cook, and me for the lady!"

We kept a goat, a dear fellow whom I liked very much until I caught him one day chasing my daughter. I seized him to inflict severe punishment; but then I saw that his eyes were exactly like mine, and it made me laugh so much that I let him go and never punished him at all.

"Boo" became an institution in these days. She was the wife of a doctor who kept a private asylum in the neighbouring village, and on his death she tried to look after the lunatics herself. But she wasn't at all successful! They kept escaping, and people didn't like it. This was my gain, for "Boo" came to look after me instead, and for the next thirty years I was her only lunatic, and she was my most constant companion and dear and loyal friend.

We seldom went to London. When we did, Ted nearly had a fit at seeing so many "w'eels go wound." But we went to Normandy, and saw Lisieux, Mons, Bayeux. Long afterward, when I was feeling as hard as sandpaper on the stage, I had only to recall some of the divine music I heard in those great churches abroad to become soft, melted, able to act. I remember in some cathedral we left little Edy sitting down below while we climbed up into the clerestory to look at some beautiful piece of architecture. The choir were practising, and suddenly there rose a boy's voice, pure, effortless, and clear. . . . For years that moment stayed with me. When we came down to fetch Edy, she said:

"Ssh! ssh! Miss Edy has seen the angels!"

Oh, blissful quiet days! How soon they came to an end! Already the shadow of financial trouble fell across my peace. Yet still I never thought of returning to the stage.

Charles Reade Goes Hunting

One day I was driving in a narrow lane, when the wheel came off. I was standing there, thinking what I should do next, when a whole crowd of horsemen in "pink" came leaping over the hedge into the lane. One of them stopped and asked if he could do anything. Then he looked hard at me and exclaimed: "Good God! it's Nelly!"

The man was Charles Reade.

"Where have you been all these years?" he said.

"I have been having a very happy time," I answered.

"Well, you ve had it long enough. Come back to the stage!"

"No, never!"

"You're a fool! You ought to come back."

Suddenly I remembered the bailiff in the house a few miles away, and I said laughingly: "Well, perhaps I would think of it if some one would give me forty pounds a week!"

"Done!" said Charles Reade. "I'll give you that, and more, if you'll come and play Philippa Chester in "The Wandering Heir."

He went on to explain that Mrs. John Wood, who had been playing Philippa at the New Queen's, of which he was the lessee, would have to relinquish the part soon, because she was under contract to appear elsewhere. The piece was a great success, and promised to run a long time if he could find a good Philippa to replace Mrs. Wood. It was a kind of Rosalind part, and Charles Reade only exaggerated pardonably when he said that I should never have any part better suited to me!

Welcomed Back to the Stage

In a very short time after that meeting in the lane, it was announced that the new Philippa was to be an actress who was returning to the stage "after a long period of retirement." Only just before the first night did any one guess who it was, and then there was great excitement among those who remembered me. The acclamation with which I was welcomed back on the first night surprised me. The papers were more flattering than they had ever been before. It was a tremendous success for me, and I was all the more pleased because I was following an accomplished actress in the part.

It is curious how often I have "followed" others. I never "created" a part, as theatrical parlance has it, until I played Olivia at the Court, and I had to challenge comparisons, in turn, with Miss Marie Wilton, Mrs. John Wood, and Mrs. Kendal. Perhaps it was better for me than if I had had parts specially written for me, and with which no other names were associated.

The hero of "The Wandering Heir," when I first took up the part of Philippa, was played by Edmund Leathes, but afterward by Johnstone Forbes Robertson. Every one knows how good-looking he is now, but as a boy he was wonderful — a dreamy, poetic-looking creature in a blue smock, far more of an artist than an actor, — he promised to paint quite beautifully, — and full of aspirations and ideals. In those days began a friendship between us which has lasted unbroken until this moment. His father and mother were delightful people, and very kind to me always.

Every one was kind to me at this time. Friends whom I had thought would be estranged by my long absence rallied round me

and welcomed me as if it were six minutes instead of six years since I had dropped out of their ken. I was not yet a "made" woman, but I had a profitable engagement, and a delightful one, too, with Charles Reade, and I felt an enthusiasm for my work which had been wholly absent when I had returned to the stage the first time. My children were left in the country at first, but they came up and joined me when, in the year following "The Wandering Heir," I went to the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales'. I never had the slightest fear of leaving them to their own devices, for they always knew how to amuse themselves, and were very independent and dependable in spite of their extreme youth. I have often thanked Heaven since that, with all their faults, my boy and girl have never been lazy and never dull. At this time Teddy always had a pencil in his hand, when he wasn't looking for his biscuit,—he was a greedy little thing!—and Edy was hammering clothes on to her dolls with tin-tacks. Teddy said poetry beautifully, and when he and his sister were still tiny mites, they used to go through scene after scene of "As You Like It" for their own amusement, not for an audience, in the wilderness at Hampton Court. They were by no means prodigies, but it did not surprise me that my son, when he grew up, should be first a good actor, then an artist of some originality, and should finally turn all his brains and industry to new developments in the art of the theatre. My daughter has acted also,—not enough to please me, for I have a very firm belief in her talents,—and has shown again and again that she can design and make clothes for the stage that are both lovely and effective. In all my most successful stage dresses lately she has had a hand, and if I had anything to do with a national theatre, I should, without prejudice, put her in charge of the wardrobe at once!

I may be a proud parent, but I have always refrained from "pushing" my children. They have had to fight for themselves, and to their mother their actual achievements have mattered very little. So long as they were not lazy, I have always felt that I could forgive them anything!

And now Teddy and Edy—Teddy in a minute white piqué suit, and Edy in a tiny kimono, in which she looked as Japanese as everything which surrounded her—disappear from these pages for quite a long time. But all this time, you must understand, they are educating their mother!

"Kind, Unjust, Generous Charles Reade"

Charles Reade, having brought me back to the stage, and being my manager into the bargain, was deeply concerned about my progress as an actress. During the run of "The Wandering Heir" he used to sit in a private box every night to watch the play, and would send me around notes between acts, telling me what I had done ill and what well in the preceding act. Dear, kind, unjust, generous, cautious, impulsive, passionate, gentle Charles Reade! Never have I known any one who combined so many qualities, far asunder as the poles, in one single disposition. He was placid and turbulent, yet always majestic. He was inexplicable and entirely lovable—a stupid old dear, and as wise as Solomon! He seemed guileless, and yet had moments of suspicion and craftiness worthy of the wisdom of the serpent. One moment he would call me "dearest child"; the next, with indignant emphasis, "*Madam!*"

When "The Wandering Heir" had at last exhausted its great popularity, I went on a tour with Charles Reade in several of his plays. In spite of his many and varied interests, he had entirely succumbed to the magic of the "irresistible theatre," and it used to strike me as rather pathetic to see a man of his power and originality working the stage sea at nights, in company with a rough lad, in his dramatic version of "Hard Cash." In this play, which was known as "Our Seaman," I had a part which I could not bear to be paid twenty-five pounds a week for acting. I knew that the tour was not a financial success, and I ventured to suggest that it would be good economy to get some one else for Susan Merton. For answer I got a fiery "Madam, you are a rat! You desert a sinking ship!" My dear old companion, Boo, who was with me, resented this very much: "How can you say such things to my Nelly?"

"Your Nelly!" said Charles Reade. "I love her a thousand times better than you do, or any puling woman." Another time he grew white with rage, and his dark eyes blazed, because the same "puling woman" said very lightly and playfully: "Why did poor Nell come home from rehearsal looking so tired yesterday? You work her too hard." He thought this unfair, as the work had to be done, and flamed out at us with such violence that it was almost impossible to identify him with the kind old gentleman of the Colonel Newcome type whom I had seen stand up at the Tom Taylors, on Sunday evenings, and sing "The Girl I Left Behind Me" with such pathos that he himself was moved to tears. But, though it was a painful time for both of us, it was almost worth while to quarrel with him, because when we made it up he was sure to give me some "treat"—a luncheon, a present, or a drive.

We both felt we needed some jollification because we had suffered so much from being estranged. He used to say that there should be no such word as "quarrel," and one morning he wrote me a letter with the following postscript written in big letters:

"THERE DO EXIST SUCH THINGS AS HONEST MISUNDERSTANDINGS."

"There, my Eleanora Delicia" (this was his name for me, my real, full name being Ellen Alicia), "stick that up in some place where you will often see it. Better put it on *your looking-glass*. And if you can once get those words into your noddle, it will save you a world of unhappiness."

How Charles Reade Practised Realism

I think he was quite right about this. Would that he had been as right in his theories about stage-management! He was a rare one for realism. He had *preached* it in all his plays, but when he produced a one-act play, "Rachael the Reaper," in front of "The Wandering Heir," he began to practise what he preached —jumped into reality up to the neck!

He began by buying *real* pigs, *real* sheep, a *real* goat, and a *real* dog. *Real* litter was strewn all over the stage, much to the inconvenience of the unreal farm-labourer, Charles Kelly, who could not compete with it, although he looked as like a farmer as any actor could. They all looked their parts better than the real wall which ran across the stage, piteously naked of *real* shadows, owing to the absence of the *real* sun, and, of course, deficient in the painted shadows which make a painted wall look so like the real thing.

Never, never can I forget Charles Reade's arrival at the theatre in a four-wheeler with a goat and a lot of little pigs. When the cab drew up at the stage-door, the goat seemed to say, as plainly as any goat could: "I'm dashed if I stay in this cab any longer with these pigs!" and while Charles Reade was trying to pacify it, the piggies escaped! Unfortunately, they didn't all go in the same direction, and poor, dear Charles Reade had a "divided duty." There was the goat, too, in a nasty mood. Oh, his serious face, as he decided to leave the goat and run for the pigs, with his loose trousers, each one a yard wide at least, flapping in the wind!

"That's a relief, at any rate," said Charles Kelly, who was watching the flight of the pigs. "I sha'n't have those d—d pigs to spoil my acting as well as the d—d dog and the d—d goat!"

How we all laughed when Charles Reade returned from the pig-hunt to rehearsal with the brief direction to the stage-manager that the pigs would be "cut out."

The reason for the real wall was made more evident when the real goat was tied up to it. A painted wall would never have stood such a strain.

On the first night, the real dog bit Kelly's real ankles, and in a real anger he kicked the real animal by a real mistake into the orchestra's real drum.

So much for realism as practised by Charles Reade! There was still something to remind him of the experiment in Rachael, the circus goat. Rachael—he was no she, but what of that?—was given the free run of the garden of Reade's house at Knightsbridge. He had everything that any normal goat could desire—a rustic stable, a green lawn, the best of food. Yet Rachael pined and grew thinner and thinner. One night when we were all sitting dinner, with the French windows open on to the lawn because it was a hot night, Rachael came prancing into the room, looking happy, lively, and quite at home! All the time, while Charles Reade had been fashing himself to provide every sort of rural joy for his goat, the ungrateful beast had been longing for the naphtha lights of the circus, for lively conversation and the applause of the crowd.

You can't force a goat any more than you can force a child to live the simple life.

"N'Yawk's the place," said the child of a Bowery tenement in New York, on the night of her return from an enforced sojourn in Arcady. She hated picking daisies, and drinking rich new milk made her sick. When the kind teacher who had brought her to the country strove to impress her by taking her to see a cow milked, she remarked witheringly to the man who was milking:

"Gee! You put it in!"

Rachael's sentiments were of the same type, I think. "Back to the circus!" was his cry, not "Back to the land!"

I hope, when he felt the sawdust under his feet again (I think Charles Reade sent him back to the ring), he remembered his late master with gratitude. To how many animals, and not only four-footed ones, was not Charles Reade generously kind, and to none of them more kind than to Ellen Terry!

AN IDYL OF THE ROAD

BY

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

AUTHOR OF "THE MADNESS OF PHILIP," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

CAROLINE rocked herself back and forth from her waist, defying the uncompromisingly straight chair which inclosed her portly little person.

"Bounded 'n th' *north* by *Mass'joosetts;* bounded 'n th' *north* by *Mass'joosetts;* bounded 'n th' *north* by *Mass'joosetts,*" she intoned in a monotonous chant. But her eyes were not upon the map; like those of the gentleman in the poem, they were with her heart, and that was far away.

Out of the window the spring was coming on, in waves of tree-bloom and bright grass; the birds bickered sweetly in the sun-patches; everything was reaching on tiptoe for the delicious thrill of May — and she was bounding Connecticut! It was idiotic. What was a knowledge of the uninteresting limits of her native State compared to that soft fresh wind on her cheek, that indescribable odor of brown earth?

Two fat birds descended with a twitter into a crystal rain-pool, and bathed, with splashes of spray; Caroline's feet itched in her ribbed stockings. A soiled and freckled boy, bare from the knees, whistled by the window, jangling a can of bait, his pole balanced prettily on one ragged shoulder. As he reached the puddle, a pure inconsequence of good feeling seized him, and he splashed deliberately in it, grinning around him. Caroline mechanically bent and unbuttoned the top button of her stout boots. He caught her eye.

"Where you going?" she called through the glass.

"Oh, I d'no — anywheres, I guess!" he answered invitingly. "Want to come?"

"I can't. I have to go to school," she said shortly.

"And so ought he — you ought to be ashamed of yourself, calling through the window to that Simms boy!" cried a disgusted voice. Caroline twitched her shoulder spitefully.

"A great girl like you, too! Why, he's no better than a common tramp, that boy," proceeded the voice. "Look at his clothes!"

"Nobody wears good clothes to go fishing," Caroline grumbled. "I wish he had mine!"

"Fishing! He never wears them anywhere. He hasn't got them to wear. And he'd be glad enough to get yours, I can tell you."

"He wouldn't do any such thing! He told me Saturday he'd rather be a dog than a girl; he'd get more use of his legs!"

There was a scandalized silence. Caroline waited grimly.

"What are you doing?" said the voice at last.

"Studying my jography," she replied.

"Well, mind you do, then."

"I can't, if everybody talks to me all the time," she muttered sullenly.

Nevertheless she resumed her rocking and crooning.

"Bounded 'n th' *east* by Rho *Disland*; bounded 'n th' *east* by Rho *Disland*; bounded 'n th' *east* by *Rho Disland*."

"Her head was coifed in a fresh starched towel"

The housemaid appeared just under the window, dragging a small step-ladder and a pail of glistening, soapy water. Her head was coifed in a fresh starched towel, giving her the appearance of a holy sister of some clean blue-and-white order; her eyes were large and mournful. She appealed instantly to Caroline's imagination.

"Oh, Katy, what a lovely Mother Superior you would make!" she cried enthusiastically.

"I'm a Presbyterian, Miss Car'line," said Katy reprovingly. "You'd better go on with your lessons," and she threw up the window from the outside.

A great puff of spring air burst into the room and turned it into a garden. Moist turf and sprouting leaves, wet flagstones and blowing fruit-blossoms, the heady brew of early morning in the early year assailed Caroline's quivering nostrils and intoxicated her soul.

"Oh, Katy, don't it smell grand!" she cried.

Katy wrung the soapy cloth and attacked the upper sash.

"You've got the nose of a bloodhound," she observed. "I b'lieve you'd smell molasses cookies half a mile."

Caroline sighed.

"I didn't mean them," she said. "I meant ——"

"You'd better be at your lesson; your aunty'll be here in a minute if she hears you talking, now!"

Katy was severe, but fundamentally friendly. Caroline groaned and applied herself.

"Bounded 'n th' *south* by Long Island *Sound;* bounded 'n th' *south* by Long Island *Sound;* bounded 'n th' *south* —oh, look!"

Up the neat flagged path of the side yard a spotted fox-terrier approached, delicately erect upon his hind legs, his mouth spread in cheerful smiles, his ears cocked becomingly. He paused, he waved a salute, and as a shrill whistle from behind struck up a popular tune, he waltzed accurately up to the side porch and back, retaining to the last note his pleased if painstaking smile.

Caroline gasped delightedly; Katy's severity relaxed.

"That's a mighty cute little dog," she admitted.

Another shrill whistle, and the dog returned, limping on three legs, his ears drooping, his stumpy tail dejected. He paused in the middle of the walk, and at a sharp clap, as of two hands, he dropped limply on his side, rolled to his back, and stiffened there pathetically, his eyes closed.

Caroline's chin quivered; Katy's position on the ladder was frankly that of one who has paid for an orchestra-chair; Maggie had left the cookies and stood grinning in the kitchen door; an aunt appeared in an upper window.

One more clap, and the actor returned to life and left them, but only for a moment. He was back again, erect and smiling, a small wicker basket balanced on his paws. Marching sedately up to Maggie, he paused, and glanced politely down at the basket, then up at her.

Flesh and blood could not resist him. Hastily tugging out from her petticoat a bulging pocket-book, she deposited a dime in the basket; the aunt, with extraordinary accuracy,

dropped a five-cent piece from the window; Katy mourned her distance from her own financial center, and Caroline ran for her bank. It was a practical mechanism, the top falling off at her onslaught with the ease of frequent exercise, and she returned in time to slip six pennies under the two hot cookies that Maggie had added to her first contribution. At each tribute the terrier barked twice politely, and only when there was no more to be hoped for did he trot off around the corner of the house, the cookies swaying at a perilous angle under his quivering nostrils.

A moment later a tall young man stepped across the grass and lifted a worn polo-cap from a reddish-yellow head.

"Much obliged, all," he said, with an awkward little bow. "Good day!"

He turned, whistled to the terrier, and was going on, when he caught the heartfelt admiration of Caroline's glance.

"Want to pat him?" he inquired.

She nodded and approached them.

"Shake hands with the lady, William Thayer, and tell her how d'you do," he commanded, as she knelt beside the wonderful creature.

The terrier offered a cool, tremulous paw, and barked with cheerful interrogation as she shook it rapturously.

"Those were fine cookies," said the young man. "I had 'em for breakfast. I'm going to buy a bone for William Thayer, and then he'll have some, too."

"Was that *all* you had?" she inquired, horror-stricken. He nodded. "But I'll make it up on dinner," he added lightly.

Caroline sprang to her feet.

"You go over there behind that barn and wait a minute," she commanded.

The young man—he was only a boy—blushed under his tan and bit his lip.

"I didn't mean—I'll get along all right; you needn't bother," he muttered, conscious of Katy's suspicious eye.

"Oh, do! Please do!" she entreated. "I'll be out there in just a minute; hurry up, before Maggie gets through those cookies!"

He turned toward the barn, and Caroline ran back to the house.

"Is that man gone? What are you doing, Caroline?" called the invisible voice.

"Yes, he's gone. I was patting the dog," she answered boldly, stepping through the dining-room into the pantry and glancing hastily about. Only a plate of rolls was in sight; the place was ostentatiously clean and orderly. She sighed and pushed through the swinging door; the refrigerator was a more delicate affair. But Maggie's broad back was bent over her ovenful, and Caroline clicked the doorknob unchallenged.

Two chops sat sociably on a large plate; a little mound of spinach rested on one side of them, a huge baked potato on the other. She slid the plate softly from the metal shelf, peeping apprehensively at Maggie, tumbled the rolls on to the top, and sped into the dining-room. From a drawer in the sideboard she abstracted a silver fork which she slipped into her pocket, adding, after a moment of consideration, a salt-shaker. Stepping to the door, she paused on the little porch for a hasty survey. The coast seemed clear, and she sped across the yard, the silver jingling in her pocket. She was safe from the back, but a flank movement on Maggie's part would have been most disastrous, and it was with full appreciation of the audacity of her performance that she scudded around the barn and gained the cherry-tree behind it.

"Whistled by the window, jangling a can of bait"

The young man was sitting on the grass, his head against the tree; his eyes brightened as she approached.

"Have you any luck?" he inquired.

She held out the plate, and, as he took it, fumbled in her pocket for the fork.

"It's all cold," she murmured apologetically, "but I knew Maggie'd never warm it. Do you mind?"

"Not a bit," he answered, with a whimsical glance at her eagerness to serve him. "I always *did* like greens," he added, as he accepted the fork and attacked the spinach.

"Here, William Thayer!"

He handed one of the chops to the dog, and stared as Caroline drew out the salt-cellar.

"Did you — well, by — that's pretty kind, now!"

"Potatoes are so nasty without it," she explained.

"Yes, that's why I don't us'ally eat 'em," he replied.

There was a moment's silence, while he ate with the frank morning appetite of twenty, and Caroline watched him, her sympathetic jaws moving with his, her eyes shining with hospitality.

"Nice place you've got here," he suggested, breaking a roll.

"Yes. I *wish* I'd brought you some butter, but I didn't dare cut any off; it was in a jar, and it clatters so. ("Oh, that's all right!") This is nicer than it used to be out here. It *was* the chicken-yard, and ashes and things got put here; but nobody keeps chickens any more, and this is all new grass. They took down the back part of the barn, too, and painted it, and now it's the stables, or you *can* say carriage-house," she explained instructively.

"Returned in time to slip six pennies under the two hot cookies"

He threw his chop-bone to William Thayer and drew a long breath.

"That was pretty good," he said, "and I'm much obliged to you, Miss." Caroline swelled with importance at the title. "I must have walked four or five miles, and it's not such fun with an empty stomach. I came from Deepdale."

"Oh, how lovely!" cried she. "By the pond?"

"Yes, by the pond. I gave William Thayer a swim, and I had a little nap. It's nice and pretty all around there. I cut some sassafras root; want some?"

He felt in his pockets, and produced a brown, aromatic stump; Caroline sucked at it with a relish.

"Where are you going now?" she asked respectfully, patting William Thayer's back while his master caressed his ear.

"Oh, I don't know exactly. There's some nice woods back of the town; I think I'll look 'em through, and then go on to New Derby. I read in the paper about some kind of a firemen's parade there to-morrow, and if there's a lot of people, we'll earn something. We haven't made much lately, because William Thayer hurt his leg, and I've been sparing of him — haven't I, pup? But he's all right now."

He squeezed the dog's body and tickled him knowingly; the little fellow grinned widely and barked. Caroline sighed.

"It must be grand," she said wistfully, "to walk from one town to another, that way. Where do you sleep?"

"In barns, sometimes, and there's lots of covered wagons all around the farm-houses, outside the towns, you know. A church shed's as good a place as any. I don't like the towns as big as this, though; I like the country this time o' year."

Caroline nodded comprehendingly, breathing deep breaths of the fresh, earth-scented air.

"I wish there never were any houses in the world — nor any schools, either!" she cried.

He smiled. "I never was much for schools, myself," he said. "They don't smell good."

Caroline looked at him solemnly. She felt that the resolution of her life was taken. In one ecstatic flash she beheld her future.

"I shall never go to school again," she announced. "I shall —" A wave of joyous

possibility broke over her, but modesty tied her tongue.

"Could I — would you — I'm a real good walker!" she burst out, and blushed furiously. Who was she to associate with a dog like William Thayer?

The young man looked curiously at her. A kind of anxiety clouded his frank gray eyes. "Oh, you mustn't talk like that," he urged, laying one brown hand on her apron. "That wouldn't do for a young lady like you. I guess you better go to school. Girls, you know!"

He waited a moment, but she scowled silently. He began again:

"I guess it's different with girls, anyway. You see, you have to get your education. A young lady——."

"I'm not a young lady," snapped Caroline. "I'm only ten 'n' a quarter!"

"Well, anyway, it isn't respectable," he argued hastily. Caroline opened her eyes wide at him.

"Aren't *you* respectable?" she demanded, appraising unconsciously his clothes, which were, if not fine, at least clean and whole, his flannel shirt finished with a neat blue tie, his shoes no dustier than the country roads accounted for.

He flushed under his thick freckles, and plucked at the grass nervously.

"N-n — yes, I *am!*" he shouted defiantly. "I know lots of people don't think so, but I am! We earn our way, William Thayer an' me, an' we don't want much. I don't see as we do any harm. It don't take much to live, anyhow; it's coal-scuttles an' lookin'-glasses an' — an' carpets that cost money. And if you don't want *them* — oh, what's the use talking? I never could live all tied up."

"Caroline! Caroline!" A loud voice cut across her meditative silence. She shrugged her shoulders stubbornly and put her finger on her lip. The boy shook his head.

"You better go," he said soothingly. "You'll have to sometime, you know. Here, take these," as she jumped up, forgetting the fork and the salt-shaker. "Be sure to put 'em back where you got 'em, won't you?"

"Oh, leave 'em here. I'll come back," she said carelessly, but the boy insisted.

"No, you take 'em right now," he commanded. "I wouldn't want any mistake made."

"Just wait a minute — I'll come back," she repeated, as the call sounded again.

"Caroline! where are you?"

The boy stood up, holding out the silver. "You — you don't want 'em to say I — I took 'em?" he blurted out.

Her eyes opened wide: she looked all the incredulous horror she felt.

"Steal?" she cried, "with a dog like that?"

He nodded. "That's the way I look at it, but some don't," he said shortly. "You better go now. Much obliged for the breakfast. If I come back this way, maybe I'll stop in again, if you'd like to see William Thayer."

"I think she went across behind the stable, Miss Carrie," Katy called helpfully.

Caroline thrust the silver into her pocket and turned to go.

"I'm coming!" she cried desperately, and, patting William Thayer, she took a few backward steps.

"There's a nice brook in those woods," she observed irrelevantly, "if you should want to take another nap," and, turning her back resolutely, she rounded the barn and disappeared.

The boy picked up the empty plate and slipped it into a door at the back of the stable. Then, lifting the dog over the nearest fence, he climbed it and stepped through the next yard into the street.

"That was a mighty nice little girl, William Thayer," he said thoughtfully. "She seemed to understand a lot, for such a little one."

Caroline stalked aggressively into the dining-room, and, finding it for the moment empty, hastily replaced the salt-shaker. The fork she laid in the pantry. Hardly was her pocket clear of the telltale stuff when her aunt appeared before her.

"I suppose you know you're late for school, Caroline," she began, with evident self-control. "If you think I am going to write you an excuse, you are very much mistaken."

"All right," Caroline returned laconically. "Is my lunch ready?"

"It was nothing in the world but that dog; I cannot understand the fascination that tramps and loafers have for you! You never got it from this family. Why do you like to talk to dirty tramps? Some day a strange dog will bite you. Then you'll be sorry!"

"He wasn't a bit dirty. If you weren't so afraid of dogs, you'd know William Thayer wouldn't bite!" she retorted indignantly. "I think I might have three cookies — those are nasty little thin ones. And you never put enough butter."

Caroline and her namesake-aunt were as oil and water in their social intercourse.

"Now, that's another thing. I cannot see where you put all the food you eat! You get more than the boys, a great deal. And boys are supposed — not that any one grudges it to you, child, but really——"

"I'm getting later all the time," Caroline remarked impartially. "You needn't cut the crusts off; I like 'em."

Her aunt sighed, and handed her the lunch-basket; a fringe of red-and-white napkin dangled invitingly from the corner.

"Now run along; what are you going in there for?"

"My jography."

She stood for a moment looking out at the flagstone where William Thayer had waltzed so seductively, then strolled slowly out, along the porch and by the house. The lilies-of-the-valley were white in the side-beds; their odor, blown to her on quick puffs of west wind, filled her with a sort of pleasant sadness the mingled sorrow and delight of each new spring. She bent her strong little legs and squatted down among them, sniffing ecstatically. What was it she was trying to remember? Had it ever happened? Years ago, when she was very little——

"She sat upon the text-book of geography, thoughtfully interposed between her person and the cold stone"

"Caroline! are you trying purposely to be naughty? It is twenty minutes past nine!"

She muttered impatiently, stamped her foot deliberately upon the lilies, and ran out of the yard.

It will never be known what Caroline's definite intentions were on that morning. It is not improbable that she meant to go to school. She undoubtedly walked to the building devoted to the instruction of her generation and began to mount the steps. What power weighted her lagging feet and finally dragged her to a sitting position on the top step, she could not have told; but certain it is that for ten minutes she sat upon the text-book of geography, thoughtfully interposed between her person and the cold stone, her chin in her hand, her eyes fixed and vague. Behind her a chorus of voices arose in the melody that accompanied a peculiarly tedious system of gymnastics; she scowled unconsciously. Before her, clear to the inward vision, lay a pleasant little pond, set in a ring of new grass. Clear lay the pebbles and roots at the bottom; clear was the reflection of the feathering trees about it; clear shone the eyes of William Thayer as he joyously swam for sticks across it. Great patches of sun warmed the grass and cheered the hearts of two happy wanderers, who fortified themselves from a lunch-basket padded with a red-fringed napkin. Happy yellow dandelions were spotted about, and the birds chirped unceasingly; the wind puffed the whole spring into their eager nostrils. Truly a pleasant picture! As in a dream, Caroline walked softly down the steps and toward the north.

For ten minutes she kept steadily on, looking neither to the right nor to the left, when the rattle of a particularly noisy wagon attracted her attention. She caught the eye of the driver; it was the egg-and-chicken man. He nodded cheerfully.

"Hello, there!" said he.

"Hello!" Caroline returned. "You going home?"

"Sure," said the egg-and-chicken man. "Want a ride?"

Caroline wasted no breath in words, but clambered up to the seat beside him.

"Startin' out early, ain't you?" he queried. "Goin' far up my way?"

"Pretty far," she answered cautiously, "but not so very."

"Oh!" said he, impressed by such diplomacy. "'Bout where, now?"

"Have you sold many eggs this morning?" she inquired with amiable interest.

"Twenty-three dozen, an' seven pair o' broilers," he informed her. "Goin' as far as my place?"

"I s'pose it's pretty cold as early as you get up," Caroline suggested pleasantly.

The egg-and-chicken man surrendered. "Middling," he answered respectfully, "but it smells so good and things looks so pretty, I don't mind. I'm glad I don't live in the city. It's all pavin'-stone an' smoke. This time o' year I like to feel the dirt under m' feet, somehow."

"So do I," said Caroline fervently. They jogged on for a mile in silence.

"I have to get out here," said he finally, "but don't be scared. That horse won't move a peg without me. I'll be back in a minute."

But when he returned she was not there.

The houses were thinning out rapidly; one side of the road was already only a succession of fields, and along a tiny worn path through one of these Caroline was hurrying nervously. She crossed the widening brook, almost a little river now, and kept along its farther bank for half an hour, then left it and struck into the fringe of the woods.

It was very still here; the road was far away, and only the chatter of the birds and the liquid cluck of the little stream disturbed the stillness of the growing things. She walked softly, except for the whisper of brushing against the spreading branches that choked the tiny path. The heat of noon was rising to its climax, and the shafts of light struck warm on her cheeks.

Suddenly a sound disturbed the peace of the woods — a scratching, rattling, scurrying sound. Something was moving through the dead leaves that had gathered among the roots and trunks. She started back nervously, but jumped forward again with a cry of delight, and caught William Thayer in her arms.

Even as he was licking her cheek, the path widened, the trees turned into bushes, the underbrush melted away, and the brook, a little river now, bent in upon them in a broad curve, spanned only by stepping-stones. It ran full between its grassy banks, gurgling and chuckling as it lapped the stones, a mirror for the fat white clouds where it lay in still pools.

In the shelter of a boulder, a lad crouched over a fire, coaxing it with bits of paper and handfuls of dry leaves. Just as the flames shot up, the dog barked cheerily, and the lad turned to welcome him. His eye fell on Caroline; amazement and real pleasure grew into a delighted laugh.

"Well, if you don't beat the Dutch!" he cried. "How'd you get here?"

"I came in the wagon with the egg-and-chicken man," said she happily, "and then I walked 'cross lots. William Thayer knew me just as well!"

"'Course he did. He always knows his friends. Now, see here. You can stay and watch this fire, an' I'll go over there a ways where those men are buildin' a fence; I'll bet they'll give us something. You look after the fire an' put on these old pieces of rail; it was hard work gettin' dry stuff to-day. We won't be long."

They disappeared between the trees, and Caroline sat in proud responsibility before the delightful little fire. The minutes slipped by; from time to time she fed the blaze with bits

"'Sure,' said the egg-and-chicken man. 'Want a ride?'"

of bent twigs, and at the proper moment, with a thrill of anxiety, she laid two pieces of the old fence-rail crosswise on the top. There was a second of doubt, and then they broke into little sharp tongues of flame. With a sigh of pleasure, she turned from this success, and, opening the lunch-basket, laid the napkin on the ground and methodically arranged four sandwiches, two cookies, and an orange on it. Then, with her fat legs crossed before her, she waited in silence. Between the sun at her back and the fire on her face, she grew pleasantly drowsy; the sounds about her melted imperceptibly to a soft, rhythmic drone; her head drooped forward. . . .

"Hello, hello!"

She jumped and stared at the boy and the dog. For a moment she forgot. Then she welcomed them heartily and listened proudly to his admiring reception of her preparations.

"Well, William Thayer, will you look at that! How's this for a surprise? And see what we've got." He balanced a tin pail carefully between the two crossed sticks in the heart of the fire, and unfolded from a newspaper two wedges of pumpkin-pie. In William Thayer's little basket was a large piece of cheese.

"It's coffee 'n' milk mixed together; they had bottles of it," he explained. "William Thayer 'll take back the pail. Are you hungry?"

Caroline nodded.

"Awful," she stated briefly.

"Well, then," he said with satisfaction, "let's begin."

Caroline attacked a sandwich with shining eyes, and when in another minute the boy took from his pocket a tin ring that slipped miraculously out of itself into a jointed cup, and dipped her a mug of hot coffee from the bubbling pail, she realized with a pang of joy that this was, beyond any question, the master moment of her life.

"I take this along," he explained, "so's when I go by, and they're milking, I can have some warm. Anybody'd give me all I want if William Thayer dances and drops dead for 'em. It tastes good early in the morning, I tell you."

She sighed with pleasure. To drink warm milk in the cool, early dawn, with the cows about you, and the long, sweet day free before!

They sipped turn about; the boy divided the orange mathematically; the pie was filled with fruit of the Hesperides.

"That was mighty good, that dinner," he announced luxuriously, "an' now I'll have a pipe."

The pungent, fresh odor of the burning tobacco was sweet in the air; a dreamy content held them quiet.

He did not ask her whence or whither; she had no apologies or regrets. Two vagabonds from every law of home and duty, they were as peaceful and unthoughtful of yesterday's bed and to-morrow's meal as William Thayer, who slept in the sun at their feet.

For long they did not talk. An unspoken comprehension, an essential comradeship, filled the deep spaces of silence that frighten and irritate those whom only custom has associated; and Caroline, flat on her filled stomach, her nose in the grass, was close in thought and vague well-being to the boy who puffed blue rings toward the little river, his head on his arms.

"I put the plate into that door in the barn," he said finally. "Did you put those silver things back?"

Caroline grunted assent.

"But they wouldn't think that you — what you said," she assured him earnestly. "It's only tramps they're afraid of."

He glanced quickly over at her, but she was utterly innocent.

"One came to the kitchen once, and asked Mary for some hot tea or coffee, and she hadn't any, but she said if he was very hungry she'd give him a piece of bread and butter, and he said to go to hell with her bread and butter. So she doesn't like them."

The boy gasped.

"You oughtn't to — had you — that isn't just right for you to say, is it?" he asked awkwardly.

"What — hell?" Caroline inquired placidly. "No, I s'pose not. Nor damn nor devil, either. But, of course, I know 'em. Those are the only three I know. I guess they're about the worst, though," she added with pardonable pride. "My cousin, the Captain, knows some more. He's twelve 'n' a half. But he won't tell 'em to me. He says boys always know more than girls. I suppose," respectfully, "you know more than those three, yourself?"

Her companion coughed.

"A boy —" he began, then paused, confronted with her round, trustful eyes.

"A boy —" he started again, and again he paused.

"Oh, well, a boy's different, he blurted finally.

Caroline nodded numbly.

"Yes, I know," she murmured.

There was silence for a while. The river slipped liquidly over the stones, the white clouds raced along the blue above them, the boy smoked. At length he burst out with:

"The pungent, fresh odor of the burning tobacco was sweet in the air"

"You're all right, now! You're just a regular little chum, aren't you?"

She blushed with pleasure.

"I never had anybody along with me," he went on dreamily. "I always go alone. I— I didn't know how nice it was. I *had* a chum once, but he — he ——"

The boy's voice trembled. Caroline's face clouded with sympathy.

"Did he die?" she ventured.

"No," he said shortly; "no, he didn't die. He's alive. He couldn't stand my ways. I tried to stay in school and — and all that, but soon as spring came I had to be off. So the last time, he told me we had to part, him and me."

"What was his name?" she asked gently.

The boy jerked his head toward the dog.

"*That's* his name," he said. "William Thayer." A little frown gathered on Caroline's smooth forehead; she felt instinctively the cloud on all this happy wandering. The spring had beckoned, and he had followed, helpless at the call; but something — what and how much? — tugged at his heart; its shadow dimmed the blue of the April sky.

He shrugged his shoulders with a sigh; the smile came again into his gray eyes and wrinkled his freckled face.

"Oh, well, let's be jolly," he cried with a humorous wink. "The winter's comin' soon enough!" and he burst into a song:

"There was a frog lived in a well,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
There was a frog lived in a well;
Kitty alone and I!"

His voice was a sweet, reedy tenor; the quaint old melody delighted Caroline.

"This frog he would a-wooing ride,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;"

She began to catch the air, and nodded to the time with her chin.

"Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I!"

The boy lifted his polo-cap in a courtly manner, and began with grimaces and bows to act out the song. His audience swayed responsive to his every gesture, nodding and beaming.

"Quoth he, 'Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee'—
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
Quoth he, 'Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
To see if thou canst fancy me.'
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I!"

Caroline swung her hat by its ribbons and shrilled the refrain, intoxicated with freedom and melody:

"Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I!"

She drummed with her heels on the ground, the boy waved his cap, and William Thayer rolled over and over, barking loudly for the chorus. Suddenly the boy jumped up, pulled her to her feet, and with grotesque, skipping

steps pirouetted around the dying fire. The dog waltzed wildly on his hind legs; Caroline's short petticoats stood straight out around her as she whirled and jumped, a Bacchante in a frilled pinafore. The little glade rang to their shouting:

"Kitty alone and I!"

He darted suddenly through an opening in the bushes, William Thayer close behind, Caroline panting and singing as she gave chase. Through a field, across a little bridge they dashed. He flung the empty coffee-pail at an astonished group of men, who stopped their work, their fence-posts in hand, to stare at the mad trio.

Breathless at last, they flung themselves on a bank by the road and smiled at each other. Caroline laughed aloud, even, in sheer, irresponsible light-headedness, but over the boy's face a little shadow grew.

"It won't seem so nice alone after this, will it, William Thayer?" he said slowly.

Caroline stared.

"But — but I'm coming! I'll be there," she cried. "I'm coming with you!"

He went on as if he had not heard.

"Who'll there be to eat our dinner with us to-morrow, William Thayer?" he questioned whimsically.

Caroline moved nearer and put her hand on his knee.

"There'll be — won't there be me?" she begged.

He shook his head.

"I guess not," he said bluntly.

Her eyes filled with tears.

"But — but you said I was a — a regular little chum," she whispered. "Don't you like me?"

He was silent.

"Don't you? Oh, don't you?" she pleaded. "I don't *need* much to eat, really!"

The lad looked at her with a strange longing. The fatherhood that lives in every boy thrilled at the touch of her fat little hand on his knee; the comradely glow in her round brown eyes warmed his restless, lonely heart. He shook her off almost roughly.

"I guess they'd miss you more'n that salt-shaker," he said grimly. "I wish I could take you with me — honest, I do. But you better stay home and go to school. You don't want to grow up ignorant, and have your folks ashamed of you."

"But you — you aren't ignorant!" she urged warmly, her admiration shining in her eyes.

He blushed and kicked nervously at the grass.

"I am," he said angrily. "I am, too. Oh, dear, I wish — I wish ——"

"The little glade rang to their shouting"

They looked at each other, troubled and uncertain.

"You're a girl," he began again, "and girls can't; they just can't. They have to stay with their folks and keep nice. It's too bad, but that's the way it is. You'd want to see 'em, too. You'd miss 'em nights."

Caroline winced, but could not deny. "Oh," she cried passionately, "why do girls have to do *all* the missing? It's just what that Simms boy says: 'If I couldn't be a boy, I'd rather be a dog!'"

"There, there," he said soothingly, "just think about it. You'll see. And you're not exactly like a girl, anyhow. You're too nice."

He patted her shoulder softly, and they lay quietly against the bank. Her breathing grew slow and regular; raising himself cautiously on one elbow, he saw that she had fallen asleep, her arm about William Thayer, her dusty boots pathetically crossed. He watched her tenderly, with frequent glances up and down the road.

"'Come on, William Thayer. . . . I guess it's just you and me now'"

Presently an irregular beat of hoofs sounded around a bend, and a clattering wagon drew steadily nearer.

The egg-and-chicken man jumped out and strode angrily toward the little group.

"I've caught you, have I, you young——"

"Ssh!"

The boy put up a warning hand.

"She's fast asleep," he whispered. "Are you goin' to take her home?"

The man stared.

"Oh, I'm no child-stealer," said the boy lightly. "Here, just lift her soft with me, and I'll bet we can put her in without wakin' her up at all."

Without a word, the man slipped his hands under Caroline's shoulders, the boy lifted her dusty boots, and, gently unloosing her arm from the dog, they lifted her lax little body carefully to the wagon and laid her on the clean straw in the bottom, her head on a folded coat. She stirred and half opened her eyes, murmured broken words, and sank yet deeper into her dream.

The man pointed to a book on the seat. "That's her lesson-book," he whispered hoarsely. It was the despised geography.

"Her folks think a heap of her, I tell you," he added, still eying the boy uncertainly. "She's about as bright as they make 'em, I guess."

"I guess she is," said the lad simply. "She'd ought to have been a boy. She'd have made a fine one."

The man's face cleared.

"Do—do you want a job?" he said abruptly. "We're short up at my place, and I wouldn't mind the dog. I remember you, now. You caught a chicken for me once; my wife gave you a hot supper."

The boy smiled faintly and shook his head. "I remember," he said. "No, I don't believe I want any job, thank you. I—I'm sort of—I have to keep along."

"Keep along? Where?"

He waved his hand vaguely.

"Oh, just along," he repeated. "This year, anyhow. Maybe—well, good-by. Her folks might be gettin' anxious."

He stepped up to the cart and looked once more at the flushed cheeks and brown hands, then strode off up the road.

The egg-and-chicken man gathered up the reins and the wagon started. Caroline scowled a little at the motion, but slept on. The boy whistled to the dog.

"Come on, William Thayer," he said. "I guess it's just you and me now."

THE THIRD DEGREE

BY

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AS OLD as the history of crime is the history of cruelties exercised, in the service of justice, for the discovery of criminal facts. Man has the power to hide his knowledge and his memories by silence and by lies, and the infliction of physical and mental pain has always seemed the quickest way to untie the tongue and to force the confession of truth. Through thousands of years, in every land on the globe, accomplices have been named, crimes have been acknowledged, secrets have been given up, under threats and tortures which overwhelmed the will to resist. The imagination of the Orient invented more dastardly tortures than that of the Occident; the medieval Inquisition brought the system to perhaps fuller perfection than later centuries; and to-day the fortresses of Russia are said to witness tortures which would be impossible in non-Slavic lands. And, although the forms have changed, can there be any doubt that even in the United States brutality is still a favorite method of undermining the mental resistance of the accused? There are no longer any thumbscrews, but the lower orders of the police have still uncounted means to make the prisoner's life uncomfortable and perhaps intolerable, and to break down his energy. A rat put secretly into a woman's cell may exhaust her nervous system and her inner strength till she is unable to stick to her story. The dazzling light and the cold-water hose and the secret blow seem still to serve, even if nine tenths of the newspaper stories of the "third degree" are exaggerated. Worst of all are the brutal shocks given with fiendish cruelty to the terrified imagination of the suspect.

Confessions Invented under Torture

Decent public opinion stands firmly against such barbarism; and this opposition springs not only from sentimental horror and from esthetic disgust: stronger, perhaps, than either of these is the instinctive conviction that the method is ineffective in bringing out the real truth. At all times, innocent men have been accused by the tortured ones, crimes which were never committed have been confessed, infamous lies have been invented, to satisfy the demands of the torturers. Under pain and fear a man may make any admission which will relieve his suffering, and, still more misleading, his mind may lose the power to discriminate between illusion and real memory. Enlightened juries have begun to understand how the ends of justice are frustrated by such methods. Only recently an American jury, according to the newspapers, acquitted a suspect who, after a previous denial, confessed with full detail to having murdered a girl whose slain body had been found. The detectives had taken the shabby young man to the undertaking-rooms, led him to the side of the coffin, suddenly whipped back the sheet, exposing the white bruised face, and abruptly demanded, "When did you see her?" He sank on his knees and put his hands over his face; but they dragged him to his feet and ordered him to place his right hand on the forehead of the body. Shuddering, he obeyed, and the next moment again collapsed. The detectives pulled him again to his feet, and fired at him question after question, forcing him to stroke the girl's hair and cheeks; and, evidently without control of his mind, he affirmed all that his torturers asked, and, in his half-demented state, even added details to his untrue story.

A Microscope for Crime

The clean conscience of a modern nation rejects every such brutal scheme in the search of truth, and yet is painfully aware that the accredited means for unveiling the facts are too often insufficient. The more complex the machinery of our social life, the easier it seems to cover the traces of crime and to hide the

outrage by lies and deception. Under these circumstances, it is surprising and seems unjustifiable that lawyers and laymen alike should not have given any attention, so far, to the methods of measurement of association which experimental psychology has developed in recent years. Of course, the same holds true of many other methods of the psychological laboratory — methods in the study of memory and attention, feeling and will, perception and judgment, suggestion and emotion. In every one of these fields the psychological experiment could be made helpful to the purposes of court and law. But it is the study and measurement of associations which have particular value in those realms where the barbarisms of the third degree were formerly in use. The chronoscope of the modern psychologist has become, and will become more and more, for the student of crime what the microscope is for the student of disease. It makes visible that which remains otherwise invisible, and shows minute facts which allow a clear diagnosis. The physician needs his magnifier to find out whether there are tubercles in the sputum: the legal psychologist may in the future use his mental microscope to make sure whether there are lies in the mind of the suspect.

The Science of the Association of Ideas

The study of the association of ideas has attracted the students of the human mind since the day of Aristotle; but only in the last century have we come to inquire systematically into the laws and causes of these mental connections. Of course, every one knows that our memory-ideas link themselves with our impressions — that a face reminds us of a name, or a name of a face; that one word calls another to mind; that even smell or taste may wake in us manifold associations. But out of such commonplaces grew a whole systematic science, and the school of associationists began to explain our entire mental life as essentially the interplay of such associations. There are the outer associations of time and place, where one thing reminds us of another together with which we experienced it. There are inner associations, where one thing awakens in our minds something else which has similarity to it, or to which it is related as a part to the whole or the whole to a part, and so on. The word "dog" may call up in my mind, perhaps, the memory-picture of a particular dog, or the name of that dog, or the idea of a house in which I saw it; or it may bring up the superordinated idea, "animal," or the subordinated, "terrier," or the coördinated, "cat," or the part, "tail"; or perhaps it may suggest to me the German translation for dog, or a painting with dogs in it: there are no end of possibilities. But the psychologists were not satisfied with grouping the various cases; their chief aim was to determine the conditions under which they arise, the influence which the frequency or the recency or the vividness or the combination of special experiences has on the choice of the resulting idea.

In the last few decades, then, has arisen the new science, experimental psychology, which, like physics and chemistry, has its own workshops, wherein mental facts are brought under experimental test in the same way as in the natural sciences. With the application of experimental methods, the study of associations took at once a new turn. In the laboratory we are not confined to the chance material which daily life offers; we can prepare and control the situation. For instance, I may use a list of one hundred substantives, and read one after the other to my subject, and ask him to give me the first word which enters his mind. I receive thus one hundred associations which are independent of any intentional selection, showing just the paths of least resistance in the mind of my man. I may use them, for instance, to make statistics as to their character: if the outer associations prevail, I have a type of mind before me other than in the case of a preponderance of inner associations; if the superordinations prevail, I have an intellect other than if the subordinations were in the majority. Or I may study the influences of preceding impressions. Perhaps I read to my man a story or showed him some pictures before I gave him the one hundred words for association; the effect of that recent experience will show itself at once. In this way the variations are endless.

Measuring Thought by Electricity

But one aspect dominates in importance: I can measure the time of this linkage of ideas. Suppose that both my subject and I have little electrical instruments between the lips, which, by the least movement of speaking, make or break an electric current passing through an electric clockwork whose index moves around a dial ten times in every second. One revolution of the index thus means the tenth part of a second, and, as the whole dial is divided into one hundred parts, every division indicates the thousandth part of a second. My index stands quietly till I move my lips to make, for instance, the word "dog." In that moment the electric current causes the pointer to revolve. My subject, as soon as he hears the word, is to speak out as quickly as possible

the first association which comes to his mind. He perhaps shouts "cat," and the movement of his lips breaks the current, stops the pointer, and thus allows me to read from the clockwork in thousandth parts of a second the time which passed between my speaking the word and his naming the association. Of course, this time includes not only the time for the process of association, but also the time for the hearing of the word, for the understanding, for the impulse of speaking, and so on. But all these smaller periods I can easily determine. I may find out how long it takes if my subject does not associate anything, but simply repeats the word I give him. If the mere repetition of the word "dog" takes him 325 thousandths of a second, while the bringing up of the word "cat" took 975 thousandths, I conclude that the difference of 650 thousandths was necessary for the process of associating "cat" and "dog."

In this way, during the last twenty years, there has developed an exact and subtle study of mental associations, and through such very careful observation of the time-differences between associations a deep insight has been won into the whole mental mechanism. The slightest changes of our psychical connections can be discovered and traced by these slight variations of time, which are, of course, entirely unnoticeable so long as no exact measurements are introduced. The last three years have finally brought the latest step: the theoretical studies have been made useful to practical life. Like many other branches of experimental psychology, the doctrine of association has become adjusted to the practical problems of education, of medicine, of art, of commerce, and of law. It is the last which chiefly concerns, us here.

How the Mind Betrays its Own Secrets

For instance, our purpose may be to find out whether a suspected person has really participated in a certain crime. He declares that he is innocent, that he was not present when the outrage occurred, and that he is not even familiar with the locality. An innocent man will not object to our proposing a series of one hundred associations to demonstrate his innocence. A guilty man, of course, will not object, either, as a declination would indicate a fear of betraying himself; he cannot refuse, and yet affirm his innocence. Moreover, he will feel sure that no questions can bring out any facts which he wants to keep hidden in his soul; he will be on the lookout. As long as nothing more is demanded than that he speak the first word which comes to his mind, when another word is spoken to him, there is indeed no legal and no practical reason for declining, as long as innocence is professed. Such an experiment will at once become interesting in three different directions as soon as we mix into our list of one hundred words a number, perhaps thirty, which stand in more or less close connection to the crime in question—words which refer to the details of the locality, or to the persons present at the crime, or to the probable motive, or to the professed alibi, and so on. The first direction of our interest is toward the choice of the associations. Of course, every one believes that he would be sure to admit only harmless words to his lips; but the conditions of the experiment quickly destroy that feeling of safety. As soon as a dangerous association rushes to the consciousness, it tries to push its way out. It may, indeed, need some skill to discover the psychical influence, as the suspected person may have self-control enough not to give away the dangerous idea directly; but the suppressed idea remains in consciousness, and taints the next association, or perhaps the next but one, without his knowledge.

He has, perhaps, slain a woman in her room, and yet protests that he has never been in her house. By the side of her body was a cage with a canary-bird. I therefore mix into my list of words also "bird." His mind is full of the gruesome memory of his heinous deed. The word "bird," therefore, at once awakens the association "canary-bird" in his consciousness; yet he is immediately aware that this would be suspicious, and he succeeds, before the dangerous word comes to his lips, in substituting the harmless word "sparrow." Yet my next word, or perhaps my second or third next, is "color," and his prompt association is "yellow": the canary-bird is still in his mind, and shows its betraying influence. The preparation of the list of words to be called thus needs psychological judgment and insight if a man with quick self-control is to be trapped. In most cases, however, there is hardly any need of relying on the next and following words, as the primary associations for the critical words unveil themselves for important evidence directly enough.

Yet not alone are the first associations interesting. There is interest in another direction in the associations which result from a second and a third repetition of the series. Perhaps after half an hour, I go once more through the whole list. The subject gives once more his hundred replies. An analysis of the results will show that most of the words which he now gives are the same which he gave the first time; pronouncing the words has merely accentuated

his tendency to associate them in the same connection as before. If it was "house"—"window" first, then it will probably be "house" — "window" again. But a number of associations have been changed, and a careful analysis will show that these are first of all the suspicious ones. Those words which by their connection with the crime stir up deep emotional complexes of ideas will throw ever new associations into consciousness, while the indifferent ones will link themselves in a superficial way without change. To a certain degree, this variation of the dangerous associations is reinforced by the intentional effort of the suspected. He does not feel satisfied with his first words, and hopes that other words may better hide his real thoughts, not knowing that just this change is to betray him.

The Involuntary Influence of Emotion

But most important is the third direction of inquiry: more characteristic than the choice and the constancy of the associations is their involuntary retardation by emotional influence. A word which stirs emotional memories will show an association-time twice or three times as long as a commonplace idea. It may be said at once that it is not ordinarily necessary, even for legal purposes, that the described measurement be in thousandths of a second; the differences of time which betray a bad conscience or a guilty knowledge of certain facts are large enough to be easily measured in hundredths or even in tenths of a second; though measurements for the theoretical purposes of psychology require, indeed, a division of the second into a thousand parts. In the following legal division I shall, therefore, refer to differences in tenths of a second only.

The absolute time of associations is, of course, quite different for different persons; to link familiar ideas like "chair" — "table" or "black" — "white" may take for the slow type more than a full second, while the alert mind may not need more than half a second. Thus we begin by finding the average for each individual, and all our interest goes into the deviations from this average. That a certain association should take one and a half seconds would be a very suspicious retardation for the quick mind which normally associates in three quarters, while it would be quite normal for the slow thinker. And here, again, it may be mentioned that the retardation is not always confined to the dangerous association alone, but often comes in a still more pregnant way in the following or the next following association, which on the surface looks entirely harmless. The emotional shock has perturbed the working of the mechanism, and the path for all associations is blocked. The analysis of these secondary time-retardations is the factor which demands the greatest psychological skill. A few illustrations from practical life may make the whole method clearer.

A Case of Psychological Detective Work

An educated young man of eighteen lived in the house of an uncle. The old gentleman went to consult a nerve specialist in regard to some slight nervous trouble of the younger friend. On that occasion he confided his recent suspicion that the young man might be a thief. Money had repeatedly been taken from a drawer and from a trunk; until lately he had had suspicions only of the servants; he had notified the police, and detectives had watched them. He was most anxious to find out whether his new suspicion was true, as he wanted, in that case, to keep the matter out of court, in the interest of the family. The physician, familiar with the new psychological methods, arranged that the young man come for an examination of his nerves. He then proposed to him a list of a hundred associations as part of the medical inspection. The physician said "head," the patient associated "nose"; then "green" — "blue," "water" — "air," "long" — "short," "five" — "six," "wool" — "cloth," and so on, the average time of these commonplace connections being 1.6 seconds. But there were thirty-seven dangerous words scattered among the hundred — words that had to do with the things in the room from which the money was abstracted, or with the theft and its punishment, or with some possible motives. There appeared, for instance, the word "thief." The association "burglar" seemed quite natural, but it took the boy suddenly 4.6 seconds to reach it. In the same way "police" — "theft" took 3.6 seconds, "jail" — "penitentiary" 4.2 seconds. In other cases the dangerous word itself came with normal automatic quickness, but the emotional disturbance became evident in the retardation of the next word. For instance, "key" — "false key" took only 1.6 seconds, but the following trivial association "stupid" — "clever" grew to 3.0 seconds. "Crime" — "theft" came again promptly in 1.8, but the inner shock was so strong that the commonplace word "cook" was entirely inhibited and did not produce an association at all in 20 seconds. In the same way "bread" — "water" rushed forward in 1.6 seconds, but this characteristic choice, the supposed diet of the jail, stopped the associative mechanism again for the following trivial word. It would lead too

far to go further into the analysis of the case, but it may be added that a repetition of the same series showed the characteristic variations in the region of the suspicious words. While "crime" had brought "theft" the first time, it was the second time replaced by "murder"; "discover" brought the first time "wrong," the second time "grasp." In the harmless words there was hardly any change at all. But, finally, a subtle analysis of the selection of words and of the retardations pointed to sufficient details to make a clear diagnosis. The physician told the young man that he had stolen; the boy protested vehemently. Then the physician gave him the subtle points unveiled by the associations — how he had bought a watch with the money and had given presents to his sister; and the boy confessed everything, and was saved from jail by the early discovery. The brutalities of the third degree would hardly have yielded such a complete result, nor the technicalities of legal evidence, either.

Trapping a Trained Criminal

Of course, this case is that of a highly sensitive mind with the strong feelings of a bad conscience. A professional tough criminal would not show such intense emotions, and hence not such long retardations, if he were as unsuspicious and unaware of the purposes of the experiment as that boy was. But what would be the situation of such a trained criminal who had no conscience and who knew beforehand that the experiment was to determine whether or not he lied or spoke the truth?

In that case, another group of facts is to be considered. We might expect from such a subject very little lengthening of the simple association-time by emotion, but instead of it a considerable lengthening by conscious effort to avoid suspicious and dangerous associations, provided that he were anxious to hide the damaging truth. As soon as a critical word were offered, he would be on the lookout not to betray the first word which came over the threshold of consciousness, but to make sure first that it was harmless, and to replace it if it were dangerous. Experiment shows that such watching and conscious sanctioning takes time, and the replacing of the unfit word by a fitting word brings still larger loss of time; nobody is able to look out for the harmlessness of his associations and yet to associate them with the average quickness with which the commonplace ideas are brought forth. If the dangerous words show association-times of unusual shortness, it is necessary to suppose that the subject of the experiment makes no effort to suppress the truth; the short time proves that he lets the ideas go as they will, without his sifting, sanctioning, and retouching. Even the best bluffer will thus be trapped in his effort to conceal anything, by time-differences which he himself cannot notice.

Experiments with a Multi-Murderer

As an illustration of a case of such a type, I may speak of experiments that I carried on recently for several days in a Western penitentiary with a self-confessed multi-murderer. He played the star witness in a trial against a man whom his confession accused as an accomplice. It made hardly a difference whether the view of the prosecution or the view of the defense was taken: seen from any side, the witness offered a psychological problem of unusual interest. And its importance did not decrease when it was found out, through the verdict of the jury, that the defendant was innocent and had no connection with the crimes of the witness. No side doubted at any time that this was one of the most persistent murderers of modern time, and no side could deny that he was, during the trial, an imperturbable witness with the mildest manners, with quiet serenity, and with the appearance of a man who has found his peace in God.

The first problem for the psychologist was whether the confession of the witness was a chain of conscious lies or whether he himself really believed what he told the court. No outer evidence was fit to settle this question of his mental attitude, and it seemed thus interesting to study whether it might be possible to decide it by the association method.

I had the good chance to see the murderer at once on the witness-stand. As my seat was at the small table of the attorneys for the prosecution, I had him only a few feet from me for careful observation. I cannot deny that my impression on that first morning was very unfavorable. His profile, especially the jaw, appeared to me most brutal and vulgar; I also saw at once the deformation of the ear, the irregularity in the movements of the eyes, and the abnormal lower lip. That this was the profile of a murderer seemed to me not improbable, but that this man had become a sincere religious convert seemed to me quite incredible. Yet, I did not consult my antipathies; I had to rely on my experiments, which I started the following day. This is, of course, not the place to set down a scientific report of the nearly one hundred groups of tests and experiments which were completed; they belong in scholarly archives. Most of them referred to the memory, the attention, the feelings, the will, the judgment,

and the suggestibility. Our interest here belongs only to the association experiments and to some related tests. Thus the report here covers only a small section of the case, and ignores entirely everything which does not refer to the subjective veracity.

I told the witness directly that I had come to examine his mind and find out what was really at the bottom of his heart. He at once declared himself perfectly ready to undergo any test. If he thought that he, the experienced poker-player, could easily hide his inmost mind and could deceive me with cant and lies, I turned the tables on him quickly. I began with some simple psychological tricks with which every student of psychology is familiar, but which were naturally unknown and somewhat uncanny to the witness. For instance, I covered one of his eyes and asked him to fixate with the other eye a little cross on the table, and to watch at the same time a cent piece which I moved at the side of the cross. Suddenly I told him that he would not see the cent any more — indeed, it had disappeared; and as he did not know that we all have a blind spot at the entrance-place of the optical nerve in the retina, he was much struck by my foreknowledge of such a defect in his eye. Or, I showed him the drawing of a stair which he saw as such; observing his eye movements, I told him that he now did not see the stair any more, but an overhanging wall, and again he was astonished at my knowing everything in his soul. In a similar way, I used some tactual illusions, and soon he was entirely under the spell of the belief that I had some special scientific powers.

Testing his Own Belief in the Confession

Then I began with a real experiment. I told him that I should call at first fifty words, and each time, when he heard a word, he was to name to me as quickly as possible the first thing which came to his mind on the hearing of the word. I asked him not to choose the words intentionally, but to let them go without any reflection; I added that I should learn all from the ideas which he would bring up. My first word was "river," he associated "water"; then "ox," he said "yoke"; "mountain," he said "hill"; "tobacco," he said "pipe." All the interest thus seemed to belong to the choice of the words, and he saw that I wrote his answers down. But the fact is that I did something else also: I measured in fractions of a second the time between my calling the word and his giving a reply. Between his hearing of the word "river" and his speaking the word "water," eight tenths of a second passed; between "ox"—"yoke," six tenths; between "tobacco"—"pipe," eight tenths. On the whole, seven to eight tenths of a second was the very short standard time for those associations which represented familiar ideas.

Now, there were mixed in among the fifty words many which had direct relation to his criminal career and to his professed religious conversion — for instance, the words confession, revolver, religion, heaven, jury, death, Bible, pardon, railroad, blood, jail, prayer, and some names of his victims and of his alleged accomplices. Let us not forget that he was fully under the belief that I had a special power to discover from his spoken words the real tendencies of his mind; if he had had anything to hide, he would have been constantly on the lookout that no treacherous word should slip in. If a word like "confession" or something similar were called among harmless ones, he would never shout at once the first word which came to his mind, but would have watched that no dangerous secret, perhaps "confession"—"humbug," came out and betrayed him. He would have quickly suppressed the word before it was spoken — and yet, however quickly he might have done it, it would have taken at least one or two seconds more; and he would have used the longer time the more freely as he had no reason to suspect that time played any part in the experiment.

Proofs that the Witness Made No Effort to Hide Anything

But the results show the very remarkable fact that the dangerous words brought, on the whole, no retardation of the associative process. After "tobacco" — "pipe" came with the same promptness "confession"—"truth," again in eight tenths of a second, a time entirely insufficient for any inner deliberation or sanction or choice or correction: it is a time which just allows the speaking of the first idea which arises in the mind. "Heaven"—"God" took, again, less than a second, and so "religion" — "truth," "blood"—"knife," "governor"—"executive," "witness" — "stand," "minister" — "pulpit," "mine-owner" — "mine"; only "pardon" — "peace," "death" — "end," and similar more abstract words took about one and a half seconds, a time which is still too short for real inhibition and second thought. Even the names of his accomplices and of his victims awoke associations in less than nine tenths of a second. The fact that these associations were produced by the witness in the minimum time, which made deliberation impossible, while he was convinced that the words would unveil his real mind, is strong evidence indeed that this man

did not want consciously to hide anything, and that he himself really believed his so-called confession.

If these experiments had been made with him before his confession, he would have stumbled over every third word, and many of his associations would have taken three seconds or more. He would have been unable, in spite of best efforts, to overcome the fear of betraying himself, and this fear would have retarded the associations in a way which would have trapped him unmistakably. But not only the short time, the choice of the associations also indicated clearly that, in an almost incredible manner, a mild, indifferent serenity had taken hold of his mind, and that his criminal life was of no concern to him any more. I gave him, for instance, the name of a city in which, according to his confession, he had been last to poison a victim and to dynamite his house; but in his mind the place did not connect itself any more with murder: in less than a second his mind joined it with "ocean."

The Mental Organism of the Murderer

It is evident from the association-times that no real emotion accompanied any of his memories of crime. He did not have and did not simulate a bad conscience. The emotional retardation of suspicious associations, characteristic of the average criminal, was, as expected, entirely lacking in this wholesale murderer. That does not mean that he lacks feeling; my experiments showed the opposite. To be sure, his sensitiveness for pain was, as with most criminals, much below the average. A deep pin-prick did not produce any reaction, and his whole touch sense was obtuse, while his eyes and ears were very sharp. But, in spite of this lack of organic pain,—he has never been ill,—he is sensitive to the immediate perception of suffering in others. Simulation is excluded: I measured the involuntary reactions. He really shivers at the thought of hurting others. I have no reason for doubting that he had this mental sensitiveness always; and that is no contradiction to the fact that he was spreading pain all around. Nearly all his crimes were performed in an impersonal way; he did not see the victims. He manufactured infernal machines, laid dynamite in the mines and bombs under gates, and thought of the suffering of the victims as little as the manufacturer of children's toys may think of the happiness of the little ones. He assured me that in those fifteen years of heinous deeds he never struck any one personally with his fist; that would have gone against his nerves. He exhibited tender feeling in all directions; he selected, for instance, very delicate color combinations as those which he liked best among many which I showed him. His favorite color seemed to be dark blue; any showy or loud dressing is disagreeable to him. He asserts, even, that he rarely drank any strong drinks: one glass of beer made him sleepy.

Yet, his emotional life is simply dead—the small figures of his association-times would otherwise be quite impossible. And it may be added that even if his religious conversion is genuine, his so-called religion lacks also every sound and deep feeling; it is thoroughly utilitarian; he serves God because he will reward him after death.

The association experiments thus completely fulfilled their purpose: they gave a definite reply to a definite question which could hardly be answered by other methods of evidence. The association experiments proved that the murderer did not try to hide anything. Of course, this was only the first problem to be solved in the case. From this state of subjective truthfulness which interests the psychlogoist to the proof of objective truth which interests the court is still a very long way. It would have been possible, for instance, that all this was pseudo-religious auto-suggestion, or that it was a systematic illusion brought forth by the suggestions of detectives and lawyers, or that the witness was hypnotized, or that his mind was diseased. The experimental inquiry had to study all those and other possibilities; they formed the chief part of my experiments, but they do not belong here, as they have no relation to the method of association-measurement, which was the only concern of this discussion.

The Case of a School Girl

Of course, the theoretical importance or the method is independent of the practical importance of the cases in which it is applied. Multi-murderers are rare; but the simplest case of wrong-doing may demonstrate the success of the method just as well. No sharper contrast could be possible than that between the brutal criminal with his dynamite bombs and the lovely little girl with her chocolate bonbons whom I had seen a short time before. She was anemic and neurasthenic, and could not concentrate her attention on her work for her college examinations. She came to me for psychological advice. I asked her many questions as to her habits of life. Among other things, she assured me that she took wholesome and plentiful meals and was not allowed to buy sweets. Then I began some psychological experiments, and, among other tests, I started, at first rather aimlessly, with trivial associations.

Her average association-time was slow, nearly 2 seconds. Very soon the word "money" brought the answer "candy," and it came with the quickness of 1.4 seconds. There was nothing remarkable in this. But the next word, "apron," harmless in itself, was 6 seconds in finding its association, and, furthermore, the association which resulted was "apron"—"chocolate." Both the retardation and the inappropriateness of this indicated that the foregoing pair had left an emotional shock, and the choice of the word "chocolate" showed that the disturbance resulted from the intrusion of the word "candy." The word "apron" had evidently no power at all compared with those associations which were produced by the candy-emotion.

I took this as a clue, and after twenty indifferent words which slowly restored her calmness of mind, I returned to the problem of sweets. Of course, she was now warned, and was evidently on the lookout. The result was that when I threw in the word "candy" again, she needed 4.5 seconds, and the outcome was the naïve association "never." This "never" was the first association that was neither substantive nor adjective. All the words before had evidently meant for her simply objects; but "candy" seemed to appeal to her as a hint, a question, a reproach, which she wanted to repudiate. She was clearly not aware that this mental change from a descriptive to a replying attitude was very suspicious; she must even have felt quite satisfied with her reply, for the next associations were short and to the point. After a while I began on the same line again. The unsuspicious word "box" brought quickly the equally unsuspicious "white"; and yet I knew at once that it was a candy-box, for the next word, "pound," brought the association "two," and the following, "book," after several seconds the unfit association "sweet." She was again not aware that she had betrayed the path of her imagination. In the course of three hundred associations I varied the subject repeatedly, and she remained to the end unconscious that she had given me all the information needed. Her surprise seemed still greater than her feeling of shame when I told her that she skipped her luncheons daily and had hardly any regular meals, but consumed every day several pounds of candy. With tears she made finally a full "confession." She had kept her injudicious diet a secret, as she had promised her parents not to spend any money for chocolate. The right diagnosis led me to make the right suggestions, and after a few weeks her health and strength were restored.

The Physician as Psychologist

This trivial case with its foolish offense shows how psychological detective work may also be useful outside of the sphere of law. It not seldom becomes the serious interest of the educator and the physician to disentangle hidden thoughts, and the "third degree" of the school and of the consultation-room might easily be replaced by association experiments. On such a basis the nerve specialist would frequently be able to make the right and helpful diagnosis without the aid of any "confession" and without awakening in the patient the slightest suspicion that his physician had discovered the real source of the trouble. Experiments have convinced me that the method may bring to light facts of which even the patient himself is ignorant. Ideas which are connected in his deepest soul, but which he cannot bring up voluntarily by mere effort of memory, are sometimes brought to expression by the mechanical devices of this association method. It seems that as soon as a number of associations have been produced under pressure of the desire to associate as quickly as possible, the mind enters into a state of decreased inhibition, in which suppressed and forgotten ideas rush forward.

This fact must become the more important, the more we learn, under the guidance of the Vienna School, that one of the most troublesome nervous diseases — namely, hysteria — results principally from suppressed affective ideas, and can be cured by awaking anew the restrained thought. Hysteria is "strangulated emotion," and disappears when the forgotten emotional ideas are brought to conscious expression. One hysteric woman always became mute after sunset; another could not take any food but liquids; another was constantly tortured by the hallucination of the tobacco odor. Every physician knows a hundred such hysteric symptoms. No one of these patients knew the reason or origin of her trouble. Slowly the physician discovered the suppressed ideas, which had had no chance to express themselves and had worked disaster in their inhibited form. The woman who could not speak at night had sat once at sunset, years before, at the bedside of her sick father; she had vehemently suppressed every sound in order not to disturb him. As soon as this first scene was brought back to her mind, she regained her voice. The woman who could not take solid food had been obliged, years before, to suppress her disgust when eating at the same table with a man who suffered from an ugly disease. As soon as this starting-point was consciously associated again, she was ready

to dine like others. The woman who smelled tobacco had long before heard by chance, in a room full of smoke, that the man she loved was in love with another, and she had had to suppress her emotion on account of the presence of others. As soon as she connected the smell again in consciousness with that first strangulated emotion, the hallucination disappeared. Hysteric contractions and anaesthesias, pathological impulses and inhibitions, can all be removed if the long-forgotten emotional ideas with which the disturbance started can be brought to light. Just here the association method seems surprisingly helpful. The psychologist who seeks to discover the secret connections of ideas may thus, by his association method, not only protect the innocent and unmask the guilty, but bring health and strength to the nervous wreck.

Psychology in Place of The "Third Degree"

Yet our chief interest belongs to the legal aspect of this method. Carried out with the skill which only long laboratory training can give, it has become, indeed, a magnifying-glass for the most subtle mental mechanism, and by it the secrets of the criminal mind may be unveiled. All this has, of course, no legal standing to-day, and there is probably no one who desires to increase the number of "experts" in our criminal courts. But justice demands that truth and lies be disentangled. The time will come when the methods of experimental psychology cannot longer be excluded from the court of law. It is well known that the use of stenographers in trials once met with vehement opposition, while now the shorthand record of the court procedure seems a matter of course. The help of the psychologist will become not less indispensable. The vulgar ordeals of the "third degree" in every form belong to the Middle Ages, and much of the wrangling of attorneys about technicalities in admitting the "evidence" appears to not a few somewhat out of date, too: the methods of experimental psychology are working in the spirit of the twentieth century. The "third degree" may brutalize the mind and force either correct or falsified secrets to light; the time-measurement of associations is swifter and cleaner, more scientific, more humane, and more reliable in bringing out the truth which justice demands. Of course, we are only at the beginning of its development; the new method is still in many ways imperfect, and if clumsily applied it may be misleading; moreover, there exists no hard and fast rule which fits every case mechanically. But all this indicates only that, just as the bodily facts have to be examined by the chemist or the physiologist, the mental facts must be examined also, not by the layman, but by the scientific psychologist with the training of a psychological laboratory.

ON THE HEIGHTS

BY

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

YOU love the mountains and I love the sea,
Yet love the mountains too — the more since I
Have seen you so uplifted in the high
Heart of the hills, where something seemed to be
Restored to you of childlike health and glee.
Light-footed as a fawn you wandered by
Aspiring paths that climbed into the sky,
Fellow to clouds and breezes, and as free.

And oft, when you had breasted some ascent
And stood with parted lips, swift beating heart,
Flushed cheek, and hair in bright confusion blown,
You were transfigured; in your eyes would start
A look of awe with exaltation blent
As if some spell were o'er your spirit thrown.

ELEANOR'S HOUSE

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

AUTHOR OF "THE TROLL GARDEN," "THE PROFILE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

"SHALL you, then," Harriet ventured, "go to Fortuney?" The girl threw a startled glance toward the corner of the garden where Westfield and Harold were examining a leak in the basin of the little fountain, and Harriet was sorry that she had put the question so directly. Ethel's reply, when it came, seemed a mere emission of breath rather than articulation.

"I think we shall go later. It's very trying for him there, of course. He hasn't been there since." She relapsed into silence,—indeed, she had never come very far out of it,—and Harriet called to Westfield. She found that she couldn't help resenting Ethel's singular inadeptness at keeping herself in hand.

"Come, Robert. Harold is tired after his journey, and he and Ethel must have much to say to each other."

Both Harold and his wife, however, broke into hurried random remarks with an eagerness which seemed like a protest.

"It is delightful to be near you here at Arques, with only a wall between our gardens," Ethel spurred herself to say. "It will mean so much to Harold. He has so many old associations with you, Mrs. Westfield."

The two men had come back to the tea-table, and as the younger one overheard his wife's last remark, his handsome brown face took on the blankness of disapproval.

Ethel glanced at him furtively, but Harriet was unable to detect whether she realized just why or to what extent her remark had been unfortunate. She certainly looked as if she might not be particularly acute, drooping about in her big garden-hat and her limp white frock, which had not been very well put on. However, some sense of maladroitness certainly penetrated her vagueness, for she shrank behind the tea-table, gathering her scarf about her shoulders as if she were mysteriously blown upon by a chilling current.

The Westfields drew together to take their leave. Harold stepped to his wife's side as they went toward the gate with their guests, and put his hand lightly on her shoulder, at which she waveringly emerged from her eclipse and smiled.

Harriet could not help looking back at them from under her sunshade as they stood there in the gateway: the man with his tense brown face and abstracted smile, the girl drooping, positively swaying in her softness and uncertainty.

When they reached the sunny square of their own garden, Harriet sank into a wicker chair in the deep shadow of the stucco wall and addressed her husband with conviction:

"I know *now*, my dear, why he wished so much to come. I sensed it yesterday, when I first met her. But now that I've seen them together, it's perfectly clear. He brought her here to keep her away from Fortuney, and he's counting on us to help him."

Westfield, who was carefully examining his rose-trees, looked at his wife with interest and frank bewilderment, a form of interrogation with which she was perfectly familiar.

"If there is one thing that's plainer even than his misery," Harriet continued, "it is that she is headed toward Fortuney. They've been married over two years, and he couldn't, I suppose, keep her across the Channel any longer. So he has simply deflected her course, and we are the pretext."

"Certainly," Westfield admitted, as he looked up from his pruning, "one feels something not altogether comfortable with them, but why should it be Fortuney any more than a hundred other things? There are opportunities enough for people who wish to play at cross-purposes."

"Ah! But Fortuney," sighed his wife, "Fortuney's the summing up of all his past. It's Eleanor herself. How could he, Robert, take this poor girl there? It would be cruelty. The figure she'd cut in a place of such distinction!"

"I should think that if he could marry her, he could take her to Fortuney," Westfield maintained bluntly.

"Oh, as to his marrying her! But I suppose we are all to blame for that — all his and Eleanor's old friends. We certainly failed him. We fled at the poor fellow's approach. We simply couldn't face the extent of his bereavement. He seemed a mere fragment of a man dragged out from under the wreckage. They had so grown together that when she died there was nothing in him left whole. We dreaded him, and were glad enough to get him off to India. I even hoped he would marry out there. When the news came that he had, I supposed that would end it; that he would become merely a chapter in natural history. But, you see, he hasn't; he's more widowed than before. He can't do anything well without her. You see, he couldn't even do this."

"This?" repeated Westfield, quitting his gardening abruptly. "Am I to understand that she would have been of assistance in selecting another wife for him?"

Harriet preferred to ignore that his tone implied an enormity. "She would certainly have kept him from getting into such a box as he's in now. She could at least have found him some one who wouldn't lacerate him by her every movement. Oh, that poor, limp, tactless, terrified girl! Have you noticed the exasperating way in which she walks, even? It's as if she were treading pain, forbearing and forgiving, when she but steps to the tea-table. There was never a person so haunted by the notion of her own untidy picturesqueness. It wears her thin and consumes her, like her unhappy passion. I know how he feels; he hates the way she likes what she likes, and he hates the way she dislikes what she doesn't like. And, mark my words, she is bent upon Fortuney. That, at least, Robert, he certainly can't permit. At Fortuney, Eleanor is living still. The place is so intensely, so rarely personal. The girl has fixed her eye, made up her mind. It's symbolic to her, too, and she's circling about it; she can't endure to be kept out. Yesterday, when I went to see her, she couldn't wait to begin explaining her husband to me. She seemed to be afraid I might think she hadn't poked into everything."

While his wife grew more and more vehement, Westfield lay back in a garden-chair, half succumbing to the drowsy warmth of the afternoon.

"It seems to me," he remarked, with a discreet yawn, "that the poor child is only putting up a good fight against the tormenting suspicion that she hasn't got into anything. She may be just decently trying to conceal her uncertainty."

Harriet looked at him intently for a moment, watching the shadows of the sycamore-leaves play across his face, and then laughed indulgently. "The idea of her decently trying to conceal anything amuses me. So that's how much you know of her!" she sighed. "She's taken you in just as she took him. He doubtless thought she wouldn't poke; that she would go on keeping the door of the chamber, breathing faint benedictions and smiling her moonbeam smile as he came and went. But, under all her meekness and air of poetically foregoing, she has a forthcomingness and an outputtingness which all the brutality he's driven to can't discourage. I've known her kind before! You may clip their tendrils every day of your life, only to find them renewed and sweetly taking hold the next morning. She'd find the crevices in polished alabaster. Can't you see what she wants?" Mrs. Westfield sat up with flashing eyes. "She wants to be to him what Eleanor was; she sees no reason why she shouldn't be!"

Westfield rubbed the stiff blond hair above his ear in perplexity. "Well, why, in Heaven's name, shouldn't she be? He married her. What less can she expect?"

"Oh, Robert!" cried Harriet, as if he had uttered something impious. "But then, you never knew them. Why, Eleanor made him. He is the work of her hands. She saved him from being something terrible."

Westfield smiled ironically.

"Was he, then, in his natural state, so — so very much worse?"

"Oh, he was better than he is now, even then. But he was somehow terribly off the key. He was the most immature thing ever born into the world. Youth was a disease with him; he almost died of it. He was so absorbed in his own waking up, and he so overestimated its importance. He made such a clamor about it and so thrust it upon one that I used to wonder whether he would ever get past the stage of opening packages under the Christmas tree and shouting. I suppose he did know that his experiences were not unique, but I'm sure he felt that the degree of them was peculiarly his.

"When he met Eleanor he lost himself, and that was what he needed. She happened to be born tempered and poised. There never was a time when she wasn't discriminating. She could enjoy all kinds of things and people, but she was never, never mistaken in the kind. The beauty of it was that her distinctions had nothing to do with reason; they were purely shades of feeling.

"Well, you can conjecture what followed. She gave him the one thing which made everything else he had pertinent and dignified. He simply had better fiber than any of us realized, and she saw it. She was infallible in detecting quality.

"Two years after their marriage, I spent six weeks with them at Fortuney, and even then I saw their possibilities, what they would do for each other. And they went on and on. They had all there is — except children. I suppose they were selfish. As Eleanor once said to me, they needed only eternity and each other. But, whatever it was, it was Olympian."

II

Harriet was walking one morning on the green hill that rises, topped by its sprawling feudal ruin, behind Arques-la-Bataille. The sunlight still had the magical golden hue of early day, and the dew shone on the smooth, grassy folds and clefts that mark the outlines of the old fortifications. Below lay the delicately colored town,— seen through a grove of glistening white birches,— the shining, sinuous curves of the little river, and the green, open stretches of the pleasant Norman country.

As she skirted the base of one of the thick towers on the inner edge of the moat, her sunshade over her shoulder and her white shoes gray with dew, she all but stepped upon a man who lay in a shaded corner within the elbow of the wall and the tower, his straw hat tilted over his eyes.

"Why, Harold Forscythe!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

He sprang to his feet, baring his head in the sun.

"Sit down, do," he urged. "It's quite dry there — the masonry crops out — and the view's delightful."

"You didn't seem to be doing much with the view as I came up." Harriet put down her sunshade and stood looking at him, taking in his careless morning dress, his gray, unshaven face and heavy eyes. "But I shall sit down," she affectionately assured him, "to look at you, since I have so few opportunities. Why haven't you been to see me?"

Forscythe gazed attentively at her canvas shoes, hesitating and thrusting out his lower lip, an impetuous mannerism she had liked in him as a boy. "Perhaps — perhaps I haven't quite dared," he suggested.

"Which means," commented Harriet reproachfully, "that you accredit me with a very disagreeable kind of stupidity."

"You? Oh, dear, no! I didn't — I don't. How could you suppose it?" He helped her to her seat on the slant of gray rock, moving about her solicitously, but avoiding her eyes.

"Then why do you stand there, hesitating?"

"I was just thinking" — he shot her a nervous glance from under a frown — "whether I ought not to cut away now, on your account. I'm in the devil of a way in the early morning sometimes."

Mrs. Westfield looked at him compassionately as he stood poking the turf with his stick. She wondered how he could have reached eight-and-thirty without growing at all older than he had been in his twenties. And yet, that was just what their happiness had done for them. If it had kept them young, gloriously and resplendently young, it had also kept them from arriving anywhere. It had prolonged his flowering time, but it hadn't mellowed him. Growing older would have meant making concessions. He had never made any; had not even learned how, and was still striking back like a boy.

Harriet pointed to the turf beside her, and he dropped down suddenly.

"I'm really not fit to see any one this morning. These first hours —" He shrugged his shoulders and began to pull the grass-blades swiftly, one at a time.

"Are hard for you?"

He nodded.

"Because they used to be your happiest?" Harriet continued, feeling her way.

"It's queer," he said quietly, "but in the morning I often feel such an absurd certainty of finding her. I suppose one has more vitality at this time of day, a keener sense of things."

"My poor boy! Is it still as hard as that?"

"Did you for a moment suppose that it would ever be any — easier?" he asked, with a short laugh.

"I hoped so. Oh, I hoped so!"

Forscythe shook his head. "You know why I haven't been to see you," he brought out abruptly.

Harriet touched his arm. "You ought not to be afraid with me. If I didn't love her as much as you did, at least I never loved anything else so well."

"I know. That's one reason I came here. You were always together when I first knew her, and it's easy to see her beside you. Sometimes I think the image of her — coming down the stairs, crossing the garden, holding out her hand — is growing dimmer, and that terrifies me. Some people and some places give me the feeling of her." He stopped with a jerk, and threw a pebble across the moat, where the sloping bank, softened and made shallower by the slow centuries, was yellow with buttercups.

"But that feeling, Harold, must be more in you than anywhere. There's where she willed it and breathed it and stored it for years."

Harold was looking fixedly at the bare spot under his hand and pulling the grass-blades out delicately. When he spoke, his voice fairly

startled her with its sound of water working underground.

"It was like that once, but now I lose it sometimes — for weeks together. It's like trying to hold some delicate scent in your nostrils, and heavier odors come in and blur it."

"My poor boy, what can I say to you?" Harriet's eyes were so dim that she could only put out a hand to be sure that he was there. He pressed it and held it a moment.

"You don't have to say anything. Your thinking reaches me. It's extraordinary how we can be trained down, how little we can do with. If she could only have written to me — if there could have been a sign, a shadow on the grass or in the sky, to show that she went on with me, it would have been enough. And now — I wouldn't ask anything but to be left alone with my hurt. It's all that's left me. It's the most precious thing in the world."

"Oh, but that, my dear Harold, is too terrible! She couldn't have endured your doing it," murmured Harriet, overcome.

"Yes, she could. She'd have done it. She'd have kept me alive in her anguish, in her incompleteness."

Mrs. Westfield put out her hand entreatingly to stop him. He had lain beside her on the grass so often in the days of his courtship, of his first tempestuous happiness. It was incredible that he should have changed so little. He hadn't grown older, or wiser, or, in himself, better. He had simply grown more and more to be Eleanor. The misery of his entanglement touched her afresh, and she put her hands to her eyes and murmured, "Oh, that *poor* little Ethel! How could you do it?"

She heard him bound up, and when she lifted her face he was half the length of the wall away. She called to him, but he waved his hat meaninglessly, and she watched him hurry across the smooth green swell of the hill. Harriet leaned back into the warm angle of masonry and tried to settle into the deep peace of the place, where so many follies and passions had spent themselves and ebbed back into the stillness of the grass. But a sense of pain kept throbbing about her. It seemed to come from the spot where poor Forscythe had lain, and to rise like a miasma between her and the farms and orchards and the gray-green windings of the river. When at last she rose with a sigh, she murmured to herself, "Oh, my poor Eleanor! If you know, I pity you. Wherever you are, I pity you."

III

The silence once broken, Forscythe came often to Mrs. Westfield's garden. He spent whole mornings there, watching her embroider, or walked with her about the ruins on the hilltop, or along the streams that wound through the fertile farm country. Though he said little himself, he made it supremely easy for her to talk. He followed her about in grateful silence while she told him, freely and almost lightly, of her girlhood with Eleanor Sanford; of their life at a convent-school in Paris; of the copy of "Manon Lescault" which they kept sewed up in the little pine pillow they had brought from Schenectady; of the adroit machinations by which, on her fête-day, under the guardianship of an innocent aunt from Albany, Eleanor had managed to convey all her birthday roses out to Père-la-Chaise and arrange them under de Musset's willow.

Harriet even found a quiet happiness in being with him. She felt that he was making amends; that she could trust him not to renew the terrible experience which had crushed her at their first meeting on the hill. When he spoke of Eleanor at all, it was only to recall the beauty of their companionship, a thing she loved to reflect upon. For if they had been selfish, at least their selfishness had never taken the form of comfortable indolence. They had kept the edge of their zest for action; their affection had never grown stocky and middle-aged. How, Harriet often asked herself, could two people have crowded so much into ten circumscribed mortal years? And, of course, the best of it was that all the things they did and the places they went to and the people they knew didn't in the least matter, were only the incidental music of their drama.

The end, when it came, had, by the mercy of Heaven, come suddenly. An illness of three days at Fortuney, their own place on the Oise, and it was over. He was flung out into space to find his way alone; to keep fighting about in his circle, forever yearning toward the center.

One morning, when Harold asked her to go for a long walk into the country, Harriet felt from the moment they left the town behind them that he had something serious to say to her. They were having their déjeuner in the garden of a little auberge, sitting at a table beside a yellow clay wall overgrown with wall-peaches, when he told her that he was going away.

"I don't know for just how long. Perhaps a week; perhaps two. I'd hate to have you misunderstand. I don't want you to underestimate the good you've done me these last weeks. But, you see, this is a sort of — a sort of tryst," he explained, smiling faintly. "We got stranded once in an absurd little town down on the Mediterranean, not far from Hyères. We liked it and stayed for days, and when we left,

Eleanor said we'd go back every year when the grapes were ripe. We never did go back, for that was the last year. But I've been there that same week every autumn. The people there all remember her. It's a little bit of a place."

Harriet looked at him, holding her breath. The black kitten came up and brushed against him, tapping his arm with its paw and mewing to be fed.

"Is that why you go away so much? Ethel has told me. She said there was some business, but I doubted that."

"I'm sorry it has to be so. Of course, I feel despicable — do all the time, for that matter." He wiped his face and hands miserably with his napkin and pushed back his chair. "You see," he went on, beginning to make geometrical figures in the sand with his walking-stick, "you see, I can't settle down to anything, and I'm so driven. There are times when places pull me — places where things happened, you know. Not big things, but just our own things." He stopped, and then added thoughtfully, "Going to miss her is almost what going to meet her used to be. I get in such a state of impatience."

Harriet couldn't, she simply couldn't, altogether despise him, and it was because, as he said, she did know. They sat in the quiet, sunny little garden, full of dahlias and sunflowers and the hum of bees, and she remembered what Eleanor had told her about this fishing-village where they had lived on figs and goat's milk and watched the meager vintage being gathered; how, when they had to leave it, got into their compartment and flashed away along the panoramic Mediterranean shore, she had cried — she who never wept for pain or weariness, Harriet put in fondly. It was not the blue bay and the lavender and the pine hills they were leaving, but some peculiar shade of being together. Yet they were always leaving that. Every day brought colors in the sky, on the sea, in the heart, which could not possibly come just so again. That to-morrow's would be just as beautiful never quite satisfied them. They wanted it all. Yes, whatever they were, those two, they were Olympian.

As they were nearing home in the late afternoon, Forscythe turned suddenly to Harriet. "I shall have to count on you for something while I am away, you know."

"About the business? Oh, yes, I'll understand."

"And you'll do what you can for her, won't you?" he asked shakily. "It's such a hellish existence for her. I'd do anything if I could undo what I've done — anything."

Harriet paused a moment. "It simply can't, you know, go on like this."

"Yes, yes, I know that," he replied abstractedly. "But that's not the worst of it. The worst is that sometimes I feel as if Eleanor wants me to give her up; that she can't stand it any longer and is begging me to let her rest."

Harriet tried to look at him, but he had turned away his face.

IV

Forscythe's absence stretched beyond a fortnight, and no one seemed very definitely informed as to when he might return. Meanwhile, Mrs. Westfield had his wife considerably upon her hands. She could not, indeed, account for the degree to which she seemed responsible. It was always there, groping for her and pulling at her, as she told Westfield. The garden wall was not high enough to shut out entirely the other side: the girl pacing the gravel paths with the meek, bent step which poor Harriet found so exasperating, her wistful eyes peering from under her garden-hat, her preposterous skirts trailing behind her like the brier-torn gown of some wandering Griselda.

During the long, dull hours in which they had their tea together, Harriet realized more and more the justice of the girl's position — of her claim, since she apparently had no position that one could well define. The reasonableness of it was all the more trying since Harriet felt so compelled to deny it. They read and walked and talked, and the subject to which they never alluded was always in the air. It was in the girl's long, silent, entreating looks; in her thin hands, nervously clasping and unclasping; in her ceaseless pacing about. Harriet distinctly felt that she was working herself up to something, and she declared to Westfield every morning that, whatever it was, she wouldn't be a party to it.

"I can understand perfectly," she insisted to her husband, "how he did it. He married her to talk to her about Eleanor. Eleanor had been the theme of their courtship. The rest of the world went on attending to its own business and shaking him off, and she stopped and sympathized and let him pour himself out. He didn't see, I suppose, why he shouldn't have just a wife like other men, for it didn't occur to him that he couldn't be just a husband. He thought she'd be content to console; he never dreamed she'd try to heal."

As for Ethel, Harriet had to admit that she, too, could be perfectly accounted for. She had gone into it, doubtless, in the spirit of self-sacrifice, a mood she was romantically fond of permitting herself and humanly unable to live up to. She had married him in one stage of

feeling, and had inevitably arrived at another — had come, indeed, to the place where she must be just one thing to him. What she was, or was not, hung on the throw of the dice in a way that savored of trembling captives and barbarous manners, and Harriet had to acknowledge that almost anything might be expected of a woman who had let herself go to such lengths and had yet got nowhere worth mentioning.

"She is certainly going to do something," Harriet declared. "But whatever can she hope to do now? What weapon has she left? How is she, after she's poured herself out so, ever to gather herself up again? *What* she'll do is the horror. It's sure to be ineffectual, and it's equally sure to have distinctly dramatic aspects."

Harriet was not, however, quite prepared for the issue which confronted her one morning. She sat down shaken and aghast when Ethel, pale and wraith-like, glided somnambulantly into her garden and asked whether Mrs. Westfield would accompany her to Fortuney on the following day.

"But, my dear girl, ought you to go there alone?"

"Without Harold, you mean?" the other inaudibly suggested. "Yes, I think I ought. He has such a dread of going back there, and yet I feel that he'll never be satisfied until he gets among his own things. He would be happier if he took the shock and had done with it. And my going there first might make it easier for him."

Harriet stared. "Don't you think he should be left to decide that for himself?" she reasoned mildly. "He may wish to forget the place in so far as he can."

"He doesn't forget," Ethel replied simply. "He thinks about it all the time. He ought to live there; it's his home. He ought not," she brought out, with a fierce little burst, "to be kept away."

"I don't know that he or any one else can do much in regard to that," commented Harriet dryly.

"He ought to live there," Ethel repeated automatically; "and it might make it easier for him if I went first."

"How?" gasped Mrs. Westfield.

"It might," she insisted childishly, twisting her handkerchief around her fingers. "We can take an early train and get there in the afternoon. It's but a short drive from the station. I'm sure" — she looked pleadingly at Harriet — "I'm sure he'd like it better if you went with me."

Harriet made a clutch at herself and looked pointedly at the ground. "I really don't see how I could, Ethel. It doesn't seem to me a proper thing to do."

Ethel sat straight and still. Her liquid eyes brimmed over and the tears rolled mildly down her cheeks. "I'm sorry it seems wrong to you. Of course you can't go if it does. I shall go alone, then, to-morrow." She rose and stood poised in uncertainty, her hand on the back of the chair.

Harriet moved quickly toward her. The girl's infatuate obstinacy carried a power with it.

"But why, dear child, do you wish me to go with you? What good could that possibly do?"

There was a long silence, trembling and gentle tears. At last Ethel murmured: "I thought, because you were her friend, that would make it better. If you were with me, it couldn't seem quite so — indelicate." Her shoulders shook with a sudden wrench of feeling and she pressed her hands over her face. "You see," she faltered, "I'm so at a loss. I haven't — any one."

Harriet put an arm firmly about her drooping slenderness. "Well, for this venture, at least, you shall have me. I can't see it, but I'm willing to go; more willing than I am that you should go alone. I must tell Robert and ask him to look up the trains for us."

The girl drew gently away from her and stood in an attitude of deep dejection. "It's difficult for you, too, our being here. We ought never to have come. And I must not take advantage of you. Before letting you go with me, I must tell you the real reason why I am going to Fortuney."

"The real reason?" echoed Harriet.

"Yes. I think he's there now."

"Harold? At Fortuney?"

"Yes. I haven't heard from him for five days. Then it was only a telegram, dated from Pontoise. That's very near Fortuney. Since then I haven't had a word."

"You poor child, how dreadful! Come here and tell me about it." Harriet drew her to a chair, into which she sank limply.

"There's nothing to tell, except what one fears. I've lost sleep until I imagine all sorts of horrible things. If he has been alone there for days, shut up with all those memories, who knows what may have happened to him? I shouldn't, you know, feel like this if he were with — any one. But this — oh, you are all against me! You none of you understand. You think I am trying to make him — inconstant" (for the first time her voice broke into passionate scorn). "But there's no other way to save him. It's simply killing him. He's been frightfully ill twice, once in London and once before we left India. The London doctors

told me that unless he was got out of this state he might do almost anything. They even wanted me to leave him. So, you see, I must do something."

Harriet sat down on the stool beside her and took her hand.

"Why don't you, then, my dear, do it — leave him?"

The girl looked wildly toward the garden wall. "I can't — not now. I might have once, perhaps. Oh!" with a burst of trembling, "don't, please don't talk about it. Just help me to save him if you can."

"Had you rather, Ethel, that I went to Fortuney alone?" Harriet suggested hopefully.

The girl shook her head. "No; he'd know I sent you, and he'd think I was afraid. I am, of course, but not in the way he thinks. I've never crossed him in anything, but we can't go on like this any longer. I'll go, and he'll just have to — choose."

Having seen Ethel safely to her own door, Harriet went to her husband, who was at work in the library, and told him to what she had committed herself. Westfield received the intelligence with marked discouragement. He disliked her being drawn more and more into the Forscythes' affairs, which he found very depressing and disconcerting, and he flatly declared that he wanted nothing so much as to get away from all that hysteria next door and finish the summer in Switzerland.

"It's an obsession with her to get to Fortuney," Harriet explained. "To her it somehow means getting into everything she's out of. I really can't have her thinking I'm against her in that definite, petty sort of way. So I've promised to go. Besides, if she is going down there, where all Eleanor's things are ——"

"Ah, so it's to keep her out, and not to help her in, that you're going," Westfield deduced.

"I declare to you, I don't know which it is. I'm going for both of them — for her and for Eleanor."

V

Fortuney stood in its cluster of cool green, half-way up the hillside and overlooking the green loop of the river. Harriet remembered, as she approached it, how Eleanor used to say that, after the south, it was good to come back and rest her eyes there. Nowhere were skies so gray, streams so clear, or fields so pleasantly interspersed with woodland. The hill on which the house stood overlooked an island where the haymakers were busy cutting a second crop, swinging their bright scythes in the long grass and stopping to hail the heavy lumber-barges as they passed slowly up the glassy river.

Ethel insisted upon leaving the carriage by the roadside, so the two women alighted and walked up the long driveway that wound under the linden-trees. An old man who was clipping the hedge looked curiously at them as they passed. Except for the snipping of his big shears and occasional halloos from the island, a pale, sunny quiet lay over the place, and their approach, Harriet reflected, certainly savored all too much of a reluctance to break it. She looked at Ethel with all the exasperation of fatigue, and felt that there was something positively stealthy about her soft, driven tread.

The front door was open, but, as they approached, a bent old woman ran out from the garden behind the house, her apron full of gourds, calling to them as she ran. Ethel addressed her without embarrassment: "I am Madame Forscythe. Monsieur is awaiting me. Yes, I know that he is ill. You need not announce me."

The old woman tried to detain her by salutations and questions, tried to explain that she would immediately get rooms ready for Madame and her friend. Why had she not been told?

But Ethel brushed past her, seeming to float over the threshold and up the staircase, while Harriet followed her, protesting. They went through the salon, the library, into Harold's study, straight toward the room which had been Eleanor's.

"Let us wait for him here in his study, please, Ethel," Harriet whispered. "We've no right to steal upon any one like this."

But Ethel seemed drawn like the victim of mesmerism. The door opening from the study into Eleanor's room was hung with a heavy curtain. She lifted it, and there they paused, noiselessly. It was just as Harriet remembered it: the tapestries, the prie-dieu, the Louis-Seize furniture — absolutely unchanged, except that her own portrait, by Constant, hung where Harold's used to be. Across the foot of the bed, in a tennis-shirt and trousers, lay Harold himself, asleep. He was lying on his side, his face turned toward the door and one arm thrown over his head. The habit of being on his guard must have sharpened his senses, for as they looked at him he awoke and sprang up, flushed and disordered.

"Ethel, what on earth — ?" he cried hotly.

She was frightened enough now. She trembled from head to foot and pressed her hands tightly over her breast. "You never told me not to come," she panted. "You only said," with a wild burst of reproach, "that you couldn't."

Harold gripped the foot of the bed with both hands and his voice shook with anger. "Please

go down-stairs and wait in the reception-room, while I ask Mrs. Westfield to enlighten me."

Something leaped into Ethel's eyes as she took another step forward into the room and let the curtain fall behind her. "I won't go, Harold, until you go with me," she cried. Drawing up her frail shoulders, she glanced desperately about her — at the room, at her husband, at Harriet, and finally at her, the handsome, disdainful face which glowed out of the canvas. "You have no right to come here secretly," she broke out. "It's shameful to her as well as to me. I'm not afraid of her. She couldn't but loathe you for what you do to me. She couldn't have been so contemptible as you all make her — so jealous!"

Forscythe swung round on his heel, his clenched hands hanging at his side, and, throwing back his head, faced the picture.

"Jealous? Of whom — my God!"

"Harold!" cried Mrs. Westfield entreatingly.

But she was too late. The girl had slipped to the floor as if she had been cut down.

VI

One rainy night, four weeks after her visit to Fortuney, Forscythe stood at Mrs. Westfield's door, his hat in his hand, bidding her good night. Harriet looked worn and troubled, but Forscythe himself was calm.

"I'm so glad you gave me a chance at Fortuney, Harold. I couldn't bear to see it go to strangers. I'll keep it just as it is — as it was; you may be sure of that, and if ever you wish to come back ——"

Forscythe spoke up quickly: "I don't think I shall be coming back again, Mrs. Westfield. And please don't hesitate to make any changes. As I've tried to tell you, I don't feel the need of it any longer. She has come back to me as much as she ever can."

"In another person?"

Harold smiled a little and shook his head. "In another way. She lived and died, dear Harriet, and I'm all there is to show for it. That's pitiful enough, but I must do what I can. I shall die very far short of the mark — but she was always generous."

He held out his hand to Mrs. Westfield and took hers resolutely, though she hesitated as if to detain him.

"Tell Ethel I shall go over to see her in the morning before you leave, and thank her for her message," Harriet murmured.

"Please come. She has been seeing to the packing in spite of me, and is quite worn out. She'll be herself again, once I get her back to Surrey, and she's very keen about going to America. Good night, dear lady," he called after him as he crossed the veranda.

Harriet heard him splash down the gravel walk to the gate and then closed the door. She went slowly through the hall and into her husband's study, where she sat quietly down by the wood fire.

Westfield rose from his work and looked at her with concern.

"Why didn't you send that madman home long ago, Harriet? It's past midnight, and you're completely done out. You look like a ghost." He opened a cabinet and poured her a glass of wine.

"I feel like one, dear. I'm beginning to feel my age. I've no spirit to hold it off any longer. I'm going to buy Fortuney and give up to it. It will be pleasant to grow old there in that atmosphere of lovely things past and forgotten."

Westfield sat down on the arm of her chair and drew her head to him. "He is really going to sell it, then? He has come round sure enough, hasn't he?"

"Oh, he melts the heart in me, Robert. He makes me feel so old and lonely; that he and I are left over from another age — a lovely time that's gone. He's giving up everything. He's going to take her home to America after her child is born."

"Her child?"

"Yes. He didn't know until after that dreadful day at Fortuney. She had never told any one. He says he's so glad — that it will make up to her for everything. Oh, Robert! if only Eleanor had left him children all this wouldn't have been."

"Do you think," Westfield asked after a long silence, "that he is glad?"

"I know it. He's been so gentle and comprehending with her." Harriet stopped to dry the tears on her cheek, and put her head down on her husband's shoulder. "And oh, Robert, I never would have believed that he could be so splendid about it. It's as if he had come up to his possibilities for the first time, through this silly, infatuated girl, while Eleanor, who gave him kingdoms ——"

She cried softly on his shoulder for a long while, and then he felt that she was thinking. When at last she looked up, she smiled gratefully into his eyes.

"Well, we'll have Fortuney, dearest. We'll have all that's left of them. He'll never turn back; I feel such a strength in him now. He'll go on doing it and being finer and finer. And do you know, Robert," her lips trembled again, but she still smiled from her misty eyes, "if Eleanor knows, I believe she'll be glad; for — oh, my Eleanor! — she loved him beyond anything, beyond even his love."

THE FIVE SENSES

A SERIES OF DRAWINGS BY
JESSIE WILLCOX
SMITH

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SMELLING

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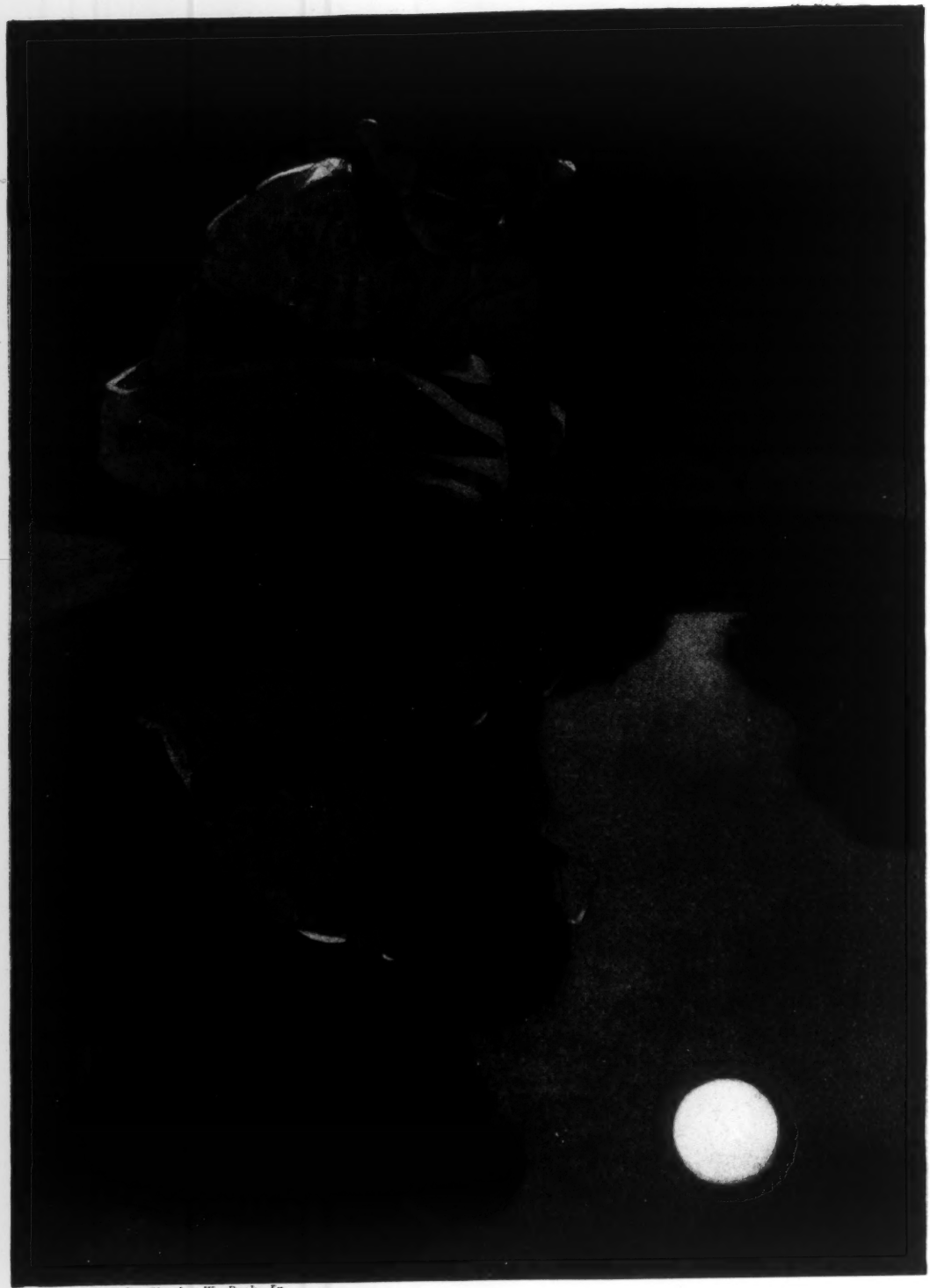
TASTING



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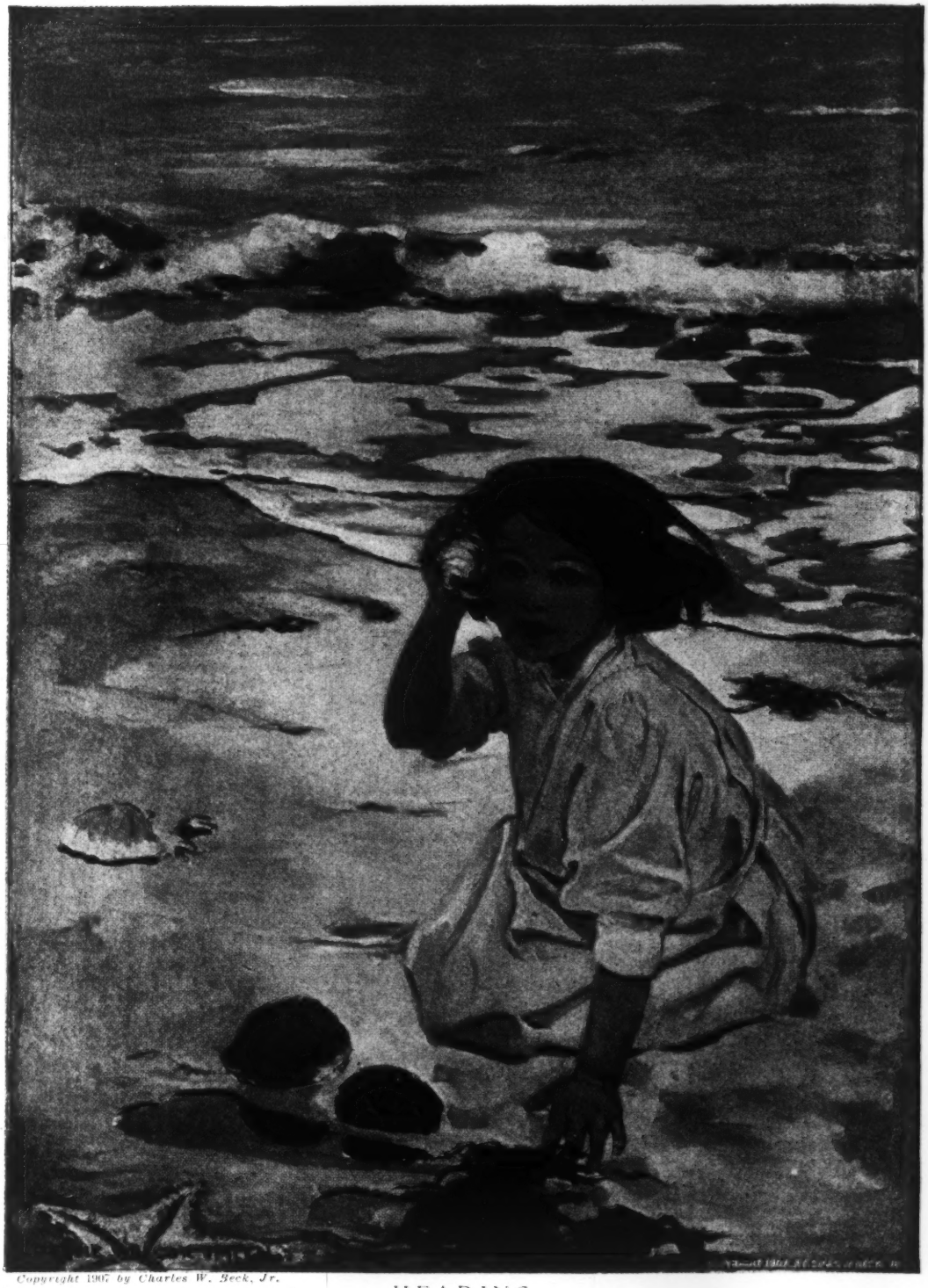
SEEING



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HEARING

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TOUCHING

WINNING THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL BALLOON RACE

THE STORY OF HOW AN AMERICAN OFFICER, ALMOST A NOVICE, DEFEATED THE MOST EXPERIENCED AËRONAUTS OF EUROPE AND BROUGHT THE GORDON BENNETT CUP TO THIS COUNTRY

BY

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

AUTHOR OF "THE WONDERS OF RADIUM," ETC.

PROBABLY the greatest sporting event the world has ever known — certainly the greatest the modern world has known — was the long-distance balloon race for the Gordon Bennett annual challenge cup, which started in Paris on Sunday afternoon, September 30, 1906, and finished in England some twenty-four hours later. The contest stands out surpassingly, for several reasons, among all boat races, horse races, prize-fights, bull-fights, and the like. It was a struggle for victory in a noble and spectacular sport; it required skill and courage; it involved the risk of several lives; and it was widely international, the sixteen competing balloons, with their respective champions, being sent by seven great countries: England, three balloons, France three, Germany three, Spain three, America two, Italy one, and Belgium one.

Never, I suppose, in any city, has so vast a crowd assembled for mere pleasure as on this day packed the Place de la Concorde, the Champs-Élysées, and all the neighboring region. All Paris was in the streets and on the house-tops. Some thousands paid half a franc or two francs or five francs for a privileged view, while two hundred thousand got what view they could, and paid nothing. This is one feature of a balloon race — that any one who likes may see the beginning of it.

Filling the Balloons with a Million Cubic Feet of Gas

Four o'clock was the time set for the departure of the first balloon; but already, early in the morning, a great concourse had assembled to follow the details of preparation. With tireless interest, thousands watched the process of inflation as, one after another, the huge spheres filled out their widths of fifty or sixty feet and rose proudly above tree-tops and house-tops, sixteen great struggling creatures heaving at their bonds. Twelve of them were practically of the maximum size allowed under the rules, that is, they held 79,700 cubic feet of gas or a little less; but Santos-Dumont's "Two Americas" was somewhat smaller, with 76,000 cubic feet, and Lieutenant Lahm's "United States" (it was the old "Eros" fixed over) contained 73,500 cubic feet, while Vonwiller, the Italian, had a silk balloon (the others were cotton) with 65,350 cubic feet, and the German, Scherle, had the smallest balloon in the race, with only 53,000 cubic feet. It may be noted that the larger a balloon is, the more ballast it can carry and the longer flight it ought to make; also, that no hydrogen was used in this race, all the balloons being filled with ordinary illuminating gas, brought to the grounds by special pipes. Of this gas more than a million cubic feet were required.

Despite the enormous interest in this contest, there was virtually no betting on it — partly because of the newness and strangeness of the event and its evident uncertainties, partly because the crowd, being French, was overwhelmingly in sympathy with the French pilots. Nor was this entirely a matter of national pride. France was the mother-country of ballooning, and at this time French aëronauts undoubtedly led the world in experience and skill. Count Henry de La Vaulx, one of the three French

contestants, was holder of the world's long-distance record, twelve hundred miles into Russia, and of the world's duration record, forty-one hours in the air without descending. The second French contestant, Count Castillon de Saint-Victor, had sailed the skies from Paris to Sweden and won prizes — four of them first prizes — in ten balloon races. The third, Jacques Balsan, had made a long-distance flight of over eight hundred miles, and held the French record for altitude, some twenty-eight thousand feet, or over five miles. Here, certainly, was a trio to be feared, and unbiased opinion looked among them for the winner, de La Vaulx being the general favorite.

Santos-Dumont's Dirigible Balloon

There was much curiosity touching a strange contrivance fitted up under Santos-Dumont's balloon, a six-horse-power motor arranged to drive two horizontal propellers, the idea being that these would enable the aëronaut to manoeuver his balloon without loss of ballast. This was the only approach to a steerable balloon in the race, the others being simply intended to sail with the wind. I should explain that Santos-Dumont, although a Brazilian, had entered for the Aëro Club of America, owing to the fact that Brazil had no Aëro Club of its own, and that only one contestant (instead of the possible three) had entered for the United States. That one was Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm of the Sixth U. S. Cavalry, a new-comer in ballooning, with only fourteen ascents to his credit, eight of which had been crowded into a few weeks of hurried preparation. No one knew much about Lahm, or took him very seriously; yet he was the only representative of the United States, and that, as we shall presently see, by the merest accident.

As the hours advanced, anxious eyes studied the clouds, and there was an ominous shaking of heads, for the wind was straight to the west, which meant the open sea. Every few minutes trial balloons were sent up, fantastic figures of animals and men to amuse the people; but they all drifted west, where the danger lay, and many prophesied that it would be a poor race, as the pilots would certainly descend when they reached the edge of the Atlantic.

During the last hours bands played vigorously, and thousands of pigeons were set loose and went fluttering away, while the crowd applauded. One pigeon alighted on Santos-Dumont's balloon, and the Brazilian, taking this as a good omen, got a photographer to snap the picture.

The Start

At four o'clock the first cry of "Lâchez tout!" ("Let everything go!") was heard, and sharp on the minute, by a marvel of good management, Vonwiller's beautiful silk balloon, the "Elfe," rose slowly from its moorings near the little pond, while a great shout from the multitude drowned the crash of music. The Italian bowed and smiled over the side of the basket, and then turned to his stathoscope as the car, rising higher, took the breeze and moved swiftly over the Place de la Concorde, sailing away to the west.

Five minutes later another balloon started, a heavy-looking sphere with a bright yellow covering of smooth, velvety finish, quite different from the more delicate French balloons. It was the "Düsseldorf," piloted by Captain Hugo von Abercron, one of the German champions, who had nearly seventy air trips to his credit.

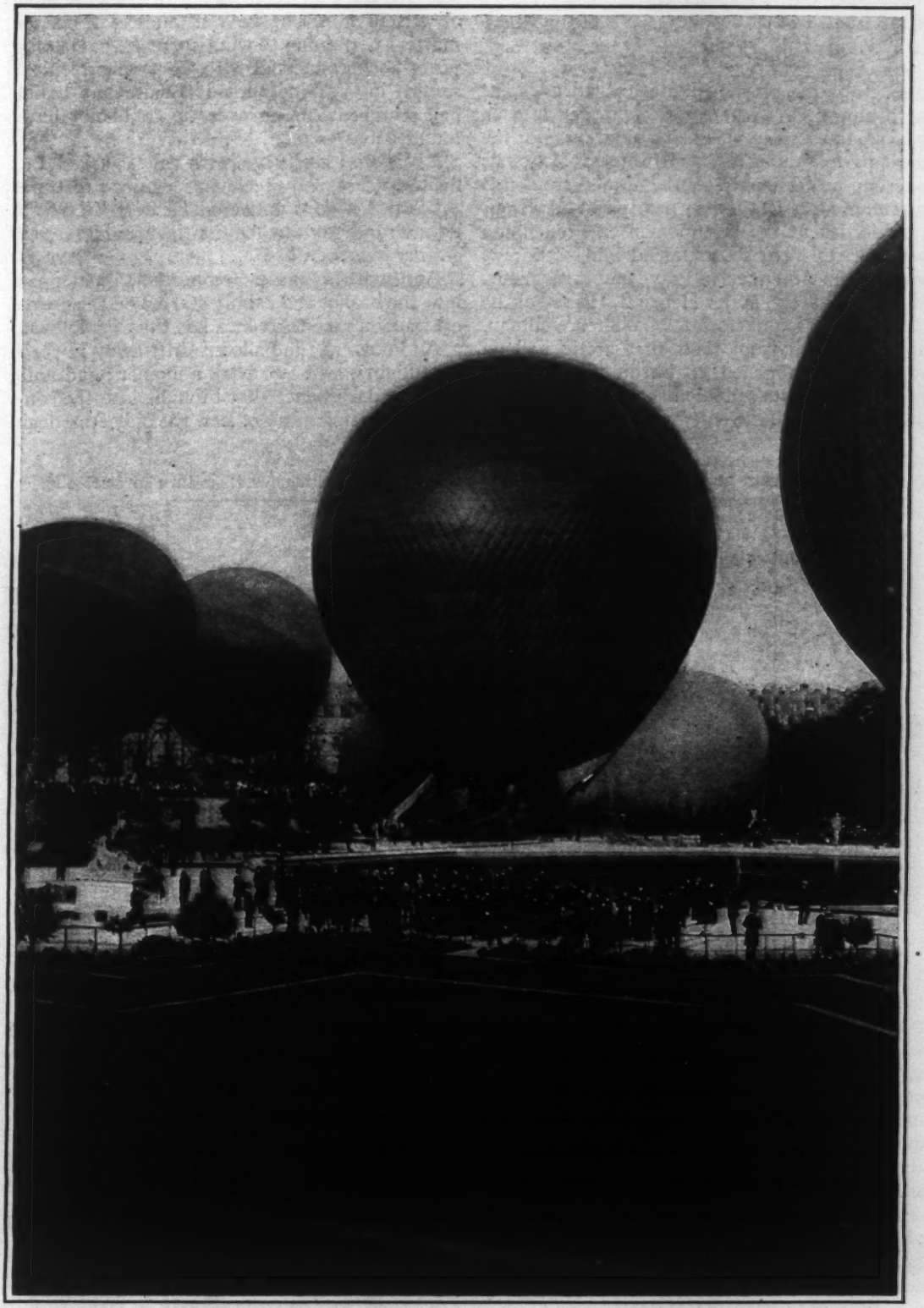
Again after five minutes came a roar of cheers and applause, a tremendous ovation, as de La Vaulx's "Walhalla" swept upward majestically, the French champion, confident and happy, waving his thanks to a frantic multitude of his fellow-countrymen.

Next rose Lieutenant Herrera, the hope of Spain, amid shouts of "Ay! Ay! Ay!"— a daredevil pilot, it was said, who had swept over the Mediterranean from Barcelona to Salces, and had all the desperate courage of his lamented comrade, Fernandez Duro, hero of the sensational flight over the Pyrenees.

Then came Rolls, the Englishman, with the "Britannia," an old-fashioned pear-shaped balloon, the kind you see in story-books; and after him the intrepid Santos-Dumont, amid continued cheering and a great whirring of his queer "descensional" propellers; and so on, at exact five-minute intervals, until all the balloons had gone.

The twelfth was the "United States," carrying Lieutenant Lahm, a quiet-mannered, clean-shaven young American with a businesslike air and a keen, observant eye; and somehow, as one watched him, one felt that he had gone into this race to stay. He swept away to the sound of friendly shouting, and, as he floated past the Eiffel Tower and on over the Longchamps race-course, hundreds of loyal Americans looked after him and wished him luck.

The last balloon to leave (the starting positions were determined by lot) was the "Zephyr," piloted by Professor Huntington of the chair of meteorology in King's College, London. The sun sank as he disappeared in the direction of St.-Cloud, and, almost immediately, a full



THE TUILERIES GARDEN, LOOKING TOWARD THE RUE DE RIVOLI
(VON ABERCRON IN THE CENTRAL FOREGROUND ABOUT TO START OFF)

moon rose and spread its gentle radiance over a mild and beautiful night.

Lahm's Predicament

Each of the sixteen pilots had an assistant with him, so that there were two men in each basket, the sixteen aids being amateurs, for the most part, although several were professionals or semi-professionals. In Lahm's case this matter of an assistant very nearly caused serious trouble, for at the last moment a Frenchman who was to have accompanied him withdrew, leaving the American in grave embarrassment. Most fortunately, Major Henry B. Hersey of the Rough Riders, an associate of Walter Wellman, and just back from their first arctic balloon expedition, happened to be on the grounds. Learning of Lahm's predicament, he volunteered on the spot to fill the emergency. Major Hersey was not only an American with the best kind of grit in him, but he was an expert in all matters pertaining to wind-currents, having for years been connected with the meteorological service in Washington. If Lieutenant Lahm had searched Europe over, he could not have found a better man.

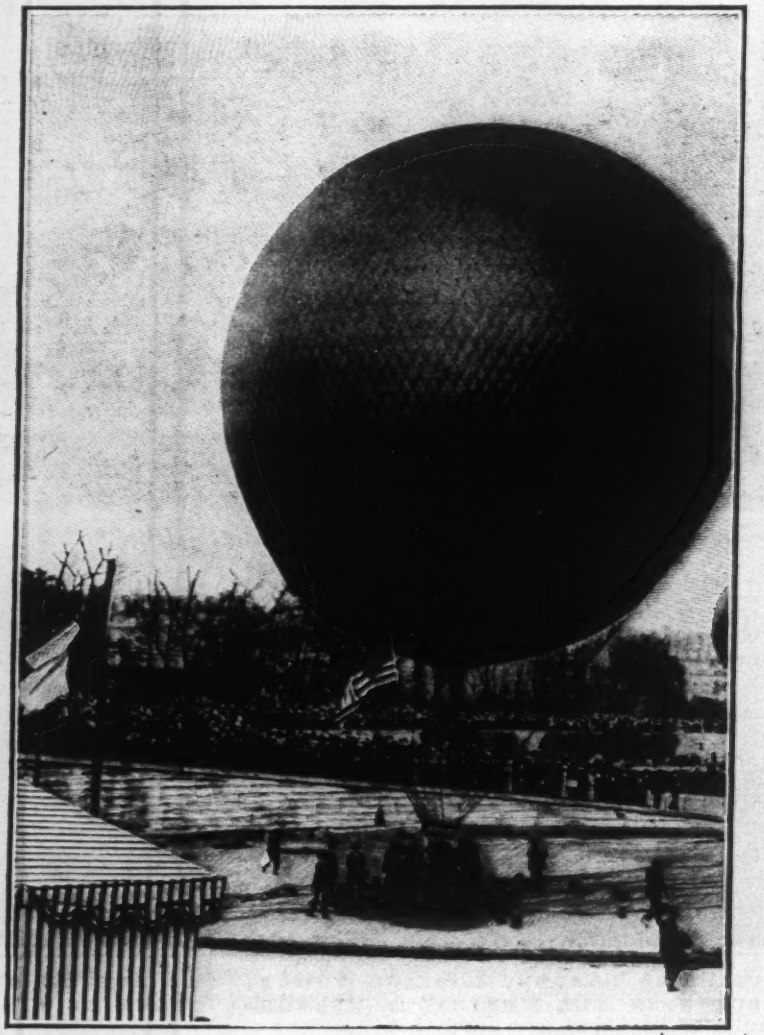
"Will you really go with me?" asked the lieutenant, scarcely believing his good fortune.

"Sure I'll go," answered Hersey, "if you'll let me run across to the Continental Hotel and get my overcoat."

And, with so much preparation, he stepped into the basket and calmly started on the greatest balloon race the world has thus far known.

And now, as the balloons drift away in their long flights, let us go back a moment and note the singular chance that brought into the contest this young army officer, the only American

Lieutenant Lahm and Major Hersey in the "United States" waiting for their turn to start off



in the race, upon whose efforts so much depended. Who was Lahm? What was he doing away from his regiment? How came he to know anything about ballooning?

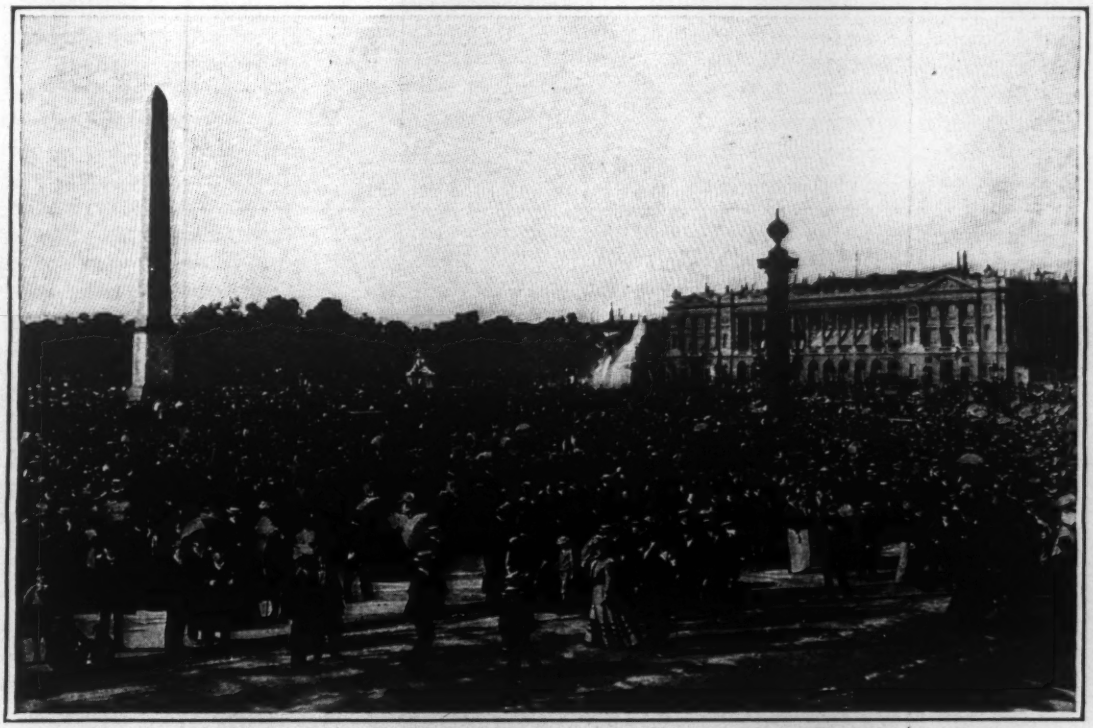
Chance Entry of the "United States"

Frank P. Lahm, a young man of twenty-eight, was an aëronaut by inheritance. It was his father, Frank S. Lahm, who had taken him on his first ascension and taught him most of what he knew. Indeed, it was the elder Lahm who, being a resident of Paris and a veteran balloonist, with far more skill and experience than the son possessed, had originally entered for this race. Unfortunately, Mr. Lahm was in poor health, and had only entered so that *some one* might represent the United States. As a matter of fact, at that time he and his son were the only two Americans who could enter, under the rules of the Aëro Federation; that is, they were the only two who had made enough ascensions to qualify as balloon pilots. This, then, was the situation a few weeks before the race — the elder Lahm not equal to the strain of a long balloon journey, the son unable to leave his regiment in America, and nobody else available.

Then, suddenly, in July, 1906, the lieutenant was ordered to France for a year's work in the famous cavalry school at Saumur. His duties there were not to begin until early in October, at least a week after the race. It seemed providential. Here was a strong young fellow able to take his father's place and try for the cup. What he lacked in experience could be made up, it was hoped, by his father's teaching. There were two months still for preparation, and they must make the most of them — the very most.

Lahm Begins Training

They did. It is doubtful if so much of practical aëronautics was ever crowded into so short a time. For weeks, in Paris, this father and son talked ballooning, dreamed ballooning, lived ballooning. Not only did young Lahm make eight preparatory balloon journeys, but he made them in the light of his father's shrewd instruction, going over the details of each attempt point by point, studying his barometric charts, learning many difficult tricks of ballast-handling, profiting always by mistakes, and in each ascension coming nearer to the great art of keeping a balloon in equilibrium, not too high, not too low, so that its flight may be in a straight line, with the least possible number of wasteful up and down zigzags. That skill *must* be possessed by the pilot who expects to win

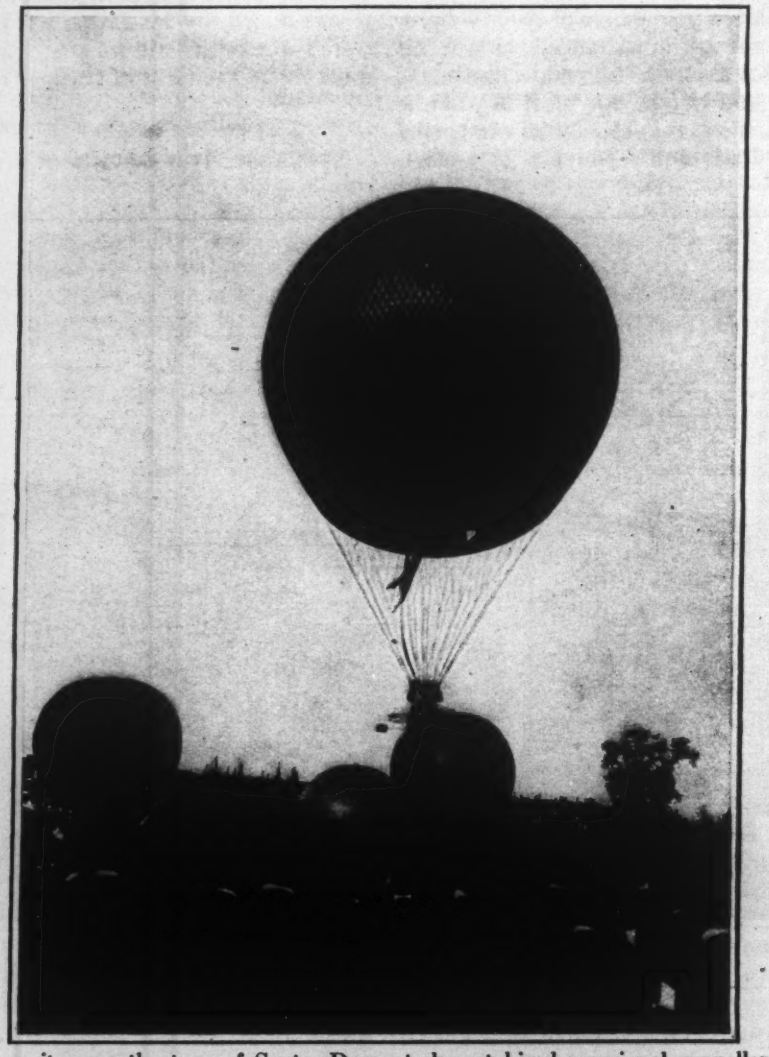


A section of the crowd in the Place de la Concorde (in front of the Tuileries Garden) while the balloons were starting

races, and the result proved that the elder Lahm was wise to dwell upon it.

Some men, it appears, are born aëronauts. They have no agitating nerves; they keep cool in trying emergencies; and they seem to possess a delicate sense of balance by which they know intuitively how much sand to throw over to hold a balloon steady — whether a small handful or a large one, or two handfuls, or a whole scoopful, or even two scoopfuls. This instinct of balance in the air is one of the most precious qualifications of a pilot, and it soon developed that young Lahm possessed it in a high degree.

As to his coolness, the father had proof of it the very first time he took his son up in a balloon — which was some years earlier. They had left Paris about half-past nine one night, and soon rose into a drenching rain-storm and utter blackness. At one o'clock the next morning they were nearly two miles above the earth, soaked to the skin, and utterly out of their bearings. The elder Lahm admits that this was one of the rare occasions when he was "badly rattled"; but the son, beginner that he was, remained perfectly calm, quite indifferent, apparently, to danger and discomfort. Furthermore, Lahm had the physical endurance that a man *must* get who spends hours every day in the saddle with break-neck jumps over fences and ditches as part of his regular routine.



When it came the turn of Santos-Dumont, he set his descensional propellers whirring, to the crowd's roar of "Santos hugs the earth!"

A Race to an Unknown Country

Such was Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm, pilot of the "United States," one of the youngest contestants in the race; by now eagerly studying the map of northwestern France with a

small electric lamp, and from time to time glancing down at the moving panorama of Normandy as the west wind drove them toward the Atlantic. The race was fairly on. Sixteen balloons, a mile or two apart, were speeding down the Seine valley, and the hearts of thirty-two brave fellows aboard were full of hopes and zealous purposes. This, indeed, was a struggle worth making. There was glory in it, for the eyes of the world were on them; there was the Gordon Bennett cup — valued at twenty-five hundred dollars — to be won; there was also the Gaulois cup for the most successful French aëronaut and the Gould cup for the most successful British contestant; there was a money prize of twenty-five hundred dollars offered by Mr. Bennett to the winner; and there was a share in the Tuileries gate receipts. All this for the pilot who should drive his balloon over the greatest distance from the starting-point. And there, straight ahead, was the beating sea!

That is the great trouble with a balloon race: one may know the date months in advance, and make great preparations, without any idea in which direction the wind will take him. Thus here were thirty-two men starting on a long and dangerous journey, and not knowing, up to the very hour of departure, whether it would end in the sun-kissed vineyards of Italy or the frozen fields of Russia, in the forests of Norway or the bleak seas of Albion. Lahm, for instance, carried a heavy overcoat which he never used, and German money that he could not spend.

Gambling on the Wind

As they flew along, the lieutenant kept ever in mind his father's caution to hold the balloon low and straight; he tried for this with all his skill, being aided, of course, by the night; for it is the sun that chiefly disturbs a balloon's equilibrium. Night, however, means darkness, and darkness means that a balloonist may lose his bearings; but here, again, the lieutenant's low position was an advantage, for as they passed over the lights of town or village, their hundred-yard guide-rope sometimes sweeping the house-tops, they were within easy hailing distance, and would shout down questions through a speaking-trumpet: What town? What department? and then listen for the answers. The only difficulty was that France abounds in places with names that sound very much alike, especially to a hurrying aëronaut!

For two or three hours after the start, the Americans sailed on with four other balloons quite near them, the "Britannia" easily recognizable by the shape, and the one of German make by its color; but as the night advanced these companion air-ships dropped from view, one by one, and shortly after nine they found themselves alone. Four hours from Paris — two hours from the sea! All well with the "United States," and the wind straight to the west.

Lahm and Hersey had their own theory about this wind which apparently was sweeping them to destruction: they believed that it would change. The last weather telegrams received before the start had reported a low-pressure area over Ireland. Such areas usually move from west to east, and the wind usually blows toward such an area. In other words, the present wind would *probably* turn to the north as soon as this low-pressure area had reached England. It was a matter of hours. There was some uncertainty, but it was a good gamble that if they let this wind carry them freely out over the sea, it would presently, at the meteorological or aëronautical moment, veer to the north and take them safely to the shores of England.

But if this did not happen? If probabilities were at fault and the wind did not behave in its accustomed manner? Then what? Would they perish in the Atlantic? That was a possibility they did not discuss; they had decided to take the chance, and they proposed to race this undersized, second-hand balloon for all she was worth. But there was one precaution that Lahm took: as fast as a bag of ballast was emptied, he tied in its mouth a wooden hoop brought along for the purpose, and so made a number of cone-anchors, to be dragged in the sea, if the worst should come, and perhaps retard their progress until a vessel could rescue them. He had these cone-anchors ready, but he hoped not to use them; he was confident the wind would change.

But would it change? No one who has not traveled in a balloon can realize the difficulty experienced by an aëronaut in determining the direction of the wind that carries him. From the very fact that he goes with it, he feels no wind at all, and can discover which way he is moving only by noting his line of progress over points on the earth and then tracing this line on the map. And if the earth is shut off by fog or darkness, then he has no means of knowing anything about the wind; he is literally lost in the skies.

In the present case, however there was no such uncertainty. The night was clear and a full moon was shining; Lahm and Hersey knew that the wind was blowing them west or (this was later) a little north of west, and they knew exactly where they were — rapidly nearing the Atlantic Ocean, rapidly nearing the practical demonstration of their pretty wind-turning

theory. There already on the right was the Havre lighthouse flashing its warning. They were well to the south of the Seine, with the greatest width of the English Channel before them, more than a hundred miles of sea, even if they sailed straight over it. But with the present wind they would cross in a long slant of three or four hundred miles, and barely graze Land's End at the other side, after hanging over the water for fifteen or twenty hours. Or perhaps they would not graze Land's End at all, but *just miss it.* That could not happen, however, if the wind changed. If the wind changed — there was the dramatic point in the situation.

Over the Channel by Night

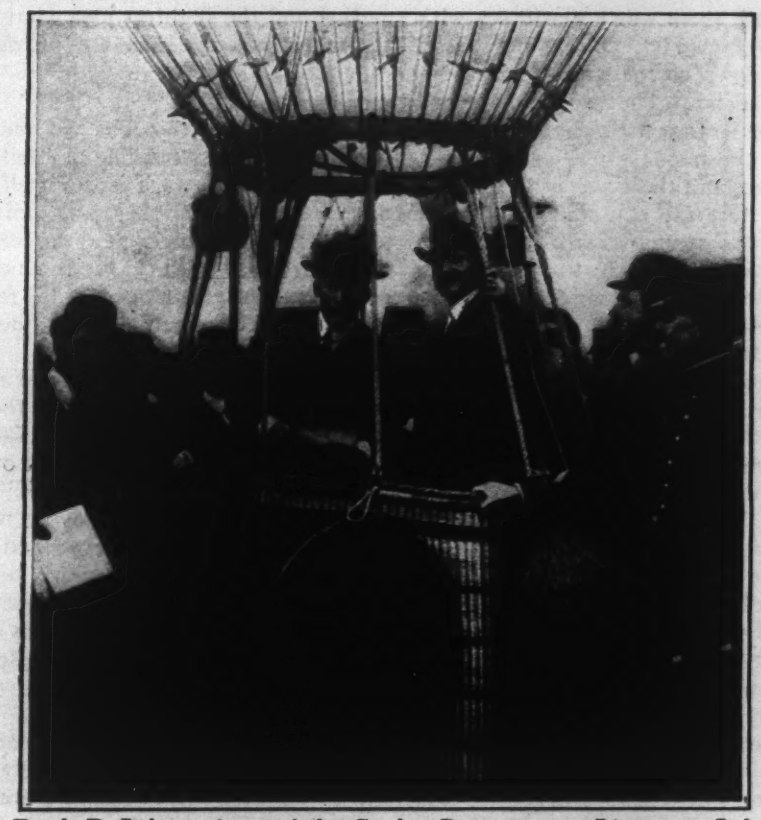
Such was the state of affairs an hour or so before midnight. Twelve of the sixteen balloons had by this time reached the sea; twelve pilots had faced the delicate question, To cross or not to cross? and had made up their minds as to whether a sound body with modest achievement was better than glory with the chance of a long sleep under the waves. Five decided for a sound body, and prudently descended within sight of the sea; these five were Von Abercron, the German; Butler, the Englishman; Salamanca and Herrera, both Spaniards; and Castillon de Saint-Victor, the Frenchman.

And seven decided for glory; seven deliberately launched their frail air-ships over the English Channel — which is a very remarkable showing, as appears from the fact that, in the whole previous history of aëronautics, this treacherous waterway had been crossed from the Continent to England only six times. It had been crossed frequently the other way, for the Continent is a big mark that cannot well be missed; but to aim a gas bubble at a small island out in the ocean, and then land it there, that is quite another matter. And these seven knew it! Let us, then, note their names: Vonwiller, the Italian; Kindelan, the Spaniard; Lahm, the American; de La Vaulx and Balsan, Frenchmen; Rolls and Huntington, Englishmen. Brave fellows, all of them!

As to the four balloons that did not reach the sea, these were overtaken by various mishaps (Santos-Dumont by an accident to his motor), and were obliged to descend at different points inland, no one of them having covered a hundred miles.

So now we have nine of the sixteen balloons definitely out of the race and seven aloft over the English Channel. And least aloft of the seven was the "United States"; for, still mindful of his father's warning, Lahm had kept her in low, straight flight (among the self-registering barometric records there was none to compare with his in this respect), and at seventeen minutes past eleven, when the two Americans swept silently over the edge of the land, their guide-rope just trailed the cliffs of Normandy

Frank D. Lahm at the right (father of Lieutenant Lahm), who coached his son for the cup race; Walter Wellman in center; and Major Hersey at the left, who assisted Lieutenant Lahm in the race



Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm, winner of the Gordon Bennett cup. Lieutenant Lahm is in the center of the picture — the one holding the paper

and dropped within a few yards of the water. No other balloon took the sea as low as this, and several took it hundreds of yards higher; in fact, the records show that the French champion, de La Vaulx, crossed at the height of half a mile or more.

Lahm's Brilliant Manoeuver

This question of the height at crossing had a vital bearing on the winning of the race, for, as careful observations showed, the wind was already changing, veering from north of west to west of north, following the low-pressure area that now lay over England to the northwest of them, that would soon be to the north of them, ***and then to the northeast.*** In a flash of inspiration Hersey, as a meteorologist, saw that their difficulty might come, not from being carried too far west, but from not being able to get far enough west. He knew, and the lieutenant knew, that, in any event, this change in the wind's direction would come first in the upper currents and last in the lower currents of the air, so that a balloon close to the sea, like Lahm's, might be sailing northwest, while another half a mile up, where the turning movement was farther advanced, might be sailing north, and a third a mile up might be sailing northeast. Consequently, Lahm's low course to the west, so far from being an act of folly or bravado, turned out now to have been the cleverest possible manoeuver in practical aëronautics. By means of it the Americans had gained a position of unquestionable advantage; they were flying close to the sea at the extreme west of the line; they were curving more and more to the north, and would presently strike England full in the middle of her southern coast, and be swept straight on over the land, while their opponents, battling vainly with higher currents, would be carried to the east and halted by the sea.

All this added to the general cheerfulness aboard the "United States," and presently Lahm and his companion settled themselves as best they could on bags of ballast, and turned their attention to sandwiches, chicken, eggs, fruit, and coffee that had been brought along. Ah, that midnight supper in the skies! Did anything ever taste so good? Except for the lack of cigars, which are contraband articles in balloons, they were perfectly comfortable and free from anxiety. The night was deliciously mild; they did not even need light overcoats.

And there beneath them was a placid sea with the full moon shining on it. Once a little vessel slipped past far down on the waters and disappeared in the shadows. That was all they saw on the way across — that little phantom vessel, and the sea, and the moon!

So hours passed, and there was nothing to do but glance over the side now and then to see that the guide-rope swung clear of the water, and, if they settled too much, to sprinkle out sand. From time to time they studied the ripples on the sea and got their direction from the compass; and each observation showed that the anticipated turning movement (like that of the hands of a clock) was going on satisfactorily. Already the wind was blowing nearly north, so that, whatever happened, they at least were coming safe to land.

Four Left in the Contest

Which, in due course, they did, the sudden gleam of a revolving light far ahead flashing them England's welcome. They caught sight of this at about half-past two in the morning, and, as they drew nearer, saw that it came from a light-ship. So the Channel was safely passed! They had crossed a hundred miles or more of open sea, and, within an hour, were sailing above the islands of Great Britain, looking down on the lights of a city lying to the left, quite a large city, apparently, which they finally identified as Chichester in the county of Sussex. No other balloon of the seven reached England as far to the west as this, although three of the rival pilots, Vonwiller, Kindelan, and Balsan, did nearly as well. But de La Vaulx, sailing hundreds of yards higher than Lahm, crossed to Hastings, some seventy miles east of Chichester, and the two Englishmen, Rolls and Huntington, did about the same. This left these three practically no chance of victory against a wind now blowing directly to the northeast, as Hersey had foreseen; the North Sea would surely bar their advance.

So, when England was reached, only four of the sixteen contestants were really in the race: a Frenchman, a Spaniard, an Italian, and an American. And almost immediately the Spaniard, Kindelan, dropped out, descending near Chichester as day was breaking. A few miles farther on, the Frenchman, Balsan, descended, under the mistaken impression that he was being carried back to the sea. This left Lahm and Vonwiller to fight for first place, and, as they flew along, Lahm had the position of advantage. He was somewhat nearer the ground and considerably to the west. The Italian, on the other hand, had a silk balloon. At this time, of course, they were miles apart, and neither had the slightest idea what had befallen the other balloons since the previous evening.

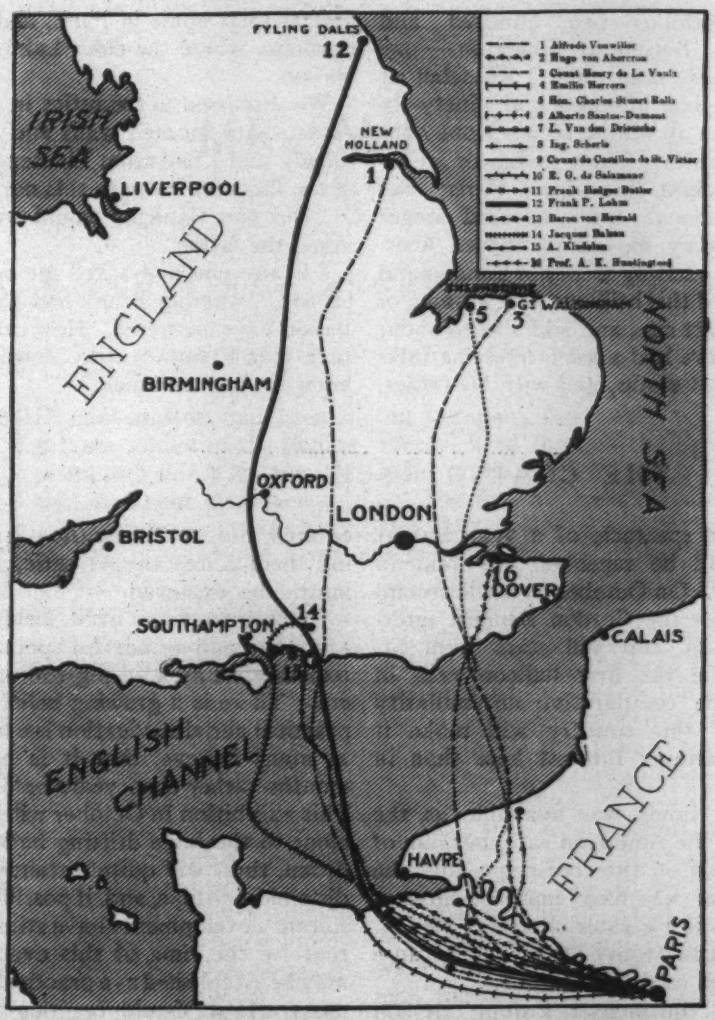
Imaginary Oceans

For hours after they reached land the Americans saw virtually nothing of England, by reason of mist and fog. The sun itself was hidden, and of the earth they had only occasional glimpses, their guide-rope disappearing, for the most part, into a sea of clouds which more than once had the semblance of a real sea. No wonder the Frenchman was deceived into descending.

But Lahm was fortified against the terrors of imaginary oceans; he had faced them in one of his preparatory flights, and he sailed on now, serenely confident that they were over dry land. From time to time tall trees lifted black branches through the clouds to reassure him; and presently the mist parted, and they learned from astonished farmers down below (by the handy speaking-trumpet method) that they were sailing over the fertile fields of Berkshire. Through the fog they had crossed the counties of Sussex and Hampshire, making swift progress.

Eight o'clock in the morning, and the "United States" was still flying bravely to the north, three hundred miles from Paris. No sleep aboard yet, but everybody happy! So they sailed on through the morning hours until the sun came out and warmed the gas, so that it expanded and made them rise. Not the most cunning aëronaut can resist this call of the sun, and presently, from the height of three thousand feet, they looked down upon Warwick Castle and Stratford-on-Avon. Then on to the north they went, passing west of Rugby and Birmingham, and, again yielding to the sun, sailed on at the height of a mile or more toward Manchester and Leeds. They were making a great triumphal survey of King Edward's realm, sweeping it from south to north.

And Scotland? Why not Scotland, too? But that was not to be, for after midday the sun became so hot that they were lifted nearly two miles, and at that height suffered the fate of de La Vaulx and Huntington; that is, they were caught in northeasterly currents that hurried them toward the North Sea. In vain they tried to get back to the more favorable lower wind. It was too late. Already the blue sea lay before them, flashing dangerous beyond the barren moors. There was no time to lose. They had done their best, and now they must descend. Quick with the valve-cord! Down, down, thousands of feet in a minute, until the guide-rope trails the ground. Out with the anchor! It strikes a stone wall and slips off. Then it



Map showing the ground covered by the sixteen contestants in the race of September 30, 1906 (reconstructed from log-books). The numbers at the landing-points refer to the list of names in the upper right-hand corner and also indicate the order of departure from Paris. (They show that Lahm and Vonwiller, classed first and second, did not trace very much the same course by merely drifting together in the same winds — Vonwiller starting first and Lahm starting twelfth. Eleven champions intervened between them, and went off in quite different arcs.)

strikes again and holds. The basket sags to earth. A pull on the "rip-cord," then a harder pull, and a great gap opens in the top of the balloon and its life goes out. The "United States" sinks heaving to the ground. Her race is run.

The "United States" Wins by Thirty-three Miles

But the "United States" had done enough, and she and her pilot could rest on their laurels, for they were thirty-three good miles beyond the point where Vonwiller had descended. They were easy winners of the race, with four hundred and ten miles to their credit and over twenty-two hours in the air. Vonwiller, it appears, the second prize-winner, came down as he approached the wide mouth of the Humber, which he mistook for the open sea. Had he crossed this, as he might easily have done, and continued his flight until really stopped by the North Sea, he would have come near to Lahm's record, but could probably not have equaled it, owing to the unfavorable slant of the coast-line.

It is of interest to note the distances covered by the seven who crossed the Channel and the points of their descent. Lahm landed at Fyling Dales, fifteen miles north of Scarborough — four hundred and ten miles; Vonwiller at New Holland — three hundred and sixty-eight miles; Rolls at Shernbourne, Norfolk — two hundred and eighty-seven miles; de La Vaulx at Great

Walsingham, Norfolk — two hundred and eighty-six miles; Balsan at Singleton — one hundred and ninety-nine miles; Kindelan at Rumboldswyke — one hundred and ninety-six miles; Huntington at Milton, Kent — one hundred and ninety miles. These distances are all estimated in straight lines from Paris; but obviously the balloons really covered longer distances, since they moved in curved lines.

I pass over the exciting scenes in London and Paris that followed this brilliant first winning of the Gordon Bennett cup, and add a word about the winner. I have had some interesting talks with him these last weeks, and with his father, first at their home in Paris, and then at Saint-Germain, where the elder Lahm had gone with his son.

We discussed aëronautics in a great historic garden with moated walls and cool avenues of *tilleuls*, and I had from Lieutenant Lahm many of the facts set down in this narrative.

"Did you think he would win the cup?" I asked the father.

"If any one had asked me before the race," he said, "whether Frank had a chance to win, I should have answered, 'How *can* he win against such men?' but — away down in my heart I knew he had a chance."

THE COMING RACE AT ST. LOUIS

THE great spectacle of a year ago at Paris will be repeated this year in America. On October 21st the second annual contest for the Gordon Bennett international aëronautic cup will start from St. Louis. It will be the first balloon race in America, and the comparative unfamiliarity of the sport in this country will make it of even more striking interest here than in France.

Naturally, St. Louis was available as the starting-point of the American race, because of its central location on the continent; and the middle of October was fixed upon because at that season there is a greater chance of steady, carrying winds than at any other, and because there will be a full moon at that time.

The winds of continental Europe are far steadier than those of America. It was because of them that de La Vaulx could make his great journey in 1900. There is no likelihood that this record will be approached here — although, of course, it would not be physically impossible. It is, however, hoped that Lieutenant Lahm's record of a year ago will be outdone. St. Louis is more than 600 miles from the Atlantic at its nearest point; the prevailing winds in the Mississippi Valley in October are south and southwest; and there is, of course, ample room on the continent to accomplish more than 1,200 miles from St. Louis with these winds, provided only that they are steady and strong.

There will be, probably, eleven balloons in this strange contest, representing five nations, although Spain may be barred because of a technical failure to conform to rules in posting its entrance money. Sixteen balloons were entered, but, owing to the expense of conveying them across the Atlantic, a full quota can hardly be expected.

The coming event of St. Louis may be merely a strange and wonderful spectacle: it may be remembered as marking the opening of a new era. There is a growing belief that the age of practical aërial navigation is upon us — so close, as many believe, that it is now a matter of months rather than years before it will arrive. This exhibition in October will not be confined alone to the huge drifting balloons, but, in addition, there will quite certainly be a display of dirigible air-ships, and, if possible, of aëroplanes. Recent developments have stimulated the belief that by the time of this event the aëroplane may be established as a practical human achievement. If it should be, this striking demonstration of air-ships would direct the national attention to aërial navigation at a psychological moment.

However this may be, the race at St. Louis will be a sight which has never yet been equaled in America. At three o'clock, on the afternoon of October 21st, the great round balloons will rise from their moorings in the city's fine Forest Park. The contestants — or some, at least — will pass one night in the air. There is a good chance of fine weather at this season; there should be a full moon that night, to light the travelers on their unusual journey. That night and the next day, if the expected winds prevail, the most thickly settled section of the United States, where many eyes will watch, will be swept over by strange vehicles — the first of the strange fleets which are to populate the skies of coming generations of men.

MR. WEEKS

BY

VIOLA ROSEBORO' AND W. CARR MORROW

ILLUSTRATION BY JAY HAMBIDGE

THE law-student had been a private soldier in the Philippines, and this is the way he told me about Mr. Weeks:

"Mr. Weeks — that's what everybody called him, everybody all the time.

"Now, did you ever hear the like of that about an enlisted man?

"I know you didn't, nor any one else on this planet who hasn't run against Mr. Weeks. He had told the sergeant-major, it seems, that that was his name, and that's how the sergeant-major called him off to us when he was assigned to our company.

"Mr. Weeks' lantern-jaw set with a kind of dogged, unprotesting patience when his title was sung out that time, but not another sign did he ever make about it; so it soon stopped being a special joke, came down to being simply part of the general jest Mr. Weeks was bound to constitute as long as he wore a uniform.

"And yet, I can tell you, a better soldier never hiked; which goes to show that military graces don't cut so much ice in the game, after all. Mr. Weeks sure didn't have any. He was about as tall as Abraham Lincoln, and had just about such a figure. Come to think of it, he looked as if he came from the very same stock. He had a lantern-jawed, leather-colored, weather-beaten face, too, only it was always tired and serious, for there was no Lincoln humor in Mr. Weeks, and he looked at you out of the bluest eyes that ever wished you well. But all their good will didn't warm us up to him at first. Raw as we all were, we felt that his rawness was a blot on our scutcheon. He worked harder than any other ten men, but the manual at arms would always throw him, every time; and when it came to marching — you wouldn't believe any created being could have so little idea of rhythm. Up to the last, if you'd stood on a hill half a mile away and seen thirty regiments on the march, you could have picked out Company G by the bob, bob, bob of Mr. Weeks' head through the thrumpty, thrumpty swing of the rest.

"The first hit he made with us was on the transport going to Manila; and that's where Sam comes in, too. Sam's the Mr. Johnson of this minstrel show, who makes openings for Mr. Weeks right along.

"Say, it almost looks to me as if there ought to be a real story, the kind I could write down and get gold for, in this thing, or it would if I hadn't studied composition at college. Gee! it must take a bold man to break a trail and ink it, where dangers lurk so thick as they do in the English language!

"Say, that was a rough start for a lot of civilians. We nearly starved to death after we left Honolulu; that is, till Mr. Weeks butted into the commissary game. About all we had to eat was slumgullion, and I'll never tell you what that was made of. I don't know. One man found — no, I guess I better stop. The packing-house revelations broadened the scope of general conversation, I know, but I don't believe you're in training yet to hear details about that slumgullion, and I know it wouldn't be polite to put the accurate word to the smell of it. But I can tell you what Mr. Weeks said all right, all right. Mr. Weeks said it not only lacked odoriferous attraction, but was, indeed, painfully repellent even to an abnormal appetite.

"I tell you, there is no society so refined that you couldn't turn loose in its midst, quoting Mr. Weeks on any subject he was ever known to tackle. He had the finest flow of genteel language you ever heard outside a book. And the curious thing was, it came natural to him. He'd been a country school-teacher (must have been a mighty good one, too; I bet the country owes him something for the Johnsonese instruction that shaped up the youngsters of Podunk or Carthage Crossroads, or wherever it was); I take it that before he set in the mold,

and while he was pegging away at self-improvement, he gave prayerful attention to the dictionary. It didn't go unrewarded. When he did set, as stiff as a church, all those words were inside him to stay, like the pebbles in a pudding-stone; and, what's more, he never learned any others, not of our kind. His vocabulary went through the Philippine war unspotted from the army.

"Sam Barton was the chap that told him he ought to go to General Marlowe and tell him how we were up against it, trying to keep alive on that slumgullion. Sam was the company kid — he'd lied about his age to get to the war, and what he'd done about his minus size, I can't say. He was the first man to discover the mine of wholesome and instructive entertainment we had in Mr. Weeks. Sam usually was the first to discover and coin any silver linings tucked away in our troubles.

"We'd been out from Honolulu a week, got over our seasickness, and were mighty near starving. We'd hoped when the commissary and the cooks got their sea-legs on and everything ship-shape, that our diet would improve. But, I tell you, its lack of odoriferous attraction waxed till it was liable to strike home at ten feet.

"This day, squatting around on the deck, one man after another gave it up and emptied his tin basin over the side to feed fishes that might a darn sight better have been feeding him — our appetites were a long way more than normal by this time.

" 'Evidently we suffer from some lamentable miscarriage of intentions,' said Mr. Weeks, in his gentle monotone, while the men did their poor best to relieve their feelings with a livid theological vocabulary.

" 'The government,' said Mr. Weeks, 'never contemplated depleting us to the point of seriously impairing, if not destroying, our military effectiveness.'

"We didn't suppose it did, but, nevertheless, as we were seven hundred men in a ship built for four hundred, we had fears, quite as personal as patriotic, that the government was going to do that very thing. We told him so. Mr. Weeks said that General Marlowe should be made acquainted with the seriousness of the situation.

" 'Why don't you put him wise?' said Sam, and when Mr. Weeks' countenance bespoke a certain interest in the idea, why, Sam sailed in to paint his duty plain before him. We found it poor fooling, and didn't wake up till, by Heaven, Mr. Weeks, unfolding himself like a pocket-ruler, got up with his basin in his hand and said he recognized the necessity of immediate action, and that he would, without further injurious delay, present the intolerable situation to the attention of the General.

"We brightened up; we forgot we were empty; we couldn't believe in such luck. If we couldn't eat, ourselves, we'd see the General eat — eat Mr. Weeks alive. The General was a regular-army man, and we had a regular-army sergeant who had drilled it into us that volunteers, do the best they could, had to be forgiven for living.

"Mr. Weeks strode away with his slum in one hand and a piece of hardtack in the other. The news flew, and by the time I'd gotten to the lower deck, the place was full of men crowding to see the slaughter.

"Mr. Weeks was before General Marlowe's state-room door, an outraged aide in front of him and a sentry at port arms by his side. It was so mortal still that I heard Mr. Weeks say, firm and respectful, 'I am here, sir, to approach the Commander of this expedition.' The door opened, and there was the little man-eater face to face with that locoed volunteer. He, the General, drove those search-light eyes of his into the secret places of Mr. Weeks' soul for about thirty long seconds. Mr. Weeks didn't shrivel, he waited as one who knew his cause was just. And then, if that old martinet didn't roar as gently as a sucking dove: 'What do you want, my man?' says he.

"We were so taken aback and knocked out and stirred up with that, that we shuffled and breathed so hard under the stress of emotion that I didn't hear the rest of this immortal dialogue myself; but we all saw the never-to-be-forgotten salute Mr. Weeks painstakingly executed with the hardtack hand. Old Tommy heard him out with the countenance of a graven image; he didn't turn a hair even when the slum was brought closer for his inspection, and you don't know how much self-control that showed.

"Then he said, so Mr. Weeks told us two minutes later, 'Very well, my man, this matter will be attended to.'

"I tell you, after that, that old boy commanded us by right of something stronger than the articles of war. He was from the old army, but he understood volunteers, and in the tough times to come he didn't miss anything that the devotion of his men could give him.

"For, you see, he was as good as his word, and we got something to eat after that. And as for Mr. Weeks, he not only had victuals, he was the belle of the ball. We were grateful, and we told him so. He said that the inception of the idea was to be accredited to Sam, and he turned over all the bouquets to that Indian till it fairly shamed even his brass. He couldn't give up having fun with Mr. Weeks,

but he took to tricks that were 'kinder' flattering to the ex-schoolmaster. He'd come to him, for instance, when there were plenty of men around to get the good of it, and say his conscience was worrying him about the Filipinos he was going to kill; it wasn't murder, but, after all, why wasn't it? And say, then you'd hear a flow of language to make William Jennings Bryan jealous. And Mr. Weeks just as sincere as if he'd been swearing in one syllable.

"Sam was sure fond of Mr. Weeks, but I suppose by the time the women nurses came to Manila, his gratitude for grub on the transport had been used up in holding him back from all the things he hadn't done to that easy mark. So now was the time Mr. Weeks had the cards stacked on him, in a game that was heating up the whole army of the Philippines. It was over the women nurses.

"Nothing I tell you will ever make you believe the way it was about that bunch of skirts They were the first American women we'd sighted since we sailed from God's country, and it's the truth, I can't believe it now myself, the way we felt and acted about 'em. The surgeon-general was down on 'em, and blocked their wheels for a while, and I tell you the hospital's difficulty was the army's opportunity. We made it clear that if, while they had nothing in particular to do, they'd just go on existing in general, and let us see 'em do it, they'd fulfil a mighty mission. When I say we, I speak as a free and equal volunteer, meaning officers and men in one red ardor blent.

"Not that the officers would have given the men fair show if they could have helped it. They crowded the ladies' rooms every night, and hung three deep around them every time they stepped out, and ran in on 'em in squads on fool errands all day, till all we could do was to climb up on the roofs and see them go by. That's no time honored jest I'm handing out to you. I swear I've done it. But those ladies didn't come from the land of Washington and Lincoln for nothing. They set apart two evenings a week for the enlisted men, and you never saw such primping as went on those nights — dress parade was nothing to it. We crowded into their quarters in details of thirty, that were allowed half an hour each. We behaved like gentlemen, and took out all fights for place outside, but it sure was a time of heart-burnings. Those ladies were none of them very young, nor were any of them beautiful enough to make Broadway sit up, but they were nice American women in clean shirt-waists, and you just can't get an idea of what it was to see them. When we got inside their place, that was about all we could do. We'd just mill around and look, and then look some more. They were a kind-hearted, sensible lot, and handed out laughs and how-de-ye-do's at a rapid-fire rate, and as even as they could. Yet they didn't give you away, either, if they caught you repeating. I guess they were having a pretty good time themselves, what d'you think? Well, when they'd been there about a week, luck hit Mr. Weeks.

"But first, I've got to tell you a little, mighty little compared to what I could tell, about Isidro. Isidro was our twelve-year-old *muchacho*, and the star gambler of his class. All the *muchachos* gambled their heads off, and Isidro's pre-eminence lay in his luck. We shone in the reflected glory of Isidro's phenomenal good fortune. Come Sunday night, and he had usually pocketed the wages of a dozen *muchachos*, but, of course, the time came when he got cleaned out, and the worst of it was that, with the madness of the loser, he'd staked and lost the share of his earnings that his mother came down on him for every Saturday night.

"I suppose if you were to make a real cash-basis story for an editor out of this, you'd have to leave Isidro out, and just tell that a carriage driven at a rapid rate caused the catastrophe, but, as long as the rules of construction haven't yet paralyzed the speech of my mouth, I wouldn't be so mean as to deny you the details. But Isidro's mother comes before the carriage, and comes with a big stick, too. When she found that her income was cut off, she pursued her son and caught him and fell to work. She was small, if the stick was big, and though he yelled as if his end were upon him, we noticed that the biggest noise each time came just before the blow struck. That seemed a homely, familiar detail to find in a yellow Filipino family, one of those touches of nature, etc., so that we were more pleased and sentimental about it than anything else, and had no idea how Isidro felt about losing his face before his fellows, till he took his remarkable measures to get it back again.

"And here's where the carriage and the nurse and Sam and Mr. Weeks all come in at once. Seems to me as if I'd got the scattered threads drawn together, something like Walter Scott, after all.

"Miss Mary Dalton was one of the nurses; she was about forty-five, I suppose, and her weight was doubtless suitable to her years, but it was not calculated to help her when there came a sudden occasion for quick side-stepping. Miss Dalton was coming down the street when that carriage you're waiting for bore down upon her. She looked up and was paralyzed all too literally. There, in the smartest victoria and

with the smartest driver to be found on the Luneta, all alone in his glory, arms folded *à la* Napoleon, face set and impenetrable, sat Isidro, Isidro in his usual draperies of rags and dirt. Isidro was coming home with his winnings, and this was his scheme for wiping out the past.

"He came mighty near wiping out Miss Dalton, but some one gave her a jerk just in the nick of time that landed her out of danger and on her knees at the side of the road. I don't mean she fell to her devotions: the jerk, no gratitude, was responsible for her position. It was Mr. Weeks who did the job, and he was so overcome by his own thoroughness, and so awed at the heavenly possibility of laying hands on her again, that Sam Barton, who was with him, as usual now, dove in and snatched his golden opportunity from him. Sam got her on her feet and fell to brushing and jollying her, just as if he were her savior, instead of just an unscrupulous butter-in. I've got to turn out here a minute to tell you that Isidro never batted an eye, just whirled on like the real thing in Napoleons, and when he got out at our door, flicked fifty cents, double fare, to the cabman, with a demeanor that finished the job. And now, I'm sorry to say, that's the last of Isidro for this trip. But if you'll just set apart another evening — all right; there was Sam, then, that son of Belial, brushing the lady's dress and picking up her belongings and asking about her bruises — brazen little cuss, he was. And he topped off his perfidy by falling to the most damaging apologies for Mr. Weeks, poor Mr. Weeks, standing there red and dazed with the caprices of fortune. 'Not quite himself, you see,' said Sam; 'best fellow in the world when he's all there, but ——'

"'But he did keep me from being run over,' said Miss Dalton, dazed a little herself, and half ready to cry, Sam said, though she was a stout nurse of forty-five.

"'Sure,' said Sam, 'and he never would have thrown you down like that if he'd been all right. Never in the world; just a little too much aboard to measure his own strength right.'

"All this was *sotto voce*, but it was meant to reach Mr. Weeks, and it did, and he getting redder and queerer with every word. Miss Dalton, before she let Sam lead her off, would come and shake hands with him, and thank him, and Mr. Weeks was so mad he couldn't say a word, just looked the part he was cast for to the life.

"Yes, Mr. Weeks was angry that time — the only time known to history. I believe Sam was sore on himself about it afterwards, when Mr. Weeks drew off from him. The deepness of the wound came out that night, when he didn't go to the ladies' reception for enlisted men.

"Sam had told a lot of us all about it right before Mr. Weeks, slapping his victim on the back, and trying to make him believe he was a sharer in the fun. That play fell down when Mr. Weeks took him up by his coat collar and, lifting him out of his own road, strode silently away. The next day, if you'll believe it, Sam made a second try by telling Mr. Weeks confidentially that he was the victim of a tender passion for the lady, reminding him that all was fair in love and war, and arguing that it was more than flesh and blood could stand to see another step in and get a strangle hold like that without raising a kick.

"Sam said that Mr. Weeks answered thus: 'The theory that all is fair under the conditions you mention is equally repugnant to all the finer feelings both of patriotism and of affection.' He wouldn't make up; not beyond the technical Christian point of saying he forgave him; which was mighty unlike Mr. Weeks' usual brand of Christianity.

"Sam made his yarn about his amorous sentiments kill two birds with one stone, for he made it an excuse for ringing himself in on Miss Mary Dalton every time he could stalk her on the street. The men wouldn't stand for any specialties much beyond that, and he knew some one would turn in and spank him if he tried to get ahead of the game at the receptions. If it had been anybody but Sam, he'd never have been allowed the rope he had. As it was, he worked his little pull with that kind-hearted lady till he was the most distinguished private in Manila, for every sign from one of those good women was noted by the whole army. The cheeky little beggar liked it a lot. Repentance, if he ever had any, disappeared in the glory reaped from his nefarious conduct, even if Mr. Weeks did go around looking as if he felt the iron entering his soul.

"Sam's harvest season did not last long; in a couple of weeks we hiked out to work up the business of killing and getting killed. We got what was coming to us good and plenty, but for a whole year nothing happened that seems to work in here, nothing except that Mr. Weeks continued his Christian forgiveness course, so that, naturally, he and Sam met as strangers now. Sam was a good fellow, and he'd gone wrong, but no one can stand too much Christian forgiveness, though I will say for Mr. Weeks that his was a comparatively inoffensive brand; there was no rubbing it in; and outside this business with Sam, still the wonder grew that Mr. Weeks could hit so well with all the men he knew.

MR. WEEKS

"Say, that's impromptu, honest! Mr. Weeks was all right. He couldn't keep time, but he could keep going, and often I've seen him do it till when we stacked arms he'd drop in his tracks and lie where he fell, too done up to waggle for an hour. He wasn't husky, but he had sand enough to mortar a house. And those fine-spun eight-syllabled arguments of his as to the justifiability of war sure did the job of convincing himself, for he could and did shoot mighty straight. And never a kick out of him. He was that choked up with cheerfulness and obedience that you'd have hated him for it, only he was just the same about that as he was about the difference between his lingo and ours, and about other things. He didn't grumble, himself, but he didn't try to cut off any other man's privileges in that line. I will say that Mr. Weeks was the best-bred gentleman I ever had the luck to run against, in the way he held to his standards himself, and never measured other people by the same. Not that he wouldn't give any piker of us all the finest advice that ever came out of a copy-book, if the way was opened up for it; and I've got the best information in the world that some of those jaw-breaking, soul-saving disquisitions of his, drawn out of him just to make a Roman holiday, stayed by the sinner till they got into his system and took effect — more or less.

"I used to wonder what in the kingdom Mr. Weeks said to himself about us all — his ways

and ours; but, do you know, I don't believe he said anything; all that would be required to set forth the deep, dark doctrine that the publicans and sinners don't need to be kicked downstairs someway went without saying with Mr. Weeks.

"I say,—he gave me some new ideas about how maybe things worked out back there in Palestine—you know. Seems as if you're in danger of being profane—I mean I am—if I cock an eye in that direction, but I tell you those saloon-keepers and shady ladies that He liked to train with so much better than with those grafting priests and religious high-brows—they must have had a good deal of leeway allowed them. I know their kind, and a steady diet of moral patronage don't go down in those circles. But doubtless these be things too high for me. I've got to get around to a certain day.

"As I said, it was a year after we'd rushed the nurses, and they had long since got to work and dropped all interest in well men, and so far as we were concerned were lost in the shuffle. It was about four in the morning when we marched down into Maraguina Valley. There was an old moon, and you know how witchy an old moon looks at such an ungodly hour; it threw the shadows of the ragged banana-leaves across our path, shadows not like any shadows in God's country. I've seen lots of such times and places, and I remember a lot of them, too. Everything seems part of the enemy's forces in a foreign country, and perhaps that's one reason nothing over there gets by you when you're out for a fight.

"It turned out a fearfully hot, damp, breathless day, and we'd been steaming in our own sweat for hours, when, about eleven o'clock, we got our chance, a chance for the same old game that for six months had been wearing us down to the bone: a scattering fire and a running fight through swamp and bamboo jungle, and then a reforming of columns and an unremunerative pursuit of retreating insurgents through the foot-hills. It was fighting on the instalment plan, and it was four in the afternoon before we made our second payment. I guess I want to talk too much about the fighting, when you're waiting to get back to Mr. Weeks. It's tough for us young veterans the way nobody wants to hear about our little two-for-nickel scraps. But, by the great god Mars, fighting is fighting for the enlisted man, whether it's Mukden or a little unnamed shindy like this. There's not a Victoria cross worn to-day for any better play nor by any braver man than made the combination right there with us that day. I scorn to harrow you with suspense, so I'll reveal right now that this man was Mr. Weeks.

"The enemy had picked a fine situation on top of some wooded hills, and the little plain we had to cross to get at 'em sloped up right under them and was mighty near bare. Our company was sent up there a ways to draw their fire and cover the advance of the flanking battalions that were painfully climbing the hills. We got to our position, with the dust spurting around our feet, and the bullets singing like wasps in our ears. From behind my scrap of bush—I declare those were the thinnest little, meanest little bushes I ever saw in my life—I saw three of our men lying on the open slope behind us, and there already was Bradley of the Hospital Corps, with his two Chinese litter-bearers, coming out from the bamboo fringe of the little stream below to hold down his job. The Chinks were naked but for a sort of breech-clout, and they glistened with sweat like new bronze. They pitched in, smart and swift, like as if they were paid by the piece. The three ran up the slope to the first doubled-up knot of blue and khaki, and Bradley throwing himself on the ground on one side, the Chinos on the other, they rolled that some-hing (maybe it was a man, maybe not) on the tter, and were off through the swarming wasps.

"Twice they turned that trick, and then the Orientals had used up their stock of courage, and it was a pretty good stock, too, I can tell you. The third time, half-way to the third man, the Chinos faltered, stopped, and then, with a unanimity as neat as if they'd been drilled to it, they threw themselves on the ground. And that third man was Sam Barton.

"Bradley ran back to them, and what a man of his size, with the best club that came handy, could do, he did. He was enthusiastic about getting his bearers back to business, but you could have skinned those fellows alive before they'd have wriggled a finger.

"Bradley seemed determined on an equal constancy with his club, until a bullet in that industrious right arm of his diverted him; the club fell, he grabbed the arm with his other hand, and at last remembering to crouch, ran for cover, a stream of curses rolling out behind him like the wake of a steamer.

"Naturally, now, you know what came next, but we weren't so smart; and when we saw Mr. Weeks rise up like a flagpole from the line, and when he ran down that hill in great jerky bounds, something got hold of us where we lived. I'll bet not a watching man drew a full breath, and we'd learned by that time to mostly get our breath pretty regular as long as we could get it at all.

"'I'm coming for you, Sam; don't attempt movement,' Mr. Weeks' voice rang high above the din, his vocabulary shattered, but not wholly wrecked, you see, even in this crisis.

"He stumbled and went down, only to spring forward again instantly, and, running to the boy, he just gathered him up in those long arms like he was a child, and slowly picked his way down the hill. We could see a stream of red running down one brown legging.

"When he staggered with Sam into the bamboos, maybe we didn't cheer!

"Golly, I'll bet there wasn't an ounce of lung-power left in a man in sight. We'd thought Bradley was all right, and he was, too: a man standing up to his duty in the face of death like a man; but Mr. Weeks — *it wasn't his duty* he was after, out there all by his lonesome, with a bullet in his leg; it was his friend, his friend who had played him false, and shamed the life out of him, and I tell you a case like that, when it's exploding right before you, gets a kind of double hitch on your inner works that's fit to bust you!

"The next I saw of Mr. Weeks was the next I saw of Sam, too. There they were, side by side, in the hospital at Manila, and I looked right around to see if Miss Dalton wasn't going to turn up to do something — I didn't know what, but something to help finish the story, round it up like it ought to be. But she wasn't on the stage, and I didn't hear anything about what had become of her or any of her crowd. You don't follow things up when more are happening all the time, and our case of woman-worship by platoons had already faded into history.

"I don't hope to ever write anything beyond briefs, but if things happened right, jammed up together the way they ought to be, I swear I'd take a whack at it. But I never could monkey with the facts, and the facts never seem to fit in with the points in the game that were pounded into me at college.

"Now there is an ending to this yarn that seemed bully when a bunch of us heard it in Bradley's butter-and-egg shop out in Seattle, and like a book all right, too. But there it is! As if this little seven-by-nine anecdote wasn't strung out over time and the geography of the earth enough already, here this after-clap comes tumbling in eighteen months late, from no place nearer than China.

"When the rest of us sailed for home, what does Mr. Weeks do but strike out for Canton to be a missionary; said he was harkening to the cry of the Macedonians, I remember,— new sect to me, but I reckon the length of the name suited Mr. Weeks.

"Well, being a missionary to Chinks in their own bailiwick ought to be a man's job, when you come to think of it, which we'd never done before; but now we concluded that it was just Mr. Weeks' size, that he'd be the real thing, and that there was a fine outlet for him, whether he ever bagged any heathen or not — and more chance of that, too, than for any other missionary on the map.

"As you see, I've tried to break it to you easy that Bradley, from being a hero on gory fields, had come to weighing out butter and counting eggs in his shirt-sleeves with straw cuffs on. I liked to see him at it. It gave me a kind of feeling that the country was booked for salvation after all, with butter-and-eggs men like Bradley scattered about. I liked to happen in there, and so did other veterans.

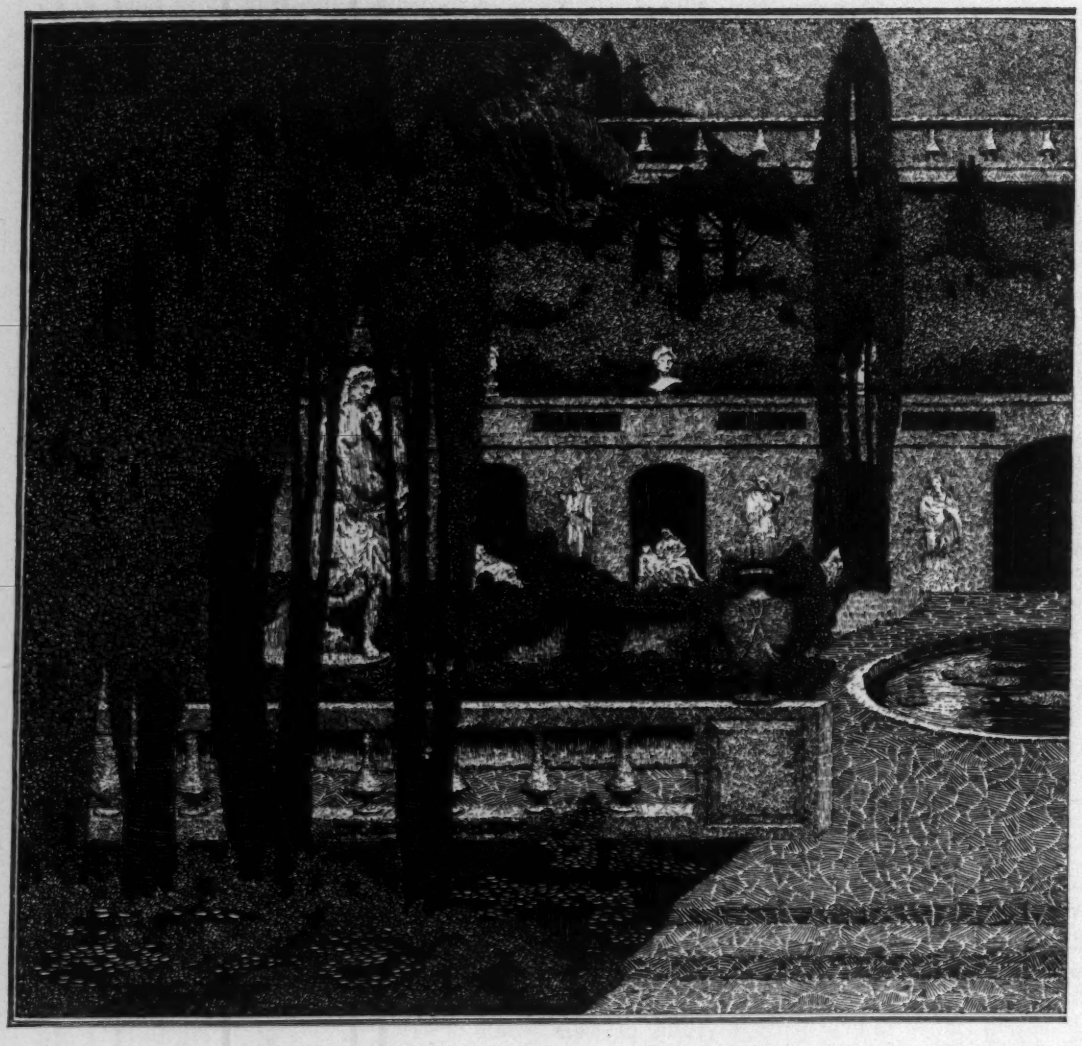
"This day, here came Sam with a letter from Mr. Weeks. Now, because you know this is a true tale, you'd never guess what had happened. Yes, ma'am! There was Miss Dalton out there doing the missionary act, too, and this was to tell Sam, to break it to him, that they were neither more nor less than engaged to be married in a month.

"The joke of it was that he said he owed his happiness to Sam; he said the lady was laboring in the hospital division of the vineyard, and was also geographically and by sectarian divergence separated from his field, but — well, the English of it is, she had spotted him in the vineyard by some fluke, and just because she thought he was a brand snatched from the burning, she had made a special business of chasing him up to give him the glad hand.

"Therefore they are now living happy ever after.

"There is only one bead more on this string, but I don't want you to miss that. Nothing, you observe, had shaken Mr. Weeks out of his pipe-dream about Sam's young affections. He was fine about that. He hoped the ameliorations of time were — were — anyhow, that they were ameliorating all right; and he said Mrs. Weeks would always be his friend.

"But look here! Do you get on to the curves of Mrs. Weeks? She wasn't giving a thing away, and whether or not she believed Sam had been in love with her when she was told so, or whether she was just saving Mr. Weeks' feelings by not letting him know how he'd been buncoed,— any way you take it, I get a hunch that Mrs. Weeks is a real female woman, missionary or no missionary, and that's good news to me, for I wouldn't want to be married to a neuter-gender religious crank that was always telling the whole truth, myself, and I sure do wish Mr. Weeks mighty well.'



A ROMAN GARDEN

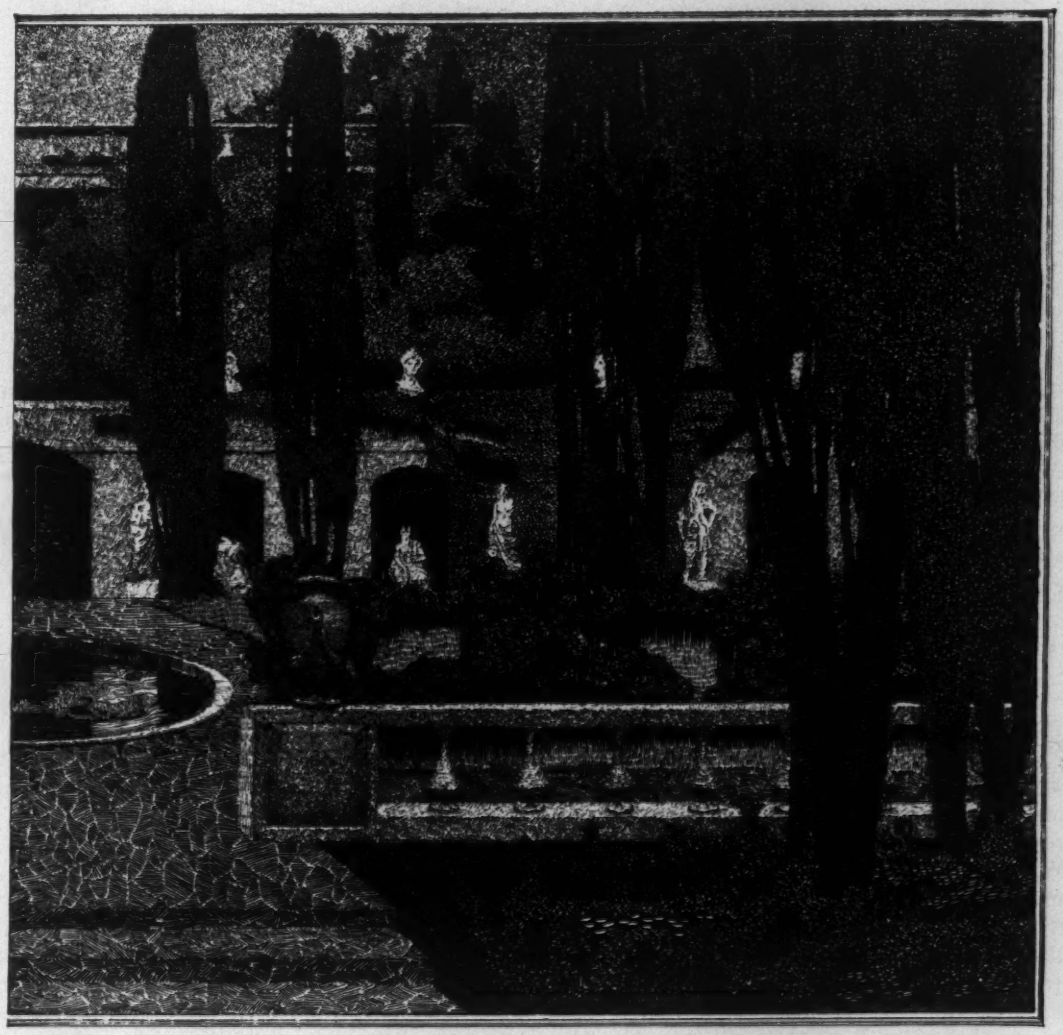
BY

FLORENCE WILKINSON

DRAWINGS BY ISRAEL DOSKOW

LL night above that garden the
rose-flushed moon will sail,
Making the darkness deeper where
hides the nightingale.
Below the Sabine mountain,
The tossed and slender fountain
Will curve its lily pale.
And where the plumèd pine soars tallest,
'Tis there, O nightingale, thou callest;
Where the loud water leaps the highest,
'Tis there, O nightingale, thou criest
In the dripping, luscious dark,
Hark, oh hark!
Wonderful, delirious,
Soul of joy mysterious.

A garden full of fragrances,
Of pauses and of cadences,
Whence come they all?—
Of cypresses and ilex-trees,



Plumes and dark candles like to these
Were long ago Proserpine's.
All night within that garden
The glimmering gods of stone,
The satyrs and the naiads
Will laugh to be alone
In starless courts of shadows
By silence overgrown,
Save for the nightingale's
Wild lyric thither blown.
In the dripping, luscious dark
Hark, oh hark!
Wonderful, delirious,
Soul of joy mysterious

By pools and dusky closes
Dim shapes will move about,
Twirled wands and masks and faces,
Dancers and wreaths of roses—
The moonlight's trick, no doubt.
A naked nymph upon the stair,
A sculptured vine that clasps the air—
And then one Bacchic bird somewhere
Will pour his passion out.
In the dripping, luscious dark,
Hark, oh hark!
Wonderful, delirious,
Soul of joy mysterious.

Down yonder velvet alley
Floats Daphne like a feather,
A finger bidding silence,
The Dark and she together.
Look, where the secret fount is misting,
Apollo, thou shalt have thy trysting;
For where a ruined sphinx lay smiling
The wood-girl waits thee, white, beguiling.
All night above that garden the rose-flushed moon will sail,
Making the darkness deeper where hides the nightingale.

THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD*

THE following instalment of Orchard's story — covering the period from July, 1904, to August, 1905 — deals almost exclusively with his attempts to kill prominent officials and men of affairs in Colorado and California with dynamite. The high explosive is becoming the chief modern instrument of assassination in class warfare, but Orchard's method of using it was a new departure. In European murders of this kind, the assassin throws the bomb himself, and is sacrificed with his victim, or is captured immediately afterward. The story of this American assassin shows the development of a most ingenious type of man-trap, in which the victim kills himself, and the assassin is able to escape. This new device proved, in itself, the most baffling feature of the tragedies in which Orchard was engaged to the authorities investigating them, and was never fully understood until his confession. A part of Orchard's narrative, dealing with his trip into Wyoming after the Independence depot explosion, is omitted at the opening of this instalment, but will be given when the story is published in book form.

HOW I WENT TO SAN FRANCISCO AND BLEW UP FRED BRADLEY

AFTER I had been gone about six weeks from Denver after the Independence depot explosion, I went back there, and met Haywood and Pettibone at the latter's residence. I told them of my trip through Wyoming. I did not tell them I had lost my money gambling, but said that I had invested it in some real estate at Cody, Wyoming, and that I needed some more money, because Johnnie Neville and I were going into the saloon business there. I got some money from Pettibone then. But we decided that it would not be safe for me to go back to Cody, as Haywood and Pettibone said there was no doubt about the authorities at Cripple Creek being after me.

They told me they had Art Baston working on Governor Peabody, but that he seemed to be slow, and Haywood told me that he was married, and that they did not seem to work so good after they were married. They told me about Andy Mayberry, superintendent of the Highland Boy mine at Bingham, Utah, discharging one hundred and fifty union men because they laid off to take part in some labor demonstration, and Haywood said he wanted me to see Art Baston, and thought he would like to send us up there and put Mayberry out of the way, as he said they could not allow a man to do that kind of thing with the union men, or the union men there would think they had no protection from the union.

Pettibone made an appointment with Baston, and I met him at Pettibone's store one evening. He said he had been around Governor Peabody's place some, but that Adams had told him about us being there close to his carriage with the shot-guns, and the women seeing us, and Baston said he was a little leary about hanging around there, for fear Peabody had guards.

Steve Adams Sent after Ex-Governor Steunenberg

Right after that — sometime in August, 1904 — I met Haywood and Pettibone on a Sunday afternoon, and we had a long talk in Pettibone's back yard. They told me that Adams had gone up to Wardner, Idaho, to help Jack Simpkins get rid of some claim-jumpers that had jumped his and some other claims, and that after that Steve was going down to Caldwell, Idaho, and get ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho. They asked me if I knew where Gordon Post-Office was up there, as they wanted to send Jack some money there to give to Steve, to come down to Caldwell on when he got through with this job for Simpkins. I told them I did not know where Gordon Post-Office was, but if Jack told them to send it there, likely it was all right. But they said they would send it to Ed Boyce at Wallace, and he would give it to Jack.

A Mission to the Hole-in-the-Wall Gang

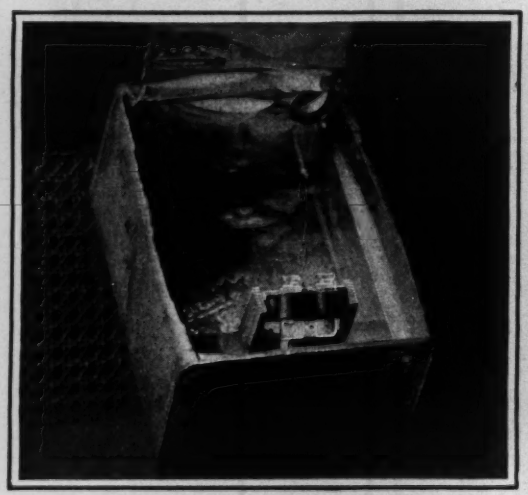
They also said Adams was going to stop at Granger, Wyoming, on the way up to Idaho, and Haywood said that he had given Adams instructions to look up where the gang of train-robbers and bank-robbers and hold-ups called

Begun in July, 1907

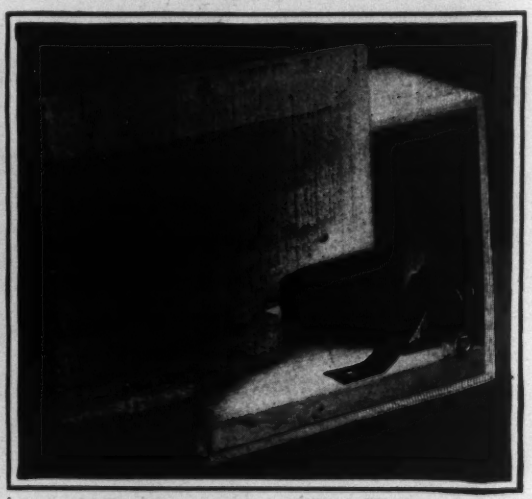
1, CHIEF JUSTICE WILLIAM H. GABBERT 2, JUSTICE LUTHER M. GODDARD
3, JOHN NEVILLE 4, FRANK HEARNE 5, MERRITT W. WALLEY

The Bradley Bomb

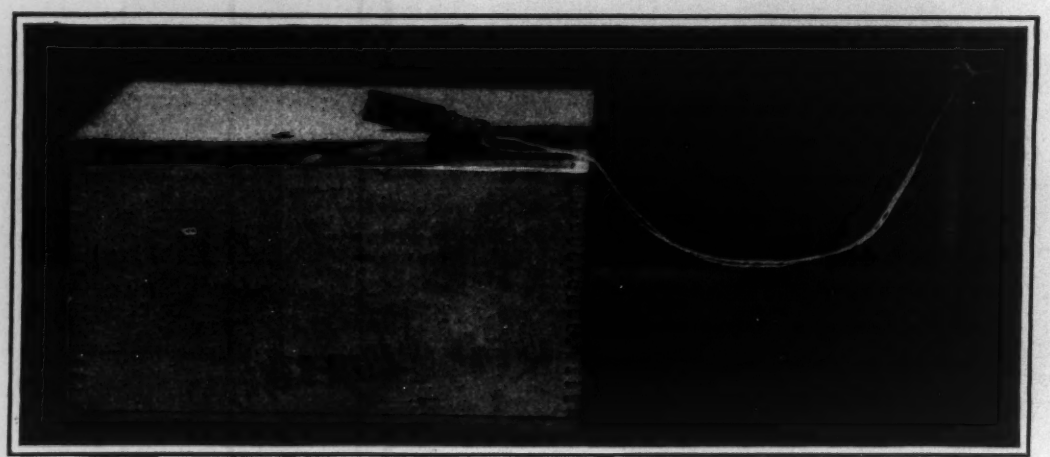
The Big Peabody Clock Bomb



The First Gabbert Bomb



The Bomb which Killed Walley



The Goddard Bomb

THE ORCHARD INFERNAL MACHINE

The photograph of the Peabody bomb is taken from the lead case of this shown in the State's Exhibit at the Haywood trial, equipped according to Orchard's directions; the pictures of the other four are from models made by Orchard. Explanations of the operation of these are given in the text of this instalment of his confession.

the Hole-in-the-Wall gang were. Haywood was going to get this gang to kidnap Charles MacNeill of Colorado Springs, manager of the United States Reduction and Refining Company, who was the chief man that fought the union in the Colorado City Mill and Smelter-men's union strike. Haywood said if he could get this gang in with him, and kidnap MacNeill and hold him for ransom, they would get as much money as the strike would cost them. This gang had headquarters in the Big Horn Mountains, where you could look out for miles over the level and see anybody coming. They said the only way you could get up where they were was through a very narrow box cañon, and they had that fixed so that a regiment of soldiers couldn't get through there without being killed off.

But the man they sent Adams to told him there was none of the gang there then; that they were all South; Adams wrote Pettibone a letter, and said "the birds had all flown South."

We talked over our going to Bingham, Utah, and I told Haywood I was well acquainted there, and was also acquainted with Andy Mayberry. He said if I was I had better not go there. He said they had some work in California, and thought I had better go down there, and he said they had some of this old work that they had wanted done a long time, and that this was the best time he knew of, as they had plenty of money, and could get it out easier now and it would not be noticed so much. They received more money the next month after the convention than any month during the trouble; I think they received between forty and fifty thousand dollars for the strike or eight-hour fund, as it was called.

"To Show Those Fellows We Never Forget"

We held this latter conversation one Sunday in Pettibone's back yard,—Haywood, he, and I,—and Haywood finally asked me if I would go to California alone and see if I could put Fred Bradley out of the way. Mr. Bradley was manager of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine at the time of the trouble in the Coeur d'Alenes, Idaho, in 1899, when they blew up their mill, and Haywood said he was at the head of the mine operators' association of California, and he said they were raising an immense fund to drive the Federation out of the State, or words to that effect. He said they wanted to show those fellows that they never forgot them. He also said he had sent Steve Adams and Ed Minster to California to get Bradley, but they did not accomplish it. I told them I would go down and try it.

The next day, I think, Haywood gave Pettibone one hundred and fifty dollars more, and he got me a ticket and a new grip, and I took the early train the next morning for San Francisco. Pettibone told me any time I wanted any money just to wire him and he would send it to me. I went by the name of John Dempsey. I arrived in San Francisco in a few days, and stopped at the Golden West Hotel. I looked around in the city directory and the telephone guide, and located Mr. Bradley's office and also his residence, and called up his office by phone, and they told me Mr. Bradley had gone on a trip to Alaska and would not be back for three months. I wrote a letter to Pettibone and told him this. We had a sort of a cipher to write by, so no one could tell anything about it if it fell into their hands. I also told him in this letter to send me a hundred dollars.

During the time I was waiting for an answer I noticed in the paper where Johnnie Neville had been arrested at Thermopolis and was being taken back to Cripple Creek, and that they also expected to arrest me soon and take me back there, too; so I thought I had better leave the hotel and get a private room, and not go around much in the daytime. But I had told Pettibone to address me at the Golden West Hotel, and had not received his letter yet, but had gotten a telegram from him stating, "Business bad, Johnnie on the way, wrote you to-day." I did not want to stay at the hotel any longer, but I wanted to get this letter, so I went and hunted the secretary of the bartenders' union, named Peter L. Hoff, and arranged with him to get the letter for me at the hotel. I told him I was a union miner from Colorado. I left the hotel then and got a private room a little way out. Hoff sent a man down to inquire for the letter, and he said as soon as he asked the clerk at the hotel if there was any mail for Dempsey he touched a button. He thought he did this to call an officer, and he said the mail-carrier also happened to be there, and he spoke up and asked where Dempsey was, and he became more suspicious then, and said I was a traveling man and had gone to Stockton, California. The mail-carrier asked him my address, and he told him Stockton, California, general delivery. There was nothing in these manoeuvers,—they just happened that way,—but this man thought it looked suspicious, and so it did. I would say that when you are on work of this kind you soon become suspicious of everybody and everything, and, in a word, of your own shadow.

So Hoff wrote to Stockton, and told them to forward the letter to him at 211 Taylor Street, San Francisco, and he got a card in a

day or so from the post-office on Mission Street, and there was a registered letter there for John Dempsey. I gave him an order to get it, but they would not let him have it. I did not want to trouble him any more, and he said he did not believe there was any one watching for me there, and that if I went down there he would identify me, so I went down with him later and got the letter without any trouble.

Pettibone told me to lay pretty low and not let them pick me up the first thing, and be careful, if I wrote to him, what I wrote, and to destroy his letters immediately. He also told me to go a little slow on money, as it was hard to dig up. I got the hundred dollars I sent for in this letter. I got the Denver papers there all the time, and knew pretty well what was going on in Colorado, and kept pretty quiet for a while, staying in most of the time during the day. But I got tired of this, and thought I would go out to some little summer resort and stay there a while, and I went up to Caliente Springs and stayed there about a month. I then came back to the city and got a room out near the Presidio. I noticed by the papers that they held Johnnie Neville in jail, and would not give him bail, and I noticed the names of several others I knew who were arrested. I used to send for a hundred dollars to Pettibone about once a month, and he wired it to me. He used to send this to Harry Green, in care of Peter L. Hoff. He sent this as coming from Pat Bone, or Bowen, and sometimes as from Wolff. I had some little trouble getting the first draft, as I was not sure what name he gave when he sent it, but I got it all right. Mr. Hoff was acquainted with them down at the Postal Telegraph office, and after the first time he identified me they used to give it to me without any fuss.

They held Johnnie Neville between two and three months, and then released him on his own recognizance, and also released all the others, only placing charges against two, and releasing these on bail. I felt more easy then and went around more, and Johnnie and his boy went back to Thermopolis and got the team and wagon, and drove back to Denver. I noticed these things in the papers.

Stalking the Mine Manager

I had bought ten pounds of dynamite to make a bomb with, and got a room only a few doors from Mr. Bradley's flat. This room was on Washington Street about a quarter of a block away, but on higher ground, and my windows were about on a level with the Bradley flat, and I could look right over into it. There was a little grocery-store and a saloon on the opposite corner from Mr. Bradley's residence, and they used to buy their groceries there, or part of them. I used to loaf there in the saloon a good deal, and spent quite a bit of money with this man. He was an Italian or a Swiss. The girls that worked for Mr. Bradley used to be over at the store every day, and Guibinni, the proprietor, gave me an introduction to them. So I got to talk to them, and took one of them to the theater once, and found out from them when they expected Mr. Bradley home, etc. I stayed there until he did come home. I went by the name of Berry there.

After Mr. Bradley came home, sometime in October, I noticed his movements, and learned his habits pretty well. He used to leave his residence about eight o'clock in the morning. They lived on the corner of Leavenworth and Washington streets, in a big three-story residence flat that had six families living in it. There was a big archway at the entrance, and the flat was built out flush with the sidewalk. They all went in at this archway, but each family had a private entrance to their apartment. I had figured a good many ways how to get away with Mr. Bradley the easiest and not get caught. I had stood across the street in front of the entrance to his residence, with a shot-gun loaded with buck-shot, and tried to catch him coming home at night; but it was not light enough to tell him from the rest, as they all went into this archway. I was getting sick of staying there, and Pettibone had sent an answer to my last letter, asking him to send me five hundred dollars, to call it off, and did not send the money.

My money was getting low, and I was getting desperate, for I thought they just took advantage of me, not sending me money because they thought I dared not come back to Denver, and I made up my mind to go back and show them. I knew Haywood, Moyer, or Pettibone dare not refuse me money if I asked them personally.

The Strychnine in the Milk

The desperate and horrible means I conceived at this time to carry out my plan to kill Mr. Bradley I would gladly withhold and let die in my breast. But I feel that perhaps I owe some one a duty that may have been blamed for this, and wrongfully accused; and I feel it my duty to make this known, as I have promised God I will write the whole truth of my wicked and sinful life, and not try to favor myself. I have made this attempt several times, and it has required no small effort on my part to write some of these things.

I knew this place well, and there was an empty house with a flat roof just behind the apartment where Mr. Bradley lived, and there were

stairs up from the back way on the outside of the apartment. I went up these stairs and got on the roof of this vacant house,—for it was right close to the stairs,—and waited there until the milkman brought the Bradleys' milk, which was a little before daylight. I knew he left this milk there in bottles, as I had watched him before. I had a little powder of strychnine made for each bottle, and raised the paper cover and emptied one of these in each bottle of the milk and cream, and stirred it up a little, and pressed the paper cover back again, and left and went back to my room. I figured the girls would serve Mr. and Mrs. Bradley's breakfast first, and they would get the poison first. I could see their kitchen plainly from the window of my room, but I could not see anything unusual there that morning.

I did not get up until ten and sometimes later, and then I usually went down to the little saloon bar at Guibinni's and got a drink, and sat there and read the morning paper. This morning I did the same, and I noticed a bottle of milk standing on the back bar, and asked Guibinni if he was selling milk, or drew his attention to the bottle in some way like that. He began to tell me about this milk, and wanted me to taste of it. He said he tasted of it, and could feel it in his throat yet. He told me the girls over at Mr. Bradley's had brought that bottle over, and wanted him to take it down and have it analyzed, as they believed there was poison in it. He said it was bitter as gall. Now I never knew before that strychnine was bitter, but it seems the cook had tasted of some of this, found it was bitter, and told Mrs. Bradley, and then they came over to Guibinni's place to get some more milk and cream for breakfast.

The Bomb at Manager Bradley's Door

After this failed, I got a bomb ready. I bought a piece of five-inch lead pipe about a foot long at a plumber's, and put wooden ends in it. Then I hammered one side of it flat, so it would lie straight without turning over, and I cut a piece out of the other side, and turned back the flap, and fastened a little vial on this, so that when you filled it with sulphuric acid, and you pulled out the cork, the acid would run out into the hole in the pipe. Then I filled up the lead pipe with about five or six pounds of No. 1 gelatin, and put some caps and sugar and potash on top of this and opposite the hole in the lead pipe, so the acid would fall on them. Then I planned to hitch a little string to the cork of the bottle, and fasten the other end of the string in a screw-eye in a door, so when you opened the door it would pull out the cork and set off the bomb.

I practised with this while I was making it in my room, so as to see if the cork would come out of the bottle instead of moving the bomb. I had the dynamite in, but not the caps or acid, and I tried it by fastening a screw-eye and string on my closet door, and it worked all right. But one day I left the screw-eye and the string and the cork on my door, and went down-town, and forgot about it; and when I got home I thought that was a nice trick to leave that thing there, for I thought the woman that kept the house must have seen it when she cleaned up my room. But she never gave any sign she noticed it.

After that I watched what time Mr. Bradley usually came down-stairs in the morning, and how soon after he ate his breakfast. As I was on a level, or about so, with their dining-room in my room, I could look out of the window and see them when they were at their meals. I noticed Mr. Bradley came down-stairs soon after he had finished breakfast, and I had to guess that he would be the first one down-stairs, so as not to catch any one else. In order to be sure he would be at home, I called him up one night on a phone at his residence, and told him I was from Goldfield, Nevada, and had some good mining property up there, and wanted to raise some money, or get some one with money interested, so I could develop it; and that I had been recommended to him, and would like to make an appointment to meet him. He said he would be pleased to meet me and talk the matter over at least, and could meet me the next morning at his office. I asked him if he could as well make it the morning after that, and he said he could,—at nine o'clock, I think,—and I told him all right. I did not want to try the bomb the next morning, as I was not ready.

The next night I went and fastened a little screw-eye in the door of his residence, where it opened out of the stairway into the archway, and the morning after I watched him from my room when he went in to breakfast, and waited until I thought he was about half through. Then I took the bomb that I had all ready, walked up to his door in the archway, laid it down, and hooked a little cord over the screw-eye I had screwed in the door, and laid the mat over the bomb. This looked like a small parcel, as I had it done up in a paper.

An Interruption by the Sheriff

I had told the lady where I was rooming, the night before, that I was going away for a while, and I had also taken my grip down-town the night before and left it at a saloon. After I left this bomb, I took a car and went down-town, and got another room down on Taylor

Street. After I rented this, I thought I would lie down and sleep awhile, as I had not slept much during the night. A little while afterwards I was awakened by some one rapping at my door, and, on asking what they wanted, was told to open the door and I would see. I told them they had better get away from there, and a little while after they came back. I asked them who they were and what they wanted, and was told it was the sheriff and to open the door. I told them to wait until I dressed. I thought I had been seen putting the bomb at Mr. Bradley's door and had been followed. I dressed and took my gun in my hand and opened the door, intending to shoot if they wanted to arrest me. But the landlady was there when I opened the door, and explained to me that the sheriff had seized her furniture and was removing it. This was such a happy surprise to me that I left the house, and never said a word about the room-rent I had paid her, nor the annoyance they caused me. This always seemed a little peculiar to me, that I should happen in a place of this kind at such a time.

The News of the Explosion

I think it was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I left there. I bought the *Evening Bulletin* to see if there was any account of anything about the bomb, and there was not a thing. I felt pretty uneasy, as I knew if it had not been exploded it would be sure to be discovered, and I thought I might have been seen there, and leaving that neighborhood that same morning I would be apt to be suspected. I thought, too, that when they found the way that bomb was set, the lady where I boarded would be sure to remember the screw-eye and string that I had left fastened to my closet door.

I took a walk over on the west side, a little out of the busy part of the city. I did not have money enough to leave the city, and felt pretty miserable, and the world looked more desolate to me than it ever had before. I could not see much for me to live for, and I thought everything was working against me. I could not settle my mind on anything or do anything. I was strong and able to work, but could not set myself about it, as my mind was in such a state, and I came nearer ending all then than I ever had before.

I went into a restaurant to get something to eat, as I had not eaten anything all that day. I picked up another evening newspaper, the *Evening Post*, and there was the picture of the explosion and a full account of it. This paper stated that Mr. Bradley would probably die, or at least lose his hearing and eyesight. They gave as the cause of the explosion leaking gas pipes and fixtures, and said the gas had escaped and filled the hall and the stairway entrance to Mr. Bradley's apartment, and as he lit his cigar coming down the stairway the gas exploded. When Mr. Bradley opened the door, practically the whole stairway and entrance into the archway was blown out, and Mr. Bradley was thrown out onto the sidewalk with the debris, and the flat was more or less shattered from one end to the other, and the glass was broken across the street and for some distance away. It seems now to me a horrible thing to say, but I felt better after reading this, for I knew I could now get a good piece of money without any trouble, as Haywood and Pettibone would be so well pleased.

I sent Pettibone a copy of this paper and told him to wire me some money at once, and he did so in a few days. After about a week I went up and looked at Mr. Bradley's place, and saw Mr. Guibinni, the grocer and saloon-man. He told me they thought Mr. Bradley would lose his eyesight. He said he did not believe that gas caused the explosion, himself — he thought it was a bomb; but he said Mrs. Bradley would not hear to such a thing, and said she had smelled gas escaping for some time. The owners of the property sued the gas company, and were awarded ten thousand dollars damages, and when this was carried to the Supreme Court, they affirmed the lower court.

In Disguise to Denver

I stayed in San Francisco two or three weeks after the explosion, and thought I would take a trip back to Denver. I went and got a suit of soldier's uniform, and wore that to Denver as a disguise. I set off the bomb at Mr. Bradley's house November 17th, and I got back to Denver about the first part of December, 1904. I went to a rooming-house, and got a room a little way from Pettibone's store, and then telephoned him to come over, and a few minutes after he and Steve Adams came. We talked a little while there, and I told them if Mr. Bradley did not die, he was at least maimed for life, and would be deaf and blind. Pettibone was well pleased with this news, but said it was hard luck that it did not kill him. Really, Mr. Bradley got well after a while, and is neither deaf nor blind; but I thought then he was very badly hurt.

Neville and the "Inner Circle"

Adams had come back in September, and he and his wife were keeping house in Denver then, and Steve asked me to go home with him.

I went with him, and Billy Aikman was stopping with them, and Billy Easterly had been there some. I asked Pettibone why he did not send me the money when I asked for it, and what he meant by saying to call it off. He then told me the time they had had with Johnnie Neville after he had been released from jail in Cripple Creek. He came to Denver and told them he knew all about their work, and especially the Independence depot, and that I had told him they hired me to do it, and if they did not give him twelve hundred dollars he was going to expose them. Pettibone said for a while he had them all up a tree, and they had it all planned to kill him if he kept on. He said that Moyer was especially excited over it. But finally they scared Neville off by springing on him how he set fire to his saloon, and saying they would tell the police, and then he quit and left the country and went to Goldfield, Nevada.

II

OUR FIRST BOMB FOR GOVERNOR PEABODY, AND OTHER BOMBS FOR STREET WORK

I KEPT pretty close for a time after arriving in Denver. I lived with Adams for a while, and I did not go out much except at night. I went over to Haywood's residence at night, and talked to him once in a while. He said he was better pleased to have Mr. Bradley maimed the way he was than to have him killed outright, for he was a living example, and he said Bradley knew himself where this came from all right. I think he said he would write and tell him sometime how it happened. I got money any time I wanted it; Haywood gave it to Pettibone, and he gave it to me, and they wanted us to work on Judge Gabbert and see if we could not bump him off, as they were very bitter against him — especially Moyer. Judge Gabbert was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and had decided against Moyer when they brought him to Denver from Telluride on a writ of habeas corpus, when he was in the hands of the militia.

So Adams and I strolled around Judge Gabbert's residence some at night. They kept the blinds of the windows pretty close, and we could never see him at night, but would often see him in the morning or at noon while he was going or coming from the State Capitol, as he usually walked back and forth. The weather was cold and stormy part of the time, and we did not make any great effort to get him. We had plenty of money and lived good, and had plenty of beer to drink, and took things easy.

Haywood also wanted us to watch Mr. Hearne, manager of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. He said they had sent him out there from Pennsylvania to fix the legislature, as he had done there, and that he was a bitter enemy to organized labor. Adams and I strolled around his residence some, but did not make much of an effort to do anything to him. If we had seen him at night when we were around there, we would have shot him, no doubt, if it had looked favorable for us to get away.

The Wrangle over the Governorship

This was the winter they had such a wrangle over the governorship, and there was some doubt about them seating Adams, the Democratic candidate, who was elected by twelve thousand majority for Governor over Peabody, but the Republicans were crying fraud. Haywood told us then to keep quiet and not pull off anything until we got Adams seated as Governor, for if we bumped Judge Gabbert off then, it might hurt his chances for being seated. But when it looked almost sure that Peabody would be seated again, he wanted us to try and get him then. But they seated Adams, and then Peabody began proceedings to oust him, charging fraud in his election, and it came to a legislature investigation. When it looked like the legislature was going to seat Peabody and throw Adams out, Pettibone came to us, and wanted us to go after Peabody again and try hard to get him, so we would not have him for Governor again.

We started in to watch Peabody nights, and carried our shot-guns part of the time, but we imagined he had guards around his residence at night, and once or twice we were followed, and we concluded we would not try it at night at his residence. We thought of lying up the street and waiting for his carriage, but it was too cold to lay around and wait long, and then, we had to be sure he was in it; sometimes there were only women in it. But Peabody always walked up to the Capitol in the morning while he was Governor.

Setting the Big Street Bomb

There came about six inches of snow one night, and it drifted up against the curbstone in some places, and was deeper there than in the streets. We made a big bomb and put about twenty-five pounds of dynamite in it, and we stretched a wire from Grant Avenue to Logan on Thirteenth Avenue. This bomb was shaped a good deal like the one I made for Bradley in San Francisco, only it was a good deal bigger, and made in a lead case that Steve Adams got fixed at a plumber's, instead of a

lead pipe. Mr. Peabody usually walked up Grant Avenue to the Capitol between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, and we laid this wire in the evening before the streets were empty, and covered it up with snow, and then came back a little before daybreak, and looked again to see if we had it covered up well. There was a little space between the curbstone and street for the water to run through at the crossings, and we dug the snow out of this enough to lay the bomb in.

We had Billy Aikman get a horse and buggy and drive Adams and me over there about eight o'clock in the morning. I got out a block or so away from the place, and walked over there, and when there were no people in sight I motioned to them, and they drove up close as though they were talking to me, and they handed me the bomb, which we had done up in a cloth. There was a bottle of acid on top of it, with a cork that had a wire through it, with a hook on the end; so all I had to do was to loop the other wire we had laid in the night over this hook, and kick a little snow over it. This only took a minute or so, and then Billy drove on and waited two or three blocks away with the rig. We had two rifles and a shot-gun in the rig, and plenty of ammunition, and intended to fight it out as long as we lasted, if we got cornered; for, of course, there is more danger in your "get-away" with a bomb like this than there is with one that sets itself off like the one I had used with Bradley. Adams and I stayed on the street where we could see the Governor and his body-guard when they came along. We had seen them so often, we could tell them more than a block away.

Governor Peabody Escapes Again

When we saw them coming, we went to the other end of the wire and waited until they were just stepping over the bomb, and then we intended to jerk this wire, and that would jerk the cork out of the little bottle of acid, when the bomb would explode instantly. There was an alley in the middle of the block, and while we were at the end of the wire, a large coal-wagon came out of this and drove up toward us. This wagon was nearly opposite us when another came out, and there seemed to be about a dozen people coming along right close, and I think the last wagon was close behind the first, when the Governor came over the bomb. So we did not dare to pull the wire until he was too far beyond it to be sure of getting him. We took the bomb up and carried it over to the rig, and drove back and got hold of one end of the wire, and pulled it in the buggy and coiled it up. We thought we would try it again another morning, but it got warm and melted the snow, and what was left was hard, so that we could not cover up our wire. We then tried digging into the sidewalk near his house, or at the edge of the walk; but the ground was frozen too hard One night we thought a watchman was after us, and I threw away the spade I was carrying wrapped up in a paper, and went home.

A little while after we made this attempt with the bomb, Mr. Peabody moved his offices down in the Jackson Block, and did not walk up Grant Avenue as usual. Haywood said then that he thought we might set a bomb in under his desk, so that when he opened the desk it would explode it. He asked me what I thou ht about it. I told him we could if we knew for sure his desk, and that no one would open it but him; and he said he thought perhaps Peabody had a private desk, and that he would find out. He said the Federation wanted to move their offices, and he could easily go up in the Jackson Block looking for a location, and find out where Peabody's office was. But he never did, and we never made any further attempt on Mr. Peabody's life in Denver.

As the legislature investigation proceeded, it was thought until the very last that Adams would hold his seat; but they made a compromise to seat Peabody, with the understanding he was to resign in twenty-four hours, and the committee had his resignation before they voted to seat him. Then the office went to Jesse McDonald, the Republican Lieutenant-Governor, and Haywood said we need not bother with Peabody for the present; that we could go down to Cañon City and get him any time.

The Bombs in the Rubber Balls

Then they wanted us to get some of the Supreme Court justices. Judge Goddard had been appointed to the Supreme Court by Governor Peabody before he retired. They were very bitter against Judge Goddard, as they said he had written up most of the opinion in the Moyer habeas corpus case, and had been instrumental in declaring unconstitutional the eight-hour law that had been passed by the legislature a few years previous, when he was on the Supreme bench before; and that he and Frank Hearne, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company manager, had influenced the Supreme Court in their decisions after he had got out. Haywood wanted us to see if we could not make a bomb that we could throw or drop out of a window. He thought we could make one and cover it with a big rubber ball. He said that Mr. David Moffat stopped at the Denver Club a good deal, and walked between his bank and there, and

Haywood thought if we had a bomb we could drop or throw out of a window, that we could get a room along the street, and when Mr. Moffat came along, we could drop it out of a window close to him, and get away.

We had moved over near Globeville in January, 1905, close to Max Malich, and Max wanted us to blow up the Globeville smelter boarding-house. Malich was a leader among the Austrian workmen at the smelter. He kept a grocery-store and a saloon, and they called him the King of Globeville. He had been Mayor of the town, and he was strong in politics because 'most all the Austrians would do what he wanted them to—though after that they got on to him, and he couldn't handle them so well. He belonged to the smelter-men's union, and they met in his hall, and, though he wasn't an officer, the Austrians and others in the union did about what he said at that time.

There had been a strike at this Globeville smelter for nearly two years then, and their union was affiliated with the Western Federation of Miners. The smelters were working all non-union men, and I think two or three hundred stopped in this boarding-house. Max said there was not much trouble to get in the cellar or up in the hall, as things had been quiet for some time, and they did not guard it very close. He had a man there that had boarded there before the strike, and knew the place well, and he said he would help us. We wanted some No. 1 powder, anyway, to make some bombs, or to experiment with making them. So we found out where the magazines were, and concluded to go out there and get what dynamite we wanted.

Adams and I started a little before dark one Saturday, and walked out to the magazines. There were a number of magazines out there on the prairie, and as soon as it was dark, we pried off a lock from one of them, and carried six hundred pounds of powder out a little way from the magazine. Then we pried the lock off another little magazine, and got about fifteen boxes of giant-caps. Then Joe Mehalich came with the rig, and we loaded it all into the wagon, and brought it to where we lived, near Globeville, and buried it in the cellar.

When we told Haywood and Moyer that Max wanted us to blow up this boarding-house, they said not to do it, and we thought no more about it. But we now had powder to practise making bombs to throw. We made these bombs by taking plaster-Paris and making a little ball. We stuck this full of giant-caps, and let it get hard, and then stuck a wire nail in each of these caps, point inwards; and shived the nail up with slivers of wood, so as not to let the nail press upon the powder in the caps. But a little jar, like throwing it against anything, would drive the nail into the powder, which is in the bottom of the giant-cap, and set it off. After we made this frame with the plaster-Paris, giant-caps, and nails, we took a large rubber ball, cut it open, and slipped it around the outside of the nails. Then we filled it with dynamite, and sewed up the rubber. We tried two or three of these throwing-bombs, and they exploded instantly when they were thrown and hit anything hard. Adams and I took one of them out near Riverside Cemetery, and Steve threw it up against a big cottonwood-tree that was there, and it exploded and tore out a big hole in the trunk. Steve was back of another tree when he threw it, but it shook him up badly when it went off, and the nails and caps flew everywhere. This one must have weighed four or five pounds.

We told Haywood and Pettibone then that we could make these work all right, but they did not want us to use them just then, but to see if we could not shoot Judge Goddard through the window of his residence, as he lived pretty well out, and they said the police were not often around there. We had long overcoats, and each carried a sawed-off pump shot-gun hung at our sides under our arms by a shoulder-strap. We worked awhile, but never saw him but once, and then we thought we would wait until it was a little later, as it was Sunday night, and there were quite a number of people on the street; but we could never see him again; we could see some of the rest of the family, as they hardly ever pulled the blinds clear down, and the house was built up flush with the sidewalk on one side, and only a few feet back on the other, for it was on the corner of the street. Mrs. Adams went with Steve and me sometimes for a bluff, as we thought the police were watching sometimes. There had been a drug-store held up about this time not far from there, and there were extra police around, but we thought they wouldn't be so likely to suspect us with a woman along.

Steve Adams Gets Through

Sometime the last of January, Adams had gone down-town and got drunk, and was put in jail for stealing a bicycle. We did not know where he was for a week or more, and looked all over for him, and thought some one had killed him, for he had had a fight with a man just before that. After he got out and came home, we gave him a good lecture, but it did not do much good, as he got drunk again some little time after, and had to be helped home. Haywood and Pettibone did not like the looks

of this, and we didn't know but we had better get rid of Adams, as he knew too much to be around drunk that way.

I left Adams' house about the last of March, and got a room only two blocks from Judge Goddard's residence, so I could watch him. We could always see him leave on the car in the morning and go down, but could never see him at night. Soon after I quit living with Adams, he had some dispute with Haywood and Pettibone, and told me they would not give him money enough, or only a few dollars at a time, and he was angry at me and blamed me, too. I told him there must be some mistake about it, and that he had no reason to blame me, and I told him I was going away, and that he and Joe Mehalich could work together after that, as they chummed together, and the women visited back and forth. I told him I was going down to Cañon City or Colorado Springs to get MacNeill or Peabody. He said all right, he would go with me; but I didn't encourage this, as I wanted to get rid of him.

Steve went down to get some money, and Pettibone gave me a few dollars, and said that was all he had left out of the last Haywood gave him. Adams sent Pettibone down to Haywood's office to get some more, and Haywood would not give it to him. He told Pettibone he had given Mrs. Adams, I think, forty dollars the day before, and that ought to be enough for a while. Adams went down and saw Haywood, and they had some words, and Haywood did not give him any money, and when I saw Adams he would hardly speak to me. I told him we were the last ones that ought to have any trouble, and that he had no reason to feel hard at me. He said they had used him dirty mean, and that he was through with them. I told him it was his fault—that he had no business getting drunk so much, and that was the reason I quit him, and that they were afraid to give him much money at a time for fear he would be drunk. He said they would use me the same when they got through with me. I told him they wouldn't, for I wouldn't stand for it—not if I was where I could get to them.

I would say that Haywood was always very close and stingy with the money for this work, and would always be putting you off and saying he would pay you next week, and we had to look to Pettibone to get it for us. But we could always get it from Pettibone all right, as he would go down and tell Haywood he had got to have it, and Haywood would give it to him. But, of course, with Steve getting drunk the way he did, none of us wanted to do any business with him, and, in fact, wanted to get him out of the country.

Adams and Joe Mehalich got ready to go away then, and I went over to Globeville to see them the day they left, as I did not want them to leave feeling hard toward me, if I could help it. I did not ask them where they were going, as they did not tell me, but I called Adams to one side and had a little talk with him, and told him I was not to blame, and he had not ought to have any hard feelings toward me. He said he felt sore at everybody, and that perhaps he had no reason to feel hard toward me, but that he had thought I had run him down to Haywood. I told him that Haywood knew about him getting drunk without my telling him.

Adams said they were going to beat their way, as they had no money to pay their fare. I only had a little money with me, but I borrowed twenty dollars from Max Malich and gave it to him, and I told Max to give the women what they wanted to live on from his grocery-store, and send the bill to Haywood and make him pay it. It was sometime in April, 1905, I think, that they went away. I found out later they went to Park City, Utah, and afterwards went to eastern Oregon on a land claim. But that was the last time I saw Steve until they arrested him in Oregon in February, 1906, and brought him to Boise, Idaho. I paid Max Malich the twenty dollars back the next day.

III

OUR FURTHER PLANS FOR GOVERNOR PEABODY AND HOW I SET BOMBS FOR JUDGES GODDARD AND GABBERT

I WAS down in Pettibone's store a few days after this, and a man came in that had worked for him a good deal, and said he had a better graft now—that he had been out writing life-insurance, and had made about eight hundred dollars in a month. Pettibone wanted me to go and get a contract, and that would be a good bluff if I wanted to go to any small place. As they wanted me to go to Cañon City and get Peabody, I thought the insurance scheme would be good, and then I thought I could make good at it, too. So I went down to the Mutual Life office and had a talk with John L. Stearns, the manager for Colorado.

He wanted me to give him some references, and I gave him Pettibone, Horace Hawkins, of the law firm of Richardson & Hawkins, James J. Sullivan and Henry Cohen, the law firm, and John Sullivan, president of the State Federation of Labor. I knew Horace Hawkins pretty well, as he was the attorney that defended the boys at Cripple Creek. I went and

saw him, and told him I wanted to get a contract with the Mutual Life-Insurance Company to write insurance, but did not want to give them my own name. I told him my name was Thomas Hogan, and I said I had given him as reference, and would like him to give me a send-off, and he said he would. I saw John Sullivan and told him, and Pettibone saw James J. Sullivan and Henry Cohen. I was only slightly acquainted with the latter two, and that through Pettibone, as they were great friends of his. Mr. Stearns wrote to these in regard to me, and in a couple of days after he wrote me to come down to his office. I went down, and he said my references could not be better, and he would make a contract with me, and he fixed it up right there and advanced me twenty-five dollars then, and a little later twenty-five more. I told him I would go to the southern part of the State, and would start in at Cañon City and Florence.

A few days later I went to Cañon City, and did start in to talk life-insurance, and canvassed some. But I could no more get my mind on insurance than I could fly. I had located Mr. Peabody's residence, and noticed he had no guard around it at night, but went around the same as any private citizen, and I discovered he usually sat near a window on one side of his house next to an open lot at night, and did not pull the blind clear down. At first I stopped at the hotel, but later I got a room only about a block away from Mr. Peabody's residence, on the same street, so I could watch him. Then I figured out a plan to make a big bomb, and fix it to go off with an alarm-clock. I thought I could lay this on the window-sill where he sat, and set the alarm-clock to go off in a few minutes, and I could have time to go to a saloon, and be there when the bomb exploded, and take a chance of Mr Peabody moving away from the window in the meantime.

The Clock Bomb for Peabody

I think I stayed there about a week, and on Saturday I told the old lady where I roomed that I was going to Denver to stay over Sunday, but would keep my room and would be back the first of the week. I took the train and went to Denver, and told them what I was going to do, and I went over to Max Malich, and got fifty pounds of No. 1 powder and a box of giant-caps. This was the powder we took from the magazine, and Adams and Mehalich sold it or gave it to Max, and he had it buried in his drive-shed. I put this in a suit-case and brought it over to Pettibone's store. I went to a plumbing-shop in Denver, and told them I wanted a lead bucket made about eight or nine inches across by fourteen inches high. I told the plumber I wanted it for a cactus-plant, so I could bore holes in it to let the flowers come through.

He made this for me, and put a bottom in one end of it, and I hammered it flat on one side, so it would lay on a window-sill, and packed this as full of powder as I could, and fitted a wooden end on the top, and hammered the lead over it, so it would not come out. I cut a hole in the top side of it and took out a little powder, and filled this space full of giant-caps, and wired an alarm-clock on the end of the bomb, and took off the alarm-bell. Then I had a little bottle of acid, so I could wire it over the giant-caps, and set the alarm, and had a fine wire so it would wind up around the key which wound up the alarm, so that when the alarm went off, and this key started turning, it would pull the cork out of the bottle and let the acid run on the giant-caps. I fixed this up later, after I went back to Cañon City. Except for the clock, it wasn't fixed much different from the bomb I used when I was after Bradley in San Francisco, only it was a great deal bigger, and was made in this lead case instead of a pipe. There was about twenty-five pounds of dynamite in this, and if it had gone off, I suppose it would have blown that side of the house all to pieces, as Pettibone and I figured we ought not to take any chances of missing Peabody when I set this off.

Writing Insurance as a Blind

When I was in Denver this time, I stopped at the Belmont Hotel. I was well acquainted there, and they wanted to know what I was doing, etc. I told them I was writing life-insurance. Some of them wanted to know how I was making it, and I told them I was making all kinds of money; and a man that I had met there a great deal, and a great friend of Pettibone's, said he thought he would try that, too, as he had written insurance before. His name was William J. Vaughan. He went right down and saw Mr. Stearns, and got a contract in a day or two. I left in the meantime, and took my bomb and went back to Cañon City. I told Vaughan he could come down there, if he liked; that there was room enough for both of us.

After I got back to Cañon City, Mr. Peabody started to repair his house, and I could not see him at the window; and Vaughan came there in the meantime, and I thought if he did room with me that would make it all the better for me, for, if I could see Mr. Peabody at this window, I could make an excuse to go out, and not be gone over five minutes, and

Vaughan would not notice it. I used to keep the little alarm-clock running, and he asked me one day where that clock was ticking. I told him it was a bomb I had in my grip, and he half believed it. Mr. Peabody had his house all torn up, and I could not see him, and Vaughan did not write any insurance, and also knew that I did not either, and he felt pretty well discouraged and his money got short. I gave him some money and told him to brace up. He wanted me to go down in the Arkansas Valley with him, and probably we would do better down there amongst the farmers, and I thought that would be a good way to get rid of him and I could come back again. We got ready, and I left my suit-case with the old lady, and set it away under a table where she said she would have no occasion to move it. I told her I had it full of insurance papers for advertising. I thought I would be gone only a few days, and it was so heavy I did not take it with me. It must have weighed close to fifty pounds.

Vaughan and I left and went to Rockyford, about a hundred miles or so away in Arkansas Valley, and got a rig and started out to canvass insurance. We had only been out a day or so before we met a man writing hail-insurance — that is, insuring a farmer's crop against hail. A man named Peterson, who was general agent of the company, was in Rockyford, and offered us a good thing to go to work for him, and we took him up. We went down to Las Animas, which is about thirty miles from Rockyford, and we worked there about a week and did a fine business. I got quite interested in this, I guess because it was crooked. We made from about twenty to thirty dollars a day at the start, and later made as high as a hundred, but the latter only a couple of times.

I had promised Max Malich to be in Denver on a certain day to help him on a job he had, and so I went up to Denver one Saturday afternoon the last part of May to do this. But Max Malich said he was not ready to have this job done. I saw Pettibone, and he said they wanted something pulled off before the Western Federation convention met at Salt Lake.

Haywood had told me this before; he said it would look bad for the executive board if we didn't do something, as we had used so much money during the winter, and not a thing to show for it. He said after he and Moyer left for Salt Lake he did not care what we blew up, so long as we made some showing.

Planting Dynamite for Judge Gabbert

Haywood and Moyer had been gone to Salt Lake some little time now to get ready for the convention, and Pettibone said he was going to the convention, too, but he wanted to pull off something first. I told him I did not like to do anything with Peabody just then; that Vaughan mistrusted something, and that I might not be able to do it in a hurry.

He said he would rather get Judge Gabbert than any one else. We had watched Judge Gabbert, and, as I have before stated, he usually walked back and forth to the Capitol, and when he went down in the morning, he walked down Emerson Street to Colfax Avenue. There is a vacant lot in one corner on Emerson Street and Colfax Avenue, and a foot-path across the same, and Mr. Gabbert usually took this cut-off. We made a bomb and buried it in this path. We had it fixed with a little windlass, with a fine wire wound around this with a loop on the end of it. We left this loop just enough above the ground so we could see it, and had a stiff wire run through the little windlass, so it would not turn over until we took this out, and we fixed this wire so we could just see it above the ground. We made this in a two-quart tin molasses-can, so the little windlass and the acid in the giant-caps were all protected from the dirt, and we made little holes to run the wires through. We put this a little to the edge of the path, and were careful in digging so it would not be noticed by any one walking across there, but we knew just where to find it.

The next morning Pettibone was going to watch, and I was going to walk around on this corner, or sit down there and pretend to be reading, and when Judge Gabbert came out of his house, which was only a block away, Pettibone was going to give me the signal, and I was to walk along this path and hitch a lady's hand-satchel or large pocket-book to the wire on the bomb. We had a hook all ready fixed in this pocket-book, and all we had to do was to hitch it in the little wire that was wound around the windlass, and pull out the other wire which held the windlass upright. We tried this the next morning, but some one cut in between Judge Gabbert and us, and he was too close for me to fix the pocket-book after they passed. I think we watched two or three mornings, and I was afraid to touch the bomb after it had stood that long, for the little windlass swung very easily, and if anything had touched the wire at all before we came there, the least touch might turn it over. Pettibone had to go to this convention at Salt Lake then, and he wanted me to work on this job until I caught a morning when there was no one coming on the sidewalk but the judge. I could tell

him as soon as he came out of his house from this corner.

The Death of Walley

As I was afraid to touch this old bomb, I made another one. I went to Pettibone's store, and in the basement he had some old eight-day clocks. I took the spring of one of these, and practised with it to see if I could get it so it would break those little vials that I had with sulphuric acid in for the bombs. I had tried a few vials with it, and it broke them every time. Then I made this new bomb in a wooden box, and fixed it with this spring. I fastened the spring along the under side of the cover, and bent the spring back, and held it there with a piece of stiff wire that went down through the box. I had a little eye in the top of the wire to hook the pocket-book on, and left this so I could see it. When this wire was pulled out, it let the spring hit a couple of half-dram vials that were filled with acid, and broke them, and the giant-caps were right under these. This wire pulled out very easily, and I knew the spring was sure to break the bottles.

I buried this second bomb as close to the first as I dared, and not touch it. The next morning I found the sidewalk clear when the judge was coming, and had Pettibone's bicycle, and rode along, and stopped at the bomb and hooked on the pocket-book, and rode away. I listened, and knew that something had happened to it, or else he did not see it, for I did not hear it go, and I did not have time to get more than a block away by the time he would be there. However, I was afraid to go back there for fear some one had been watching me, or for fear something might have happened that it did not go, and they had discovered the bomb. Anyway, I was too big a coward to go back, and made up my mind I would let it go. I did not think the judge would walk over it and not notice the pocket-book.

I went on down-town, and about an hour afterwards I heard the bomb go off; but it was not the judge that got it, but another poor unfortunate man by the name of Merritt W. Walley. There were about ten pounds of dynamite in each of these bombs, and they both went off. It blew this poor fellow to pieces and broke the glass in the windows for many blocks around. There were many theories advanced in regard to the cause of this explosion, but not any of them came anywhere near the truth. Some thought that a yeggman had buried nitroglycerin there and Walley stubbed against it. I have been told since that Judge Gabbert saw a friend on the corner and followed the walk around instead of going across the vacant lot that morning. I thought when this failed I was out of luck sure, and that there would not be any chance to work there any more, as I did not suppose Judge Gabbert would go across there for the present. So I gave up trying to do him any harm for the present at least, but I thought I would make one more attempt, nearly on the same line, with Judge Goddard.

The Box at Judge Goddard's Gate

I made a little square wooden box that would hold about ten pounds of dynamite, and fixed this out with a little bottle and a cork which would pull out and spill the acid on the giant-caps, like the one did on the bomb I made for Bradley. I told Max Malich about this, and took it over to his place in Globeville, and stayed there all night. And just a little before daybreak the next morning, he sent his rig with a man to drive me over there. As I have told you, Max had a lot of these Austrians around him that would do anything he said, and this man did not ask me any questions, but drove where I told him. So we drove over to Judge Goddard's place just before it was light, and I got out and dug a square hole with a sharp spade I had for the purpose, and was careful to take the sod off so I could replace it again, and it would not be noticed. I made this hole right up against the gate-post, but on the outside. The gate opened both ways, but it looked as though they usually opened it on the inside. I put a little screw-eye in the bottom of the gate, and spread it enough so I could slip a loop of a small cord in the eye. I buried this bomb, and fixed the sod back carefully, and pulled some green grass over it, and had the cord long enough so I could hook it in the little screw-eye later. This cord was attached to the cork in the little bottle at the other end. This cord was a greenish color like the grass, and I scattered a little grass over the loose end of it. Then I went back to Malich's place and got breakfast.

After breakfast I came back on the street-car from Globeville, and about half-past eight I walked along in front of Judge Goddard's place, dropped a newspaper carelessly, and stooped down to pick it up, and hooked this cord with the loop into the screw-eye in the gate. I took a car and went down-town, and I expected to hear this go before I got down-town, as I waited within about fifteen minutes of the usual time that the judge came out and took the car to go down-town. I did this so there would not be so much danger of some one else opening the gate first. But I never heard anything from it, and did not know what had become of it. I thought perhaps they had

noticed me when I hooked in the cord, although I was only a moment and the gate is right close to the sidewalk, so I did not go along there for a good while afterward; but when I did I noticed the grass was dead over this bomb, and then I figured out what had happened.

I had fastened the cord to the bottle by a pin which I put through the cork, and made into a hook on the outside. I had put this pin in two or three days before, and left the bottle full of acid, and evidently the head of the pin on the inside had been eaten off, and allowed the pin to pull through the cork, and so none of the acid had come out, as the rubber cork would close up after it. Then afterward, as they were watering the lawn all the time, the water had soaked through and spoiled the giant-caps, for these are no good when they are wet. And after this the acid would have no effect on the caps if it did eat the cork out, and so could not set the bomb off. This was the only reason I can give for its not going off.

Well, I thought at the time that I was clear out of luck and everything was against me, and I left Denver and went down to the San Luis Valley, where Vaughan was writing hail-insurance, and went to work again with him. We worked there about two weeks and made good money. They all came back from the Federation convention at Salt Lake about the 1st of July, 1905, Haywood and Moyer both being elected again, and I told Haywood the hard luck I had had, and he thought I had better lay off for a while. Haywood and Moyer left right away again for Chicago, where they went to form a new organization which they called the Industrial Workers of the World.

General Bell and the Little Dogs

I did not do anything for a time — not until Haywood came back from Chicago in July. I left this grip down at Cañon City with the bomb in it so long that I was afraid to go after it, for fear they had found out what was in it and might arrest me; but we had concluded to let Peabody alone for the time being, and do some work in Denver, so I went down to Cañon City one day and got the grip all right; and the old lady said it had never been moved. I told the old lady some yarn about leaving the grip there so long, and came away and brought the bomb to Pettibone's house, and put it in his cellar, but a little later took it out and buried it.

Pettibone and I told Haywood if we had a good horse and buggy we would do some work in Denver. Pettibone wanted to get Judge Gabbert, Judge Goddard, or Sherman Bell, and Haywood sent up to Cripple Creek and had them bring a team and wagon down from those the Federation had at their stores there, and we tried these horses, but they were all used up and were no good for drivers. He sent them back again, and then bought a horse and buggy from a colored man. I had a barn rented about a block and a half from Pettibone's residence, and Pettibone and I took the rig there and started in to assassinate Sherman Bell. This was in August, 1905.

We drove around there nights, and I would go by his place in the daytime and see if I could see him. He lived right on the edge of Congress Park, and the shrubbery came right close up to his back yard, and I was going to crawl up as close as I could and see if I could not see him through the window. I tried this several times, but they had some little dogs that used to bark when they heard a noise, and I never got any closer than the back-yard fence. I was trying to get between his house and the one next to it; the house next to his was empty, and they did not pull the blinds down at the windows on this side of Bell's house. I was working to get in between these houses, but these dogs always made a racket. Some one would come out, but I could not tell in the dark who it was. I had a pump shot-gun loaded with buck-shot, and could have shot this man; but I was not sure whether it was Sherman Bell or not, as I had seen another man there. Pettibone kept the rig and waited for me out in Congress Park, a little way behind the house.

[The next instalment of Orchard's confession will tell of his assassination of Ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg of Idaho; and of his arrest, confession, and experiences in prison.]

THE MEAGRE LIFE

BY

PERCEVAL GIBBON

AUTHOR OF "VROUW GROBELAAR AND HER LEADING CASES," "THE WEAVER'S SON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HATHERELL, R. I.

IT WAS already late afternoon, and the pavements of Bishopsgate Street were thronged with homeward-bound City men. Watson, his portfolio gripped between his elbow and his ribs, was like a snag in their current. As he stood back on the kerb to read again a firm's name in white letters on a broad window, they jostled by him importunately, till, with a sigh, he entered the door in search of a new rebuff.

A hurried clerk, his hat already on his head, looked up from a sheaf of papers as the canvasser came forward. Watson was always deferential, inviting the brusque brutality of busy men, and he stammered forth a request to see the manager. The smart clerk looked him up and down callously, sniffing at the flimsiness of the little man's person, the pathetic neat shabbiness of his clothing, and his vague, unresentful, deprecating manner.

"Sit there," he said, "and I'll see."

Watson sat, his hat on his knee. He always took off his hat early and handled it clumsily. The clerk continued with his work, shuffling his papers impatiently, and paid him no further attention for five minutes. Watson began to hope that he would miss the manager after all, though to do so would mean to have earned nothing the whole day. Still, he had no expectation that he would be able, at this stage, to overcome the normal manager's aversion to the canvasser of advertisements for a tenth-rate directory. He was sore with the fiasco of his day's work already, utterly unenthusiastic, and only saved from being despondent and miserable by a certain quality of mental passivity which went far to account for him.

A bell rang somewhere, and the clerk jerked a thumb in the direction of a polished door. "In you go," he said, and Watson grasped his portfolio and went in.

Had he been a coherent soul, he could have described that transaction beforehand. It was absolutely normal. At a spacious desk sat the manager, a big, heavy-browed, baggy-jowled man, clumsy with fat, with the hard, wide mouth of the financier and the bold, immobile eyes of the tyrant. He had letters before him, and bestowed but the one glance, arrogant and hostile, on Watson. Then he bent to his letters again and grunted. Watson apologised breathlessly for troubling him so late — he always began with an apology.

"I should like," he went on, opening his portfolio, "to draw your attention to — "

"Directory?" bellowed the manager.

Watson made noises of assent. "On an entirely new principle," he qualified dejectedly.

He would have gone on; he had quite a stock of barren little phrases intended to be inviting and stimulating to the hesitating advertiser in posse. But the manager was better armed; he simply lifted his hand and struck an insistent bell. He did not even look up as he did it, nor speak a single word. There was no need, for Watson understood and had already reassembled his papers when the keen office-boy entered to bring him forth. He went slowly out to the street again, as unresentful as ever, and only a little bleak in the spirits as he realised how utterly profitless the day had been. He was paid by results, strictly, and they were never more than meagre; but even days like this were not novel to him.

He walked past Liverpool Street to Bishopsgate Street Without, going slowly, for he was very tired. He bought an evening paper and carried it with him to a little cook-shop in a quarter of tall warehouses. It was a shabby little place used largely by carmen, but on a raw evening its very closeness was cosy, and its yellow walls radiated the gas-light with a cheerful brilliance. Watson came thither on his way to his home in Hackney nearly every evening.

The lonely little man was glad to establish relations of familiarity with anything, and this cook-shop was a landmark in his life. He ordered his tea and its accessories from the big, plump waitress, and was comforted by her brisk friendliness. He never guessed it, but his thin, gentle face had its admirers. She gossiped with him trivially as he commenced his meal, and furtively envied his slender hands; and when she went to give attention to another customer, he took up his paper for his daily dose of information.

The shop closed at nine, and he was turned adrift again. It was time for him to get back to the room in Hackney which he knew as home and hated unconsciously for its bare and narrow ugliness. He strolled awhile, gazing at the shop-windows, and then caught a tram, to alight, close upon eleven o'clock, at the corner of the mean street in which he lived. There is nothing in the world grimmer or bitterer to the eye than the brick and mortar of the back streets of London. Salem Road was its name; it was a cañon of tall, lean houses, wedged together ungracefully to resemble a long wall pierced at intervals with doors and windows. All, without exception, were given over to the business of lodging-house; in Salem Road one could get a room with a bed as low as half-a-crown a week. Watson loathed the place by instinct, but, in such a life as his, to loathe a thing is not necessarily to avoid it. That is adjusted by other considerations, seldom by choice.

He came to the door-step of his abode listlessly, and was fumbling for his key, when he started back with an ejaculation. Some one had been sitting on the steps who at his approach rose quickly. In the dimness he saw that it was a woman.

"Please excuse me," she said. "I forgot my key."

"Do you lodge here?" asked Watson inanely

She nodded. As his eyes acclimatised themselves to the darkness, he saw her better—girl of perhaps twenty-two or -three years, whose clothes ran in clear lines from neck to skirt-hem, trim and smart. Her face was but a blur of pallor under her hat, but she held her head high and well.

"It's a pig of a place," she observed. "I did my best to pull the bell out, but nobody stirred. They can't have been asleep all the time."

"They don't answer the door after nine, ever," explained Watson, pausing with his key in the lock. "Didn't they tell you that when you took your room?"

"Oh, they told me," she admitted scornfully. "But did they think I should stop out all night if I happened to forget my key? It's bad enough to live in such a place at all, without this nonsense."

The door was open now, and the narrow passage within gaped at them gloomily. One low gas-jet at the turn of the stairs was the pilot to the upper regions, and a warm, sickly smell of cooking and cheap oil-cloth characterised the place. But Watson held back from the entry, clinging to the diversion of this chance-met acquaintance. Further, his interest was engaged; curiosity is the most tenacious of human qualities; and in the girl's voice, in its high, impatient quality and its faint suggestion of culture, there was a novelty that attracted him.

"You haven't been here long?" he suggested.

"Long!" Her voice was indicative of restraint worn thin. "Long? I've been here two weeks to-day. Two weeks, and I've been sicker of it every day."

He made an acquiescent gesture to share in her disgust. "I've lived here for nine months, myself," he said.

It was becoming easier to see her face, and he shifted aside so that what there was of light from the gas-bracket might illumine it. She was looking at him in wonder, he thought.

"Some men have been here for years," he added.

"Are you out of work, then?" she demanded.

He even laughed. "Thank God, no," he replied. "I shouldn't be able to stay a week if I couldn't pay to the day. I've got a job, all right—such as it is."

"What is it?" she asked quickly.

"I'm a canvasser, just now," he answered.

"And what is that, please?"

He stared at her. "Don't you know what a canvasser is?" he asked in surprise. "Well—" As he sought for a phrase, some realisation came over him; suddenly, as never before, he saw what a "canvasser" was. "A canvasser," he went on, in a gush of words, "is a dog, doing a dog's work. He's the scavenger of business; he's a man who must crawl where everybody else walks upright. His work and his place are in the gutter. Every deal he makes is a gift to him—just charity. He begs, and gets the treatment of a beggar. Oh, trust me, I know the business to the core."

He stopped, panting, a little embarrassed with his vehemence, and looked at her defiantly.

"You haven't quite told me all," the girl said, "for I still don't know what a canvasser is. But do they employ women for the work, as well as men?"

"Yes," he said. "They'll take anybody."

She gave a sort of little sigh. "I want to hear some more about it," she said, "but I suppose we can't stand here and talk. The people that run this pigsty of a house are probably particular. That old woman who collects my rent looks as if propriety were her last and only rag of virtue."

"Yes," he agreed. "Mrs. Godam is very respectable in her notions."

She uttered a brief bubble of laughter. "Exactly," she said. "So, if we want to talk, we must conspire. Look here, I — I always have some tea when I come in. It would be nice of you to tiptoe to my room and join me. Then you could tell me what I want to know, and I'll tell you why I want so awfully to hear it. Will you?"

"Your room?" he repeated, but drew himself together as he caught her faint click of impatience.

"Unless," she was saying coldly — "unless you also are too respectable in your notions."

"Which is your room?" he asked. She told him, and he became fertile in devices. It was his weakness to shrink from opposition as some shrink from physical pain. All temptations were seductions to him, and this one was clothed, in his eyes, with brazen allurements. But he could not withstand her air of condoning an expedient.

"I'll go straight up to my room," he planned, "and then we'll give them five minutes to settle down, and I'll come to you. There'd be no sense in getting caught. We'd be put outside of the place inside of a minute."

It was done as he arranged. His room was tucked under the roof, a forlorn little cave with one draughty window overlooking a grotesque chimney-scape. Hers was on the floor below. He came down in slippers, desperately cautious, but more than a little elated by the tremendousness of his departure from rule. Her door was ajar, and showed itself in a thin frame of light. He pushed it open, his face clenched with the effort to be noiseless, and entered, for the first time in all his slattern life, upon a feminine privacy.

The girl turned from the small mirror as he came in. She was making some adjustment of her hair, and smiled at him with her arms raised and her fingers still deft in its coils. He saw now what he had not been able to see before — the keen breeding of her small face, the brown gleam of her hair, the trig and ready smartness of the whole of her. This was no common denizen of the world he knew and to which he acknowledged himself to belong; no "real lady" or "girl," but a lady, *tout simple*. There was approval in her mind, too, as he carried his thin, melancholy face and general flimsy slenderness, nowise ungraceful, into the light.

"Close the door," she bade in a whisper, "and sit down."

He took a seat in a wooden rocking-chair and looked round the chamber. It had an unfamiliar note. The narrow bed, the shoddy wash-stand and chest of drawers, the patchwork rug, and the green paper in the cold grate he knew: they were native to the place. But these were flavoured and almost nullified by the scarlet scarf that draped the mirror, the cool cream of the bed-covering, the one picture that leaned on the small mantel-shelf, and such-like clamant trifles. The picture assaulted his attention at once: a low, darkling sunset ran across it in an angry streak, and swart against its lowering fire a great figure of a man, with head bowed as in an agony of weariness, walked out towards him.

"You like it?" asked the girl. She sat down and began to loosen her boots. "My father painted it, and I stole it from the house when things were for sale. It's the only one I have. Pass me those slippers, please. He called it 'To Mecca,' but I know he wasn't satisfied with the name."

He nodded absently, and fell to watching her as she brought forth the tea-things and a tiny spirit-lamp, intrigued and dreamily content with her quick, easy indoor fashion of movement. There was a boyish swing in all she did, a suggestion of young limbs and warm blood that was the very essence of sparkling vivacity; yet with it all there was a grace, an assured delicacy of posture, which were appealingly feminine. The swish of her skirts, the slender silk ankle that lay on the rug when she sat down to tend the spirit-lamp that fizzed in the fender, the soft curve from the ear to the neck-band — these stirred him.

"I don't know your name," she reminded him, looking round over her shoulder.

"Watson," he said shortly, "John Watson. And yours?"

"Lyall — Mary Lyall," she answered. "And thus we are introduced in full form. That should satisfy the most respectable notions, shouldn't it?"

He smiled in response to her smile, and she sat back with her hands clasped about her knees for better comfort in talk.

"I really want you to tell me something about what a canvasser is and does," she said seriously. "You know, I'm out of work,— desperately out of it,— and if I could find something of the kind to do——"

He sat up sharply and shook his head. His face was alight with a passion of protest.

"It wouldn't do," he said emphatically. "Good Lord, it would break you, it would simply kill you! It kills men, I tell you. I've known a man cut his throat rather than go on with it."

"Men are so final," she objected. "I shouldn't cut my throat in any case. And, really, I think I could bear it, if I knew what it was."

He shook his head again, but began with a description of his trade. He told her of the directory he worked for, of its shrewd, remorseless publisher, and of the army of poor men and hopeless women who made themselves daily into butts for bad temper and bad manners to win a bare living from it. He grew graphic as he went on, and described some of the managers and head clerks he had to deal with.

"Men like me are a godsend to them," he said bitterly. "They daren't treat any one else as they treat us. We're their meat."

"But they have to give advertisements to somebody?" she asked, and he admitted it.

She busied herself with the tea, and now he watched her with an eager loathing for the prospect of her abasement as a canvasser. While she leaned over the cups, prettily busy, he seethed with wrath at the pictures that grew in his mind of the coarse gallantry of clerks, of the more than coarse familiarity of puffy potentates in inner offices.

"Two lumps?" she asked.

"One, damn it," he snarled, and then diffused himself in apologies. She heard him smilingly, passed him his cup, and let him talk himself to a standstill. But he finished with a question.

"Isn't there anything but this between you and starvation?" he urged.

"Oh, dear me, yes," she answered airily. "I have relations, platoons of them, and benevolent at that."

"But you won't be dependent on them?"

She laughed gaily. "I'm not a heroine," she replied. "I'm willing enough to be dependent on them if I can't manage to be independent. My father was an artist; he went bankrupt and died without a word, but I shall cry out long before I'm actually hurt. But," she went on, considering him gravely as she spoke, "I'd rather not. They bore me terribly. There are people among them that suffocate me. They're all as kind as possible, and they like me. But if I can manage to keep myself, I'd much rather run the gauntlet of the terrible managers than live soberly in one of their big houses and be admired and flattered and all that. Please don't trouble to make excuses for me; think me as silly as you like; but do try to understand that I must have work, if there is any work to be had. Do you think your publisher would employ me?"

"He would, of course," answered Watson. 'He'll employ anybody. He only pays for the advertisements you get — one third of the minimum price and ten per cent on anything you get over that. But —— "

"You're not drinking your tea," she interrupted. "How does one approach him? By letter?"

"Goodness, no." He regarded her with a foreboding eye. "Go along and ask for a job. You — you might come up with me in the morning, and I'll put you in the way of seeing him. But you'll be sorry for it."

"Oh, thank you," she cried. "You are awfully kind to me."

He put his cup down. "Not so kind as you think," he said indistinctly.

"Let me judge," she begged. "At any rate, you will not be to blame if harm were to come of it. You have warned me, and I thank you."

He rose and stretched out his hand to bid her good night. She remained where she was, sitting before the empty fireplace, and took it in her own.

"Tell me, how long have you been a canvasser?" she asked gently.

He met her eyes without flushing. "Three years," he answered. "Longer than I deserve, I think. But I was only a clerk before that, and I couldn't pass the doctor when I tried to enlist."

"You did try?" They were in very intimate proximity, and it warmed him.

"Oh, I tried," he said, and then he left her and went up to his own room.

II

They met in the morning, according to their agreement. Watson was down first, and waited in the narrow hall for the girl, all his nerves a-quiver with the expectation of seeing her again. From the gloomy fastnesses beyond the stairs, the landlady viewed him curiously, emerging at last to have speech. Mrs. Godam was a woman who preserved, on the threshold of age, the juices of youth; the placidity of mature years had not availed to temper the ill nature of harsh experience. She advanced now, dragging her feet over the oil-cloth and shaking her head dolefully.

"You was pretty late in last night," she said.

"Yes," he answered. "Yes, Mrs. Godam; I was a bit late."

"Ah." The woman groaned. Her cold, colourless eye was searching him. "It wasn't you that was ringin' and knockin' 'arf the night, then? Such a time as I had — never a wink! It wasn't you?"

"WATSON APOLOGISED BREATHLESSLY FOR TROUBLING HIM SO LATE—HE ALWAYS BEGAN WITH AN APOLOGY."

"No, Mrs. Godam." For some eason, Watson saw fit to be wary. But Mrs. Godam had kept house for the just and the unjust before he was born.

"I'm glad o' that," she said. "I said to myself it wouldn't be you. And glad I was to 'ear the door open and you goin' up-stairs. 'Ad she forgot her key?"

"Yes, Mrs. Godam." He knew he was trapped directly he had said it. A dull spark burned in the woman's eye. "You see, she wasn't so well acquainted with your rules as we are."

"Ah." Mrs. Godam groaned again. A heavy distress seemed to settle on her, a sense of wrong and shame to prey upon her vitals. "Ah. I've kept a respectable 'ouse 'ere for thirty years, Mr. Watson, an' now it comes to this. I ain't deaf, even if I do go to bed at nine, and a watch kep' on them that —"

Watson interrupted with a vague, inarticulate noise. Mary Lyall was coming down the stairs, and he was resolved she should not be pounced upon by Mrs. Godam. Obviously, their talk in the girl's room had been heard and he was not equal to facing the whole possibility of the results. To his mind, not expulsion alone but real and proper disgrace must follow.

"Good morning, good morning," he flustered. "We've no time, Miss Lyall. We must be getting along at once."

The girl smiled at him, overlooking the brooding but observant Mrs. Godam.

"I'm quite ready," she said brightly. "Which way do we go?"

Mrs. Godam, standing apart, groaned fervently. Mary Lyall turned to look at her.

"Oh, good morning," she said. "I didn't see you."

Mrs. Godam shook her head, and was preparing for speech, when Watson struck in.

"I can't wait," he said feverishly. "Good morning, Mrs. Godam." A groan. "Come on, please," to the girl. He walked to the open door. "If we're late," he said, with surprising sharpness for him, "it'll mean trouble. Now" —with a sudden tone of real authority— "now, come."

She came. He hurried her down the steps and along the pavement, walking with every evidence of businesslike haste till they had turned the corner at the end of the street.

"Was there anything wrong with that old woman?" asked Mary, as he slackened speed.

"M' — well, yes," he answered hesitatingly. "She had something to say about you ringing the bell last night."

Mary laughed. "I hope it bothered her," she remarked. "But why say it to you?"

"That's just it." He spoke forebodingly. "I rather think she overheard us talking last night."

"Well?"

"In your room," he added, flushing.

She thought awhile. "Horrid old beast!" she said suddenly. "Isn't it a vile place, where the most simple surrender to what is convenient sets people sniffing and groaning? I suppose I ought to have guessed it, though. People who live as she does must take colour from their surroundings. Probably she likes Salem Road. But will she turn me out, do you think?"

"She might," he admitted. "If she felt sure, she'd turn us both out."

"Both?" Mary Lyall turned to him with a pink face of laughter. "If she does that, I sha'n't mind a bit — if you don't. We'll find some new place, kept by a wicked woman with a clean mind, and be ever so much more comfortable."

Embarrassment, like a sinewy hand, choked Watson, so that he could only cluck and gurgle.

"Would you mind so much?" insisted the girl. "Have you ever been turned out for such a reason before — thrown into the street with a defenceless gyurl? Wouldn't you enjoy it? I am always grateful when the least little bit of staginess comes to spice my affairs."

She spoke in whole-hearted fun, but with a moving tone of earnestness under it all. There was something besides the zest of the situation in the glance she gave him — fellowship, sympathy, pity — what not? Watson beat down some nameless emotion that threatened to unman him; he felt the prick of tears on his eyes.

"I'm with you," he said hoarsely. "I'll go where you go, now."

She looked at him sharply and met his eyes; then looked away again. A constraint came between them, and in its spell of silence they boarded their tram and fared in to the fringe of the City. None but formal talk passed as they mounted the slope of Fleet Street and turned into the building in which the publisher's offices were housed.

On the stairs he paused for a word of counsel, and saw that she was a little pale and bright-eyed.

"Nervous?" he asked in a whisper.

She nodded and shaped her lips to a smile. "A little," she said.

"It'll be all right," he said reassuringly. "Now listen: speak short and straight to everybody — everybody. To the boss say you want work as a canvasser, and then answer his questions if he asks any. He'll take you on fast enough. It'll soon be over."

He led her into a long room, furnished with a bare table and some cane-bottomed chairs, in which half a dozen listless men sat talking idly. They were greeted with stares. Watson gave her a seat while he went to see about her interview with the publisher, and she took stock of her companions while he was gone. Knowing Watson, it was easy for her to conclude that these, too, were canvassers; she recognised in all of them the same resigned humility, the patience, the still and careless fortitude. In one or two it was masked with a specious heartiness — that loud assurance which is to the canvasser what a good bedside manner is to a doctor. They stared at her brazenly, and she stared back, losing her nervousness as her sense of humour came to reinforce her observation; and presently Watson returned with an elderly clerk who bade her come to the presence.

The door was barely closed behind her when the men commenced to demand particulars from Watson. He told them shortly that she was an applicant for work.

One of them laughed. "She'll get it," he said. "Old Skeesicks" — by this name was the publisher known to his subordinates — "will just cherish her. So would I, in his place. Where did you pick her up, Watson?"

Watson glowered at him across the table. He was something of a butt in that room, but there was no consciousness of it in the scowl he directed at his questioner.

"You wouldn't know the place," he said slowly, his eyes fixed on the other.

The other man, whose name was Bates, laughed again.

"See Watson blush," he said.

The men laughed, but the gibe fell flat. Ordinarily it would have made Watson uncomfortable, and even voluble in denial, but now he turned no hair. He watched their mirth with an unruffled composure — watched till laughter became foolish and they buffoons.

The girl returned at last, her face rather graver than of wont.

"Mr. Slade has taken me on the staff," she said to Watson. "I am to wait here for my list of streets. He said you would explain my work to me and" — she looked round timidly at the others — "and introduce me to my colleagues."

Mr. Bates smiled brilliantly. "Charmed," he said.

Watson named them all round, and to each the girl gave her hand and a smile. Bates was last.

"This," said Watson slowly, "is Mr. Bates, who probably knows more about getting advertisements than all the rest of us put together."

Bates looked puzzled but pleased. "Any little hint I can give you," he said, "I shall be most pleased. You've never done anything of this kind before, miss?"

"No," she replied pleasantly; "it's all before me."

Bates was a large, stout man, and he easily contrived to look fatherly. He sat down opposite the girl and surveyed her.

"Well," he said, and fingered his chin judicially, "it's a business like any other. Money's been made in it, though I never met a man who had made it, myself."

He swelled to his rôle of philosopher and guide in the sun of the girl's interest.

"There's two kinds of canvassers," he went on with authority. "One asks for an ad, and the other gets it. One pulls off his hat at the office door and humbly begs the favour of a few words with the manager; very civil to everybody; begs the office-boy's pardon for breathing the same air: gets hoofed out in ninety seconds by the clock. And then there's the other kind — stamps in with his hat on, spits in the waste-paper basket, swears at the boy, bustles the boss, and dances out, before they've finished gasping, with a full page at full prices. The last kind is what I aim to be, miss. It may not be gentlemanly, but it's engaging."

"Surely," agreed the girl. "I wonder if I could manage to do it. It's absolutely necessary to swear at the boy?"

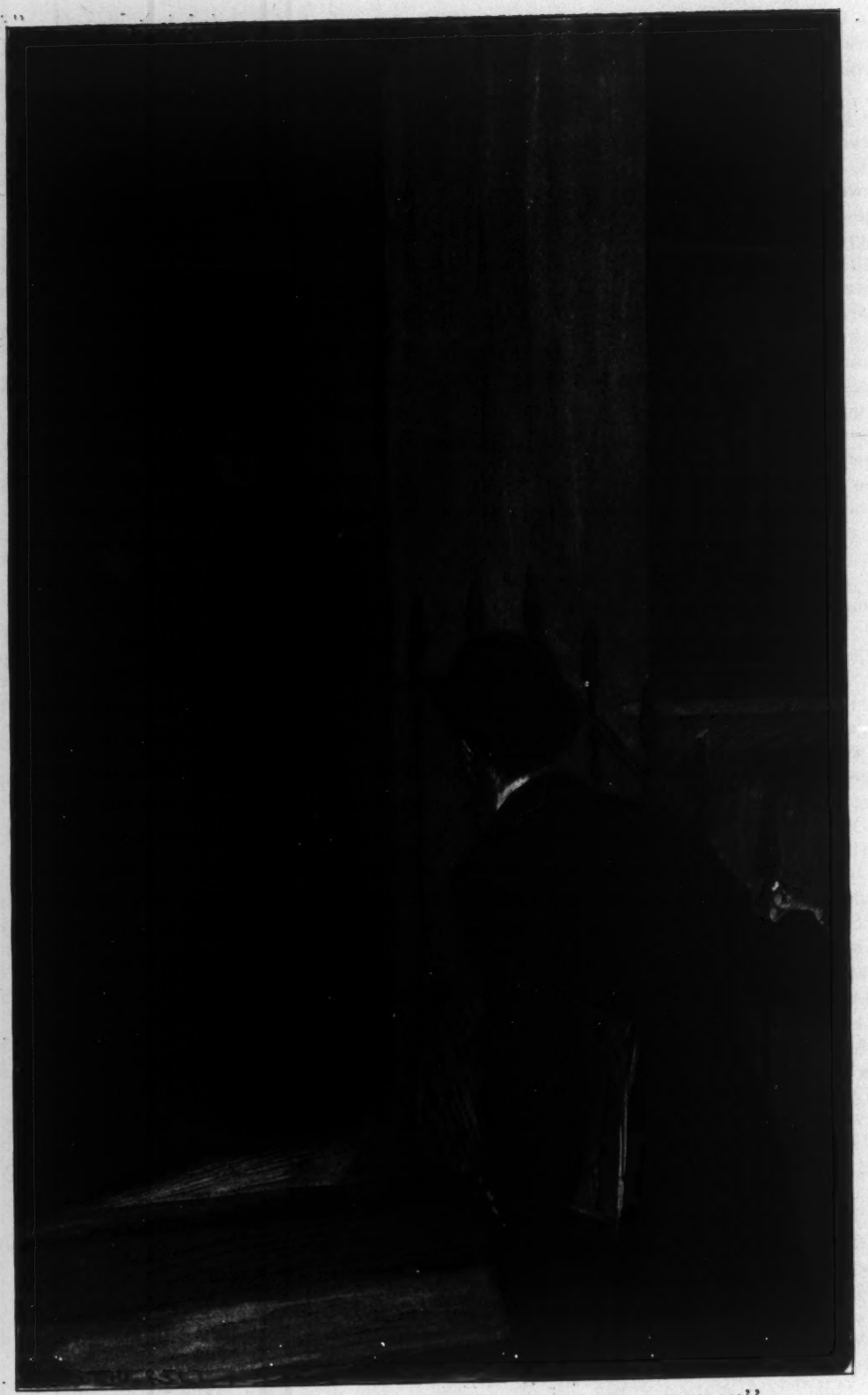
Bates smiled encouragingly. "You know what I mean," he said. "Snappy, cute, and smart — that's the kind. You might do very well; there's no saying. If a manager cottoned to your style, you could bleed him to suit yourself. I don't know that I wouldn't recommend you, with your looks and your style, to see the head of the firm. Those big men are awful fools, as often as not."

The elderly clerk entered just then with the lists, one of which was handed to each canvasser. This determined his "pitch" for the day, the streets in which he was to sue for advertisements. Further, each received a cardboard portfolio with specimen pages of the directory and the like literature.

Bates examined the girl's list.

"Ah, they've sent you south of the water," he observed. "Well, sometimes those little places are the best. Mind, now: snappy, cute, and smart, and don't be above taking a compliment in the spirit in which it's offered. Good luck to you, miss."

The men were going about their business, and Bates waved a dogskin glove and walked off. Mary turned to Watson.



"IN THE DIMNESS HE SAW THAT IT WAS A WOMAN"

"I'm in the City again," he said.

She looked her disappointment. "I had hoped we should be somewhere near each other."

"But I can come with you, if you like," he said eagerly. "I can manage to attend to my list to-morrow."

But she shook her head. "This is serious work," she replied. "At least, we must try and make it so. And you earned nothing yesterday — you told me so. No; let's go to our work and do our best, and meet afterwards. Where shall we meet?"

It was agreed they should meet at the office, not later than six o'clock, and Watson saw her go off, very serious and resolute, but with somewhat of a tendency to stop and think things over. Then he turned to his own work.

He had plenty to occupy his mind now besides the fears that were wont to enthrall him at every threshold he crossed in the way of business. The memory of Mrs. Godam's suspicions and his worry as to their possible consequences sat on him heavily. But for once he was not acquiescent to his trouble; there was rebellion in his thoughts.

"She'll throw us out, will she?" he reflected. The "us" was quite unconscious. "Well, then, let her. We'll find a better place."

And on the heels of this came the determination to earn something at once; it was really the outcast's instinct to have a weapon in his hand. His first place of call was the establishment of a maker of artificial flowers. He entered without hesitation.

To the first clerk he saw he addressed his enquiry for the proprietor. Perhaps it was because he was abstracted, dwelling elsewhere in thought, that he spoke without cringing, saying briefly and simply what he wanted. In the same fashion he dealt with the proprietor; the whole thing was almost automatic. He got an advertisement almost without noticing what he was doing. From one office to another and in and out of shops he walk distraught, intent upon the one vision — that of himself and Mary faring forth from Salem Road in search of shelter together. The pictures he conjured were a little conventional in detail: he held the girl by the hand always, and behind them Mrs. Godam had a comminatory attitude. It was not till the lunch-hour in the City forced an interval of idleness upon him that he came to himself, and then he entered a bun-shop for food and to take stock of his morning's work.

The results of the latter process staggered him. The counterfoils of his order-book were not to be questioned, for each had to be filled in and signed by the advertiser himself. Already he had gained a normal week's wage, and he sustained something like a shock of fear as he examined the proofs. "How the deuce did I do that?" he was asking himself. And with the question came a feeling so long absent from Watson's experience that it was new again — the feeling of hope, a wonder whether he might not, after all, achieve something to make him a person of consideration and bodily comfort, like a manager. He felt brazen and capable, and strutted a little as he walked forth from the shop.

Slade, the publisher, was sometimes a crude fool, for the next place on Watson's list was a huge shop of many departments, an attempt at the American department-store, which should never have been left to an ordinary canvasser to deal with in the course of a day's work. In his new mood, Watson walked in at its main entrance and down a long aisle of counters to where a brass and bright-wood office was screened off. He found a pigeonhole window labelled "ORDERS," and here faced a spruce person with a worried air.

"I've come about the advertising," said Watson succinctly.

"Where from? What advertising?" demanded the clerk.

"From Slade's," replied Watson. "Your advertising, of course."

"Well, you'll have to see the secretary about it, I suppose," sighed the clerk. "There's no more system in this concern than there are feathers on a frog. First floor — room on the right."

The secretary proved to be a straw-coloured young man with spectacles.

"I confess I don't understand this advertising business, myself," he said sadly. "Do you know who it was sent for you?"

"No," replied Watson, with a crazy hope making his heart leap.

"Well, here's the detail of the advertising appropriation," said the melancholy secretary, passing over some type-written sheets. "There doesn't seem to be a man in the place who knows how to go about it. Can you make head or tail of it?"

Watson glanced over it. "It seems to be all in order," he answered. "It wants knowing, of course; advertising is a big business nowadays. We'd better take the whole thing off your hands. Who signs the contracts here?"

"I do," said the secretary. "But I don't know that we altogether want a contract. Oughtn't we to have an advertising man of our own?"

"It's for you to judge," said Watson. "Our agency will do the whole work for you on

commission. An advertising man would cost you five hundred a year, or thereabouts."

The secretary sighed and pondered. "They always have one in America," he murmured. "I'm sure I don't know." He looked at Watson hopefully. "I suppose you wouldn't be willing to give a man your honest advice, would you?"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," answered Watson, quite briskly. "I'll send you up a form of contract, and you can figure out for yourself which will suit you best. Then you can drop me a line, and I'll come up and talk to you again. How will that do for you?"

"Have a cigar," begged the secretary. "Fill your case, won't you? You've taken a load off my mind. I don't mind telling you that this advertising business has given me a pain. I'm not used to it; I've got a weak heart. For God's sake, don't forget to leave your address."

This achievement warranted Watson in returning to the office and seeking an interview with Mr. Slade. The publisher was benevolent and his manner affectionate.

"A little more of this kind of thing, Mr. Watson," he said, "and I shall have to promote you." His fine, full eye wandered a little. "It would be a pity to risk losing this contract now," he went on. "It wants a sure hand, Mr. Watson. Genius — like yours — for the early stages, but an old, wise hand to clinch things. So — er — I'll just send Mr. Bates up with that contract." The publisher nodded. "The work is now merely mechanical," he said. "The credit is yours, my boy. I shall not fail to remember it. This," proudly, "is no sweat-shop."

So Watson went into the long room to sit at the bare table, count up his earnings, and wait for Mary.

III

Soon after six she came, flushed and tired, but buoyed with the sense of achievement. The swish of her skirts was strange in that room.

"I got two," she announced triumphantly, before she greeted him. "I've been into about a hundred places, I should think. Such a day! I never knew what the world was peopled with before. But I got two, at any rate."

"Aren't you sick of it?" asked Watson.

"Not a bit," she laughed. She was sitting on a corner of the table, patting her hair to rights, with one dusty foot swinging free of the floor. "Not a bit. It's simply crammed with interest. In one place — a laundry — they asked me to stop and have tea. I did, and I got one of my advertisements there. The man told me the whole story of his life. The two advertisements together cost seven pounds, so I've made two pounds six and eightpence already."

Watson took up her order-book and glanced at it, shaking his head.

"Isn't that right?" she demanded.

"Not quite," he answered gently. "Two one-third pages are one pound at minimum rates, which gives you six and eight. Ten per cent of the surplus is twelve shillings — eighteen and eightpence all together. That is capital, anyhow, but —— "

"But what?"

"Well, you see, one of the ads is for a shop. That means you won't get paid for it till the advertiser pays up. These small shops are sometimes willing enough to advertise, but you have to cut the money out of them with a knife."

Her face fell expressively. For a moment he thought she was going to cry.

"Still," he hastened to say, "you've made over ten shillings. You'll look back on this as one of your good days, later on. Hand in your stuff and let's be getting along."

Remorse stabbed him as he saw how the buoyancy had left her as she gathered up her papers and went in to leave them with the clerk. His own success and his own disappointment lost their savour by it. She came forth again with her pallor of weariness unrelieved by vivacity. His protective instinct welled up at the sight of it.

"It's a curious trade," was all she said.

They were going down the stairs at the moment, and he ventured to lay hold of her arm as he replied.

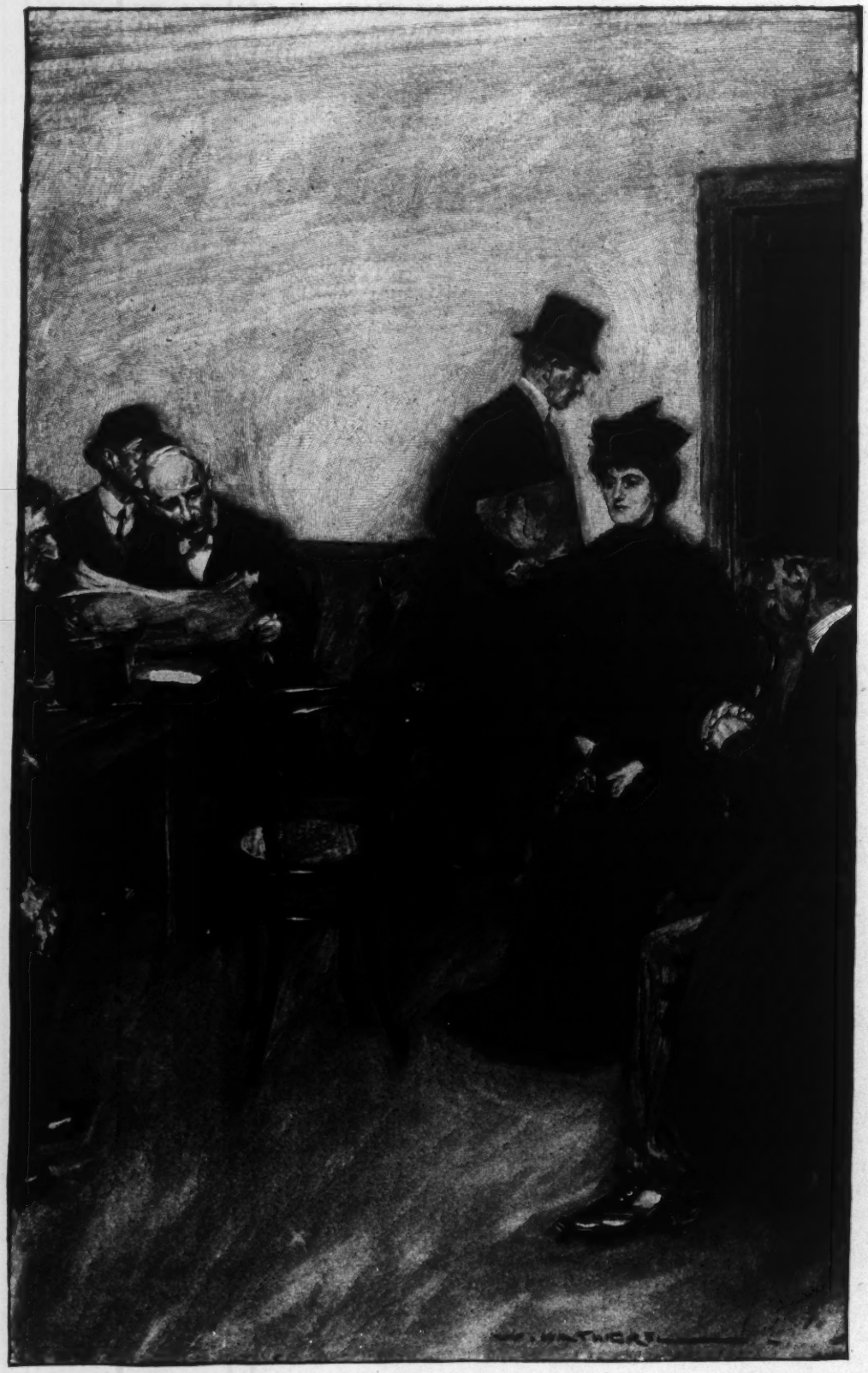
"It's a trade for disappointed people," he answered, "not for you. It's only for those who have come to nothing, like crime, or drink, or the workhouse."

"Then it's not for you, either," she answered, with spirit.

"Thank you," he said, after a pause.

Night was settling on the streets, and they went together along the brisk pavements and over the seething crossings. It was the hour of London's mood of relaxation, when those upon the streets have other ends than labour, and the lights make war on the despondent shadows. At this hour one knows the charm of being in the midst of one's fellow-men; there is a sympathy in the air to reconcile even canvassers with life. It was a tonic to both to be abroad in it, as they fared in search of a bun-shop for their evening meal; the rapids of Fleet Street broke upon them, as they breasted its rise, with an invigorating effect; they arrived at the

"'YOU WAS PRETTY LATE IN LAST NIGHT,' SHE SAID"



"THEY STARED AT HER BRAZENLY, AND SHE STARED BACK, LOSING HER NERVOUSNESS AS HER SENSE OF HUMOUR CAME TO REINFORCE HER OBSERVATION"

Aërated Bread-Shop in Chancery Lane, freshened as though with a plunge in sweet waters.

"You smoke, don't you?" asked the girl, and, when Watson had admitted it, she insisted they should feed in the smoking-room. He demurred, of course, but she overbore him.

"Don't be so ladylike," she said, as they chose their place. "If you try to coddle me, I'll slap you or something. Would you like to hear a horrible secret? Well, I smoke, myself. If this room grows decently empty while we eat, I'm going to have a cigarette. There."

"I shall shout for help if you do," declared Watson.

Mary's briskness was returning to her rapidly. She was of that happy species to whom cheerfulness is a normal state. She chattered continuously while they ate, absolving him altogether from the duty of small talk. As to Watson, he was well satisfied to sit back and watch her, and rejoice in the return of the flush to her face, and in the renewed playfulness of her talk. He was conscious of a mental uplifting in her society. To be with Mary, to share the hours with her, to cap her jests and furnish platitudes for her to sparkle upon, was promotion. And yet he could not quite rid himself of the sense that it was also dissipation. But, as far as he introspected, he found only enjoyment and relish, to prolong to the utmost. The days which should be bare of her were not to be thought upon.

They lingered over their meal, and at its conclusion Mary made a business of the threatened cigarette. Virtuous waitresses sniffed sonorously, but in vain. A mild man in a far corner, who stared in patent astonishment, was glared into confusion by Watson. Mary tried to stir him to nervousness by volubly anticipating ignominious ejectment from the place. She simulated terror at each passing employee.

"You're tremendously brave," she remarked, as she extinguished the last of the cigarette in her saucer.

"I know I am," he replied. "Nothing frightens me but Mrs. Godam. Braver men than I have quailed before her."

She turned sharply towards him. "Why do you mention Mrs. Godam?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders uneasily. "I've had her in my mind all day," he answered. "She's a pretty unpleasant kind, you know, and I'm sure she suspects something about last night."

"Well, and if she does?"

"If she does? Only this: she'll do her level best to subject us to the beastliest inconvenience she can. I remember once there was a young girl in the house who — was careless; and Mrs. Godam turned her out by force in the middle of the night."

Mary's face was hard and hot.

"I don't *quite* see," she said slowly, "why you persist in putting this matter to me."

"Don't you?" asked Watson sharply.

She flushed. "No, I don't," she answered. "You seem to harp on the vileness of Mrs. Godam in a rather significant manner. I don't know what her doubts may be, and I won't be told; but do you want me to think that you share them?"

Watson was red to the roots of his hair when she finished, but he spoke without distress.

"You know very well why I spoke about Mrs. Godam," he said earnestly. "You can't make me think you are stupid. And as to her opinions, I'd rather"— he choked, but spoke on — "I'd rather cut off my hand than have you think they were mine."

"Well, then," she began, but he stopped her.

"I don't want you to be in trouble," he said. "Never mind why, but I hate to think of it. I could easily enough be glad of a chance to help you, but I don't want you to be bothered just to give me that satisfaction. That's why I spoke, and I think you might be decent enough to admit that you know it."

She bent her head and played with the tea-things on the table. He watched her intently, they two isolated in the long room amid the little tables.

"I do know it," she said at last, very quietly. "You have done me one service, at any rate, and I am sorry I was ungrateful."

He protested almost passionately. "There is no service for you to be grateful about," he said. "You mustn't make that mistake. I don't want you to be grateful. You grateful to a weed like me — it's absurd! It is I that am grateful, indeed, and as long as I live I shall always think of you with thanksgiving."

She would not turn to look at him, but "Why?" she asked in a low tone.

"I don't think you could ever understand," he said, "what it has meant to know you even for one evening and a day. You see, there has been plenty in your life; you come to this flatness from a time when you have been occupied with friendships and interests. You lose so much in the descent that you can hardly see how much I gain by meeting you and being friends with you. You make me feel as though something wild and riotous had happened. I hated things as they were; what I hadn't given in to, I hated. You change everything; there is nothing to hate now, and as to giving in — well, I'm wondering at this minute if it isn't

somebody else's turn to give in. But you could never understand it."

He ceased, and she looked up, her face serene and unsmiling, but with the light of laughter in her eyes.

"How wrong you are," she said. "How wrong! I understand it altogether. I shouldn't be a woman if I didn't."

He was staring blankly, and she smiled on him. "It's you that don't understand," she said. "But you will. I'm so glad you told me. Let's go now. We can talk in the streets."

As they walked towards Holborn to gain their tram, she passed her hand through his arm.

"Do one thing for me," she begged, in a whisper.

"Yes," he said.

She glanced appreciatively at his profile. His unquestioning acquiescence touched her.

"Just now, when you were speaking of yourself, you said 'a weed like me.' I want you not to think so meanly of yourself."

He did not answer. But the next man who brushed against Watson did not prevail, but ricochetted into the roadway. He was doing what Mary had asked.

They walked awhile in Holborn, looking in at the shop-windows to kill time, and then boarded their homeward tram. On an outer seat, with the wind in their faces, they sat, and saw lesser London slide past, to the iron rumble of the wheels. They spoke little, for both were yet somewhat dazed by the spate of their emotions; but they sat in a confidential closeness, elbow to elbow.

In sad Salem Road the girl turned to Watson.

"Are you coming for some tea to-night?" she asked.

"It isn't wise," he said; "we're bound to be found out sooner or later."

"But are you?" she persisted.

"It's downright dangerous," he urged weakly.

She laughed. "Do come," she said.

"Of course I will," he answered, and managed an answering laugh.

With elaborate care the door was opened and they tiptoed up, creeping over the narrow landings, where every board under the worn oil-cloth had a tongue to protest. Mary shook a fist at the door behind which Mrs. Godam had presumably swamped her "notions" in sleep, and Watson sniggered. He had quite abandoned his scruples by this time. As before, he went first to his own quarters to deposit hat and overcoat and wash his hands, and then down he came to Mary, full of anticipation of an hour of her company.

Though he had been there but the one time before, the room had for him the welcome of familiarity. He liked its aspect without knowing why, or without detaching it from the charm of the girl's personality. And, moreover, the whole proceeding had its midnight glamour, its spice of the unconventional, to tickle the palate of his soul. Mary met him with a smile, looking up from her business with the spirit-lamp, and he sat himself down in the rocking-chair, facing the picture on the mantel-shelf. Its straining, bowed, indomitable man, a scar of effort athwart the ribbon of sunset, loomed out at him; and some hint of association puzzled him for the moment.

"Still looking at the piccy?" asked Mary, glancing up.

"It's wonderful," he said.

She rose to her feet and looked at it. "Yes," she said, "it is wonderful. That is how an idle man, a splendid trifler, who never resisted an impulse or fought a temptation, saw himself. My father was sweet; if he had been strong and persistent, we could not have loved him as we did. But he was fluid, a woman in will. And yet — he painted that. It makes me wonder sometimes if —— "

She paused, staring at the picture.

"Yes?" said Watson.

"—if we really knew him," she went on. "See how he could visualise effort, as though it were familiar to him." She pointed to the canvas. "It was the only thing of the kind that he did, and he said it was suggested to him by seeing a child carrying a parcel too heavy for it. That's how he saw men and women in their lives — overburdened children. There are things to think about in it, aren't there?"

"Yes," he replied thoughtfully.

"But he called it 'To Mecca,'" she mused. "I wish I knew why."

This time Watson made no answer. He was sitting bolt upright, in an attitude of listening.

"What is it?" asked Mary, startled.

He hushed her with his hand, and she fell to listening, too. The staircase was creaking beneath a careful step: some one was approaching.

"I'll bolt," whispered Watson, rising in panic. "It's Mrs. Godam."

"Sit down," commanded Mary. "Perhaps it isn't, and, even if it is, we mustn't put ourselves in the wrong. Sit down."

At that moment Mrs. Godam, in a black dressing-gown, pushed the door open and glided in, with the sour face of doom.

Watson never admired Mary so much as in that moment. Mrs. Godam was groaning hollowly; she drooped where she stood, as though

vercome in the face of a tragedy; and he himself shrank before the respectable woman's sense of outrage. But Mary fronted her serenely, with an eye now and again to the little spitting kettle.

"Did you knock?" she demanded of Mrs. Godam.

Mrs. Godam groaned. "Knock?" she repeated, in stricken accents. "Knock!"

"I can't have you walking into my room in this manner," pursued Mary sharply. "You ought to know better. What do you want?"

Mrs. Godam, surprised from her posture of grief, surveyed her bitterly. Her cold eye travelled deliberately from the girl's face to her feet, then up and down again. In Godam circles, this is the manner of giving battle. Then she turned to Watson and addressed him.

"No doubt you was led on," she said commiseratingly. "No doubt you was led on. Not that that's any excuse. A respectable 'ouse I keep, and will keep, and such goings on belongs outside of 'ere."

"Mrs. Godam," said Mary, "I asked you what you wanted."

"Oh, did you, ma'am?" replied Mrs. Godam. She warmed to the affair like a torpid snake thawing into life. "You did, did you? You was so good as to ask me that, eh? Well, ma'am, I'll go so far as to tell you that I want you and the likes of you out of my 'ouse. That's what I want. You think I don't know your sort, but, thank 'eavens, my eyes are open. You're the sort —— "

Watson galvanised himself to speech and struck in.

"That will do," he said, in a voice of decision that surprised himself. "You are making a very serious mistake, Mrs. Godam. Miss Lyall and I work in the same office, and came in together. We were going to have a cup of tea and that's all."

Mary laughed. "All? Why, what else should there be?"

"Ah!" Mrs. Godam groaned. "Excuses is easy to you slippery ones. I've 'ad to do with such before now, so you needn't think to come over me with your cups of tea."

Mary turned to Watson. "Can you understand her?"

"Ah, can you!" retorted Mrs. Godam. "It won't take you long to get your 'at on, I take it. Your rent is nine shilling to now. You'll settle before you go, or your box don't leave this room. Your rent" — she turned to Watson — "is six and six."

"I'll pay when I fetch my things," said Watson gloomily.

"Really," cried Mary, "this is too silly! You seem to think I'm going to walk out into the streets just to oblige you, Mrs. Godam."

"Yes," said Mrs. Godam, "that's what I think."

"There's no choice," said Watson. "She'll raise the whole house and half the street. She'll stop at nothing. She's done it before."

"That I have," corroborated Mrs. Godam, almost cordially.

Mary looked from one to the other with a pucker between her brows.

"So we really must go?" she asked. "Well, we'll have our tea, and we'll go. Look at her, Mr. Watson. She's old, and yet she can do this. She may die to-night. How funny that would be!"

"Would it?" For the moment Mrs. Godam was almost vivacious. "Would it, indeed? Don't you think it, ma'am."

"Sit down, Mr. Watson," said Mary. "The tea won't be a minute. Fancy that old woman dying, with this done — all alone and hated." She busied herself with the cups and saucers, bestowing no look on the uneasy Mrs. Godam.

"You know," said Watson skillfully, "she's had a stroke already."

"That's what it is, then," remarked Mary. "I noticed something in her face. How funny!"

Mrs. Godam, upright by the door, choked.

"One more word," she said, "one more word from you, me lady, and I call the 'ouse."

Mary handed Watson his cup. "She's getting excited," she observed calmly. "Did you hear her gulp? Perhaps it's coming on. I hope she won't die in here until we've finished our tea."

With a smothered ejaculation, Mrs. Godam left the room. She was not feeling at all well. Ten minutes later, when she closed the street door behind Watson and Mary Lyall, she felt a little better.

The two stood on the pavement of Salem Road, houseless, and laughed at each other.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

MARY BAKER G. EDDY

THE STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

BY

GEORGINE MILMINE

IX

LITERARY ACTIVITIES

ILLUSTRATION FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

WHEN Mrs. Eddy reopened the Massachusetts Metaphysical College after her husband's death in 1882 and, with half a dozen of her students, settled down to her old routine of teaching, she soon began to plan for a monthly publication which should be devoted to the interests of Christian Science. Quite as willing to contribute to the Boston dailies as she had been to enliven with prose and verse the columns of the more modest weeklies of Lynn, Mrs. Eddy wrote a great many press notices regarding her church and college, and it was Arthur Buswell's business to take these about to the various newspaper offices and attempt to place them. Editors, however, were often prejudiced by Mrs. Eddy's involved style and extravagant claims, and their unwillingness to print many of her contributions suggested to Mr. Buswell and Mrs. Eddy that they have a periodical of their own.

On April 14, 1883, the *Journal of Christian Science*, a small eight-page monthly, made its appearance, bearing the name of Mary B. Glover Eddy as editor. The new magazine opened with a prospectus which began as follows: "The ancient Greek looked longingly for the Olympiad. The Chaldee watched for the appearing of a star; to him, no higher destiny dawned upon the dome of being than that foreshadowed by the signs in the heavens." Whether Mrs. Eddy meant to imply that just so the modern world waited for Christian Science, the reader must conjecture; she certainly does not say so, nor does she say anything at all about the purpose or policy of her journal. The only sentence in the prospectus which could be construed as having anything to do with her magazine is the following, which would seem to indicate her intended policy as editor, though this is not very clear:

"While we entertain decided views as to the best method for elevating the race, physically, morally, and spiritually, and shall express these views as duty demands, we shall claim no especial gifts from our divine origin, or any supernatural power," etc.

The founding of the *Journal* was perhaps the most important step Mrs. Eddy had taken since she came to Boston, as it afterward proved one of the most effective means of extending her influence and widening the boundaries of Christian Science. In the beginning the magazine had but a handful of subscribers, and the cost of printing it was not more than thirty or forty dollars an issue. This sum was raised by voluntary subscription, nearly all the Christian Scientists contributing money except Mrs. Eddy.

Influence of the "Journal"

Although her subscription-list was small, Mrs. Eddy knew what to do with her *Journal*. Copies found their way to remote villages in Missouri and Arkansas, to lonely places in Nebraska and Colorado, where people had much time for reflection, little excitement, and a great need to believe in miracles. The metaphor of the bread cast upon the waters is no adequate suggestion of the result. Mrs. Eddy and Christian Science began to be talked of far away in the mountains and in the prairie villages. Lonely and discouraged people brooded

over these editorials which promised happiness to sorrow and success to failure. The desperately ill had no quarrel with the artificial rhetoric of these testimonials in which people declared that they had been snatched from the brink of the grave.

Soon after the *Journal* was started, Mrs. Emma Hopkins, an intelligent and sincere young woman, came to Boston to assume the assistant editorship of the magazine. Mrs. Hopkins had first met Mrs. Eddy at the house of one of her friends, where Mrs. Eddy had been engaged to give a parlor lecture on Christian Science. The young woman became deeply interested in this new doctrine, and, although after her first meeting with Mrs. Eddy she carried away an unfavorable impression, she soon fell completely under the spell of that remarkable personality; thought her handsome, stimulating, inspiring, and very different from any woman she had ever known. She entered one of Mrs. Eddy's classes and went through the same experience that sensitive students of an earlier date describe: during the lectures she felt uplifted and carried beyond herself; and in describing the effect of Mrs. Eddy's words upon her hearers Mrs. Hopkins uses the same figure that we have heard before in Lynn — that of the wind stirring the wheatfield. When Mrs. Hopkins became assistant editor of the *Journal*, she went to live in Mrs. Eddy's house on Columbus Avenue, where the editorial work was done. She remained there for two years, until, worn out by Mrs. Eddy's tyranny and selfishness, and saddened by her own disillusionment, Mrs. Hopkins left the house and never communicated with Mrs. Eddy again. Mrs. Eddy afterward attacked her savagely in the *Journal*, and applied to her the old terms of opprobrium.

In the fall of 1885 Mrs. Sarah H. Crosse succeeded Mrs. Hopkins as assistant editor of the *Journal*, and she, in turn, was succeeded by Frank Mason, who became both editor and publisher about the end of 1888.

Mrs. Eddy Playing Editor

In its early years the *Journal of Christian Science* was almost as much Mrs. Eddy as was the Massachusetts Metaphysical College. At sixty-two Mrs. Eddy fell to playing editor with the same zest with which she had entered upon the activities of her church and college. She wrote much of the *Journal* herself, and what she did not originate she selected and largely rewrote, keeping a sharp eye on the articles and editorials written by her assistants and revising them very thoroughly. She was especially solicitous about the articles which dealt with herself, and she was almost equally anxious that the articles should deal with little else. The *Journal of Christian Science* was then scarcely more than the monthly gazette of Mrs. Eddy's doings — the diary which chronicled her thoughts and activities, and which minutely recorded the tributes of her courtiers. She no longer had to get out a new edition of "Science and Health" to give vent to her feelings about a newly discovered mesmerist. Once a month she audited her accounts, and the *Journal* was her clearing-house. Through its columns the new favorite was exalted and the old relegated to his place among the mesmerized. In one column we find, in large type, a card of thanks for a 21-pound turkey which some one had sent for Mrs. Eddy's New Year's dinner; in another a tirade upon animal magnetism; and in still another the following acknowledgment of Christmas gifts:

"From Bradford Sherman, C. S., and his wife Mrs. Mattie Sherman, C. S., of Chicago,— Wild Flowers of Colorado, a large elegantly bound and embellished book, containing twenty-two paintings of the gorgeous flowers of the Occident.

"From Mrs. Hannah A. Larminie, C. S., of Chicago,— a book with a sweet, illustrated poem, and a very elegant pocket-handkerchief.

"From Mrs. Mattie Williams, C. S.,— a large, fine photograph of her beautiful home in Columbus, Wisconsin. On the piazza are herself and husband; on the grounds in front, her children with their bicycles.

"MARY B. G. EDDY."*

This annual acknowledgment of Mrs. Eddy's Christmas gifts in the *Journal* grew more formidable as the years went by. In 1889 Mrs. Eddy listed her presents as follows:

"LIST OF INDIVIDUAL OFFERINGS

"Eider-down pillow, white satin with gold embroidery. Eider-down pillow, blue silk, hand-painted, and fringed with lace. Pastel painting of Minnehaha Falls, with silvered easel. Silver nut-pick set. Painted Sèvres China tea-set. Book, Beautiful Story, 576 pages, with steel engravings and lithographs. The Doré Bible Gallery, embellished. Brussels-lace tie. Silken sofa-scarf, inwrought with gold. Pansy bed, in water-colors, with bronze frame. Stand for lemonade-set. Silver combination-set. Silk and lace mat. Embroidered linen handkerchief, in silken sachet-holder. Chinese jar. Silk-embroidered plush table-scarf. Connected

* *Christian Science Journal*, January, 1886.

reclining-pillows. Work of art, White and Franconia Mountains. Transparent painting of Jacqueminots. Satin and lace pin-cushion. Barometer. Cabinet photograph-holder. Perfumery. Large variety of books and poems. Face of the Madonna, framed in oak and ivory. Moon-mirror, with silver setting, and 'the Man in the Moon.' Hand-painted blotter. Embroidered linen handkerchiefs. Blue silk-embroidered shawl. Plush portemonnaie. Openwork linen handkerchief. Charm slumber-robe. Bible Pearls of Promise. Large white silk banner with silver fringe. Sachet bags. Two velvet table mats. Silver holder for stereoscopic views. Two fat Kentucky turkeys. Hosts of bouquets and Christmas cards."

The following year, 1890, her publisher, Mr. William G. Nixon, tried to persuade Mrs. Eddy to omit a detailed list of her Christmas offerings, and she wrote him:

"I requested you through Mr. Frye to reinstate my notice of my Christmas gifts, for the reasons I herein name.

"Students are constantly telling me how they felt the *mental* impression this year to make me *no* presents, and when they overcame it were strengthened and blessed. For this reason — viz., to discourage mental malpractice and to encourage those who beat it — I want that notice published."

Many of Mrs. Eddy's contributions to the *Journal* have been collected and reprinted in the volume known as "Miscellaneous Writings." While even in the very latest edition of "Science and Health" the flavor of Mrs. Eddy lingers on every page, like a dominating strain of blood that cannot be bred out, the book has been rearranged and retouched by so many hands that the personal element has been greatly moderated. In the old files of the *Journal*, however, we seem to get Mrs. Eddy with singular directness and to come into very intimate contact with her. When she is angry one can fairly hear the voice behind the type, and when she bestows royal favors one can see the smile at the other end of the copy. These contributions were usually written in precipitate haste, and reached the despairing printer at the last possible moment, almost unintelligible, full of inaccuracies and errors, and, except for an occasional period, innocent of all punctuation. The copy-reader or assistant editor did what he could at editing it as he fed it to the compositors — and the point is that he did not do too much. In the columns of the *Journal* one gets Mrs. Eddy's pages hot from her hand, as if they had not been touched since the copy-boy dashed with them out of the door of 571 Columbus Avenue. In her editorial function she is more at ease than in her more strictly sacerdotal one, and in her contributions to her paper she sounds all the stops of her instrument. As she says, she "commands and countermands" and "thunders to the sinner," but for happier occasions she has a lighter tone, and she is by turns peppery and playful. A student in Chicago offends, and Mrs. Eddy calls her a "suckling" and a "petty western editress." Her students send her a watch at Christmastide, and she thanks them for their "timely" gift. They give her a fish-pond, and she asks them to pond-er.

A Strictly Personal Organ

During the early years Mrs. Eddy opened each number of the *Journal* with a crashing editorial, and, in addition to this, she conducted, under her own name, a "Questions and Answers" column, in which she met and settled queries like the following:

"*Has Mrs. Eddy lost her power to heal?*

"Has the sun forgotten to shine and the planets to revolve around it? Who was it discovered, demonstrated and teaches Christian Science?" etc.

Mrs. Eddy did not hesitate to answer personal criticism and to reply to gossip in the columns of her paper. On one occasion she replies to the old story, which was forever cropping up in Lynn, that she was addicted to the use of morphine. She says that when a mesmerist was attempting to poison her, she did take large doses of morphine to see whether she were still susceptible to poison. "Years ago, when the mental malpractice of poison was undertaken by a mesmerist, to thwart that design, I experimented by taking some large doses of morphine to watch the effect, and I say it with tearful thanks, the drug had no effect upon me whatever, — the hour had struck, 'if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them.'"*

Several years later the *Journal* takes up some petty criticism which had been made regarding Mrs. Eddy's dress:

"Such views of Christian Science are well illustrated in a little incident that happened to the author of SCIENCE AND HEALTH a year or two ago, when she was the active pastor of the Scientist church in Boston. She had a custom of answering from the platform, questions that were passed up in writing. On one occasion she found this inquiry, 'How can a Christian Scientist afford to wear diamonds and be clad in purple velvet?' She stepped forward and

* *Christian Science Journal*, April, 1885.

REV. JAMES HENRY WIGGIN

The Unitarian minister who was for four years Mrs. Eddy's literary adviser and who helped her to rewrite "Science and Health"

answered, 'This ring that I wear was given me several years ago as a thank-offering from one I had brought from death back to life; for a long time I could not wear it, but my husband induced me to accustom myself by putting it on in the night, and finally I came to see it only as a sign of recognition and gratitude of my master, and to love it as such; this purple velvet is "purple," but it is velveteen that I paid one dollar and fifty cents for, and I have worn it for several years, but it seems to be perpetually renewed, like the widow's cruse.'"*

But the discussion of Mrs. Eddy and her affairs by no means ends with her signed contributions. During the first five years of the magazine's existence Mrs. Eddy was the theme of almost every article, testimonial, and letter.

* *Christian Science Journal*, February, 1889.

There are poems to the "bold innovator in the realms of thought," and scattered here and there are miscellaneous extracts of which the following, signed "Lily of Israel," will illustrate the drift and character:

"PROPHECY

"'She existed from the beginning before all ages, and will not cease to exist throughout all ages; it is she who shall create in Heaven a light which shall never be extinguished; she shall rise in the midst of her people, and she shall be blessed over all those who are blessed by God, for she shall open the doors of the East, and the Desired of Nations shall appear.'"*

The "Healing Department"

The "Healing Department" of the *Journal*, which held a prominent place and was perhaps the strongest element in its success, reports at length the alleged cures made by the practising healers and, in many instances, by the mere reading of "Science and Health." While this department was of great value in giving publicity to the claims of Christian Science, its recital of the details of illness and suffering make painful reading and seem rather too intimately personal for quotation. A few of the headings will illustrate the character of these communications: "Liver Complaint of Long Standing Cured by Half an Hour's Talk"; "Cancer on the Face, Badly Broken Out, Cured in One Week"; "Heart Trouble and Dropsy, with Great Swelling of the Limbs, of Thirty Years' Standing, Cured in Two Treatments"; "Bright's Disease and also Scrofulous Bunches on the Neck Cured in Three Weeks"; "Woman Had Twenty-nine Surgical Operations"; "Had Seventeen Physicians"; "Cancer and Lockjaw"; "Cured of Both Paralysis and Mormonism."

One amusing report states that "a girl nineteen years old who was dumb and had never spoken commenced talking after her third treatment as if she was thinking aloud and has talked ever since." In another, an Englishman, the Rev. I. G. W. Bishop, of Herts, writes to Mrs. Eddy that reading "Science and Health" has saved his life, and tells her that he would come to thank her in person if he were not afraid of dysentery and the heat of the American summer. Among these notes on healing, the following, from the *Journal* of October, 1887, deserves mention:

"DOG AND RATTLESNAKE

"DEAR JOURNAL: Our dog was bitten by a rattlesnake on the tongue a short time ago, and the verdict, as is usual in such cases, was death; but through the understanding of God's promise that we shall handle serpents and not be harmed, if we but believe, I was able to demonstrate over the belief in four days. The dog is now as well as ever.

"MRS. M. E. DARNELL."

In the *Journal* of April, 1885, occurs an interesting paragraph regarding General Grant (then in his last illness), which asserts that his physicians "are hastening him toward the manifestations of the death symptoms they hold so definitely in mind, with all the formulating speed they are capable of."

From 1883 to 1887 the *Journal* devotes considerable space to mesmerism, although some of Mrs. Eddy's students besought her to place less emphasis upon this doctrine. In the *Journal* of October, 1885, she rebukes such conservative followers sharply:

"In my public works I lay bare the capacity, in belief, of animal magnetism, to break the Decalogue, to murder, steal, commit adultery, etc.

"Those who deny my right or wisdom to expose its crimes, are either participants in this evil, afraid of its supposed power, or ignorant of it. Those accusing me of covering this iniquity, are zealots, who, like Peter, sleep when the Teacher bids them watch; and when the hour of trial comes would cut off somebody's ears."

Fruits of the Doctrine of "Mesmerism"

In 1887 a department devoted to Malicious Animal Magnetism becomes one of the regular features of the *Journal*, and continues for some years. At the head of this department regularly occurs the following quotation from Nehemiah: "*Also they have dominion over our bodies, and over our cattle, at their pleasure, and we are in great distress.*" In this department persons who believe that they have been injured in their business or tormented in body and soul by mesmerists recount their symptoms and struggles. One woman is tortured by a hatred and distrust of Mrs. Eddy (it was by producing a distrust of Mrs. Eddy that the mesmerists most frequently harried their victims), and she suffers under this "belief" until she is treated for it and cured by a fellow-Scientist. Another is tormented by a desire to write, and the tempter whispers to her that she "can write as good a book as Mrs. Eddy's." Mrs. Carrie Snider, a prominent worker in the New York church, writes at a length of five pages to describe how malicious mesmerism killed her

* *Christian Science Journal*, May, 1885.

husband, Fremont Snider. He was, she says, under the treatment of two healers whose minds were not in accord, and the thought from one confused the thought from the other, leaving him to die in the cross-fire. She was confident that if he had left the treatment of his case with her, he would have recovered. Even after a physician had pronounced him dead and had sent for the coroner, Mrs. Snider treated her husband, with some success, she says, adding that if she had had help she could even then have saved him.*

The history of the growth of the belief in malicious mesmerism, as one may follow it in the early files of the *Journal*, is interesting and illuminating. Here one sees how this doctrine, which was so singularly a temperamental product, born of a personal hatred and developed to meet personal needs and to explain personal caprices, begins to control the conduct and affections of people whose natures and obligations were very different from Mrs. Eddy's. So long as the belief in demonology was a mere personal vagary of Mrs. Eddy's, explaining her quarrels, affecting her spoons and pillows and telegrams, it was certainly as harmless as it was amusing. But as one reads the letters from persons who ascribe the estrangement of friends and even the death of children to the ill will of their neighbors and fellow-townsmen, one begins to feel that there is a serious side to this doctrine. The reader must possess very great hardihood indeed if he can follow without sympathy one letter from Pierre, Dakota, which recounts the story of the death of two young children under the treatment of their zealous mother.

The mother was the wife of a banker in Pierre, a woman of unusual force of character, who had been liberally educated in Germany. Her husband was a young man of energy and promise, and they were both extravagantly fond of their children. The wife took a course of lessons under a Christian Science practitioner in Des Moines, Iowa, and returned to her home in Dakota a devout convert. One of her children, a little boy four years old, fell ill; she treated him without the aid of a physician, and he died. Some months later a second child, a baby eleven months old, began to pine. She believed that he was the victim of malicious animal magnetism, exercised by the members of the Methodist church which she had left after becoming a Christian Scientist. She even believed that the Methodists were praying for the child's death, and fled to Des Moines with the baby, where he grew better; but when she returned home he became worse again. The father was then in New York on business, and the mother, on her own responsibility, undertook the case, telegraphing to E. J. Foster Eddy, Mrs. Eddy's adopted son, for absent treatment for the child. For ten days the misguided woman watched over her baby and treated him against malicious mesmerism, which she believed brought on the spasms and convulsions. She did not notify her husband that the baby was dangerously ill until she telegraphed word of its death, nine hours after death occurred; and for those nine hours after the child had ceased to breathe she treated and prayed over him, not permitting herself to shed a tear or to "entertain the thought of death," confidently expecting that his eyes would open again. This experience and the subsequent indignation of the townspeople seem to have been too much for a friend and fellow-citizen who was there visiting at the house, and who assisted in treating the child, for she writes Mrs. Eddy an imploring letter, asking, "Why this termination?" and declaring: "We recognized no disease, and as first symptoms would appear — beliefs of paralysis, spasms, fever, etc. — we would realize the allness of God, and they would disappear." But the letter itself must be given in full. Its account of the sufferings of the baby and the terrible fortitude of the mother sound like a passage from the earlier and harsher chapters of religious history, which so often make us wonder whether there is anything else in the world that can be quite so cruel as the service of an ideal.

"Pierre, Dakota, Jan. 31, 1889.

"Last September Mrs. N—— * took a course of lectures in Science in Des Moines, and returned to her home here, and was the instrument of great good. Many were healed physically who sought also the spiritual benefits.

"Instead of working for the church, of which she had been a consistent and active member, she gave all her time to Science. This stirred up the error in the minds of the brothers and sisters,— and caused the fiery darts to be mentally hurled at her and they seemingly penetrated her weakest point, her darling baby, eleven months old, who seemed in December to be sinking under the blows. As Herod was seeking the young child's life they thought it best to flee for a time from this mental atmosphere, and went to Des Moines where he grew

* Fremont D. Snider died of heart-disease, December 17, 1888.

* The editor of McClure's Magazine here withholds the name, in consideration for the family most intimately concerned in this case. The interested reader, however, may refer to the files of the *Christian Science Journal*, March, 1889, pages 637-639, where this letter was originally printed and where the full name is used.

better. Mr. N—— being obliged to go to New York, and Mrs. N—— hearing that mortal mind had got hold of some of her patients — determined to return to Pierre to look after their spiritual welfare.

"I returned with her, and almost all our time has been spent in reading the Bible and 'Science and Health' to those who were interested. Ministers called upon us and denounced Science in the strongest terms; and one Sunday every minister in the place preached against it, not knowing they could 'do nothing against the Truth.' We continued working quietly and speaking only to those who came to see us.

"Finally little Edward seemingly succumbed to an attack, while we were holding a meeting in the parlor. To all appearance he was gone, but we knew it was animal magnetism, and treating him for it he revived. We wrestled till daybreak and though there was little seeming improvement, we realized that 'God's will is done' and felt that the baby was healed.

"During the ten days that followed, the wiles of the evil one appeared, but they were overcome. Mrs. N—— telegraphed Dr. Foster Eddy for help, and felt that help came. The telegraph operator here, not knowing the influence of mortal mind, divulged the telegram, and this made the battle harder. Again we telegraphed for help and again the cry went out 'They've sent for help.' At least six times little Edward seemed to have passed. We recognized it as another temptation, took up animal magnetism and each time he rallied. Finally about 5:30 A.M. of Friday, Jan. 25th, he passed on. I took him on my lap. Mrs. N—— and I realized it must be the last temptation, hence the greatest. We had no fear and did not admit he had passed on for several hours. We kept reading the promises 'according to thy faith,' etc., and did not call an undertaker until evening. When Mrs. N——'s little Philip passed on a few months ago her faith alone should have raised him. But this time her faith was coupled with understanding and did not waver for a moment. Why this termination? I wish we could have some light on the subject.

"We recognized no disease, and as first symptoms would appear — beliefs of paralysis, spasms, fever, etc.— we would realize the allness of God, and they would disappear. It was a clear case of ignorant and malicious magnetism. Why was it not mastered?

"We are told that some church members have been praying that 'God would take the child' in order that the parents might see the error of their way, and return — not to God, but — to the M. E. followers. Now comes an unprecedented history. Saturday morning a great tumult arose. The M. E. minister gathered a crowd around him on the street and denounced this pernicious doctrine, till the people were infuriated, and threatened mob law. A meeting was called at the public hall. The conservative element succeeded, notwithstanding the excitement, in getting a respectful committee appointed, and an order was served on myself and another Scientist to meet this committee at the Court House at 4 P.M. Mrs. N—— accompanied us and on the way we met the coroner, sheriff, jury and two 'Medicine men' who came to demand an inquest. All returned with us to the house. The questions and the manner of the M.D's were insulting in the extreme. Our answers were mostly from the Bible.

"All admitted the unblemished reputation of Mr. and Mrs. N——, that Mrs. N—— was a faithful, loving mother; but they could not tolerate such a religious conviction. Then we all went to the Court House and a committee told us that the sentiment of the community was (as in Acts xiii. 50) that we leave town.

"I said to the committee that I came to visit Mrs. N—— and not professionally; that she was in trouble and there was no power to drive me out."

In the same number of the *Journal* is printed an extract from a letter written by the mother herself, in which she maintains that the baby's illness was not of a bodily nature, but was clearly the effect of animal magnetism working directly upon the brain:

"Little Edward slept and ate well as a rule. He had no bowel affection, as the papers have stated. All the attacks were in belief, in form of brain trouble, and plainly from animal magnetism; the prayers of church members and the whole thought of the place being expressed in the hope that 'God would remove the N——s' child, so that they might come back into the church.' At two o'clock on the day that he passed, I sent for Mr. N—— [the father], and in the evening of the same day I called the undertaker. We buried the little boy ourselves, quietly, without any minister present, being accompanied by a number who believe in Christian Science because it has healed them.

"Our trials have been severe, but we work to stand fast. We are determined to demonstrate the nothingness of this seeming power."

This case is chosen for illustration exactly for the reason that the parents of these children were not ignorant or colorless people; they were

not mystics or dreamers or in any way "different." They were young, ambitious, warm-hearted, and affectionate; they loved each other and their children, and their home was full of cordiality and kindliness. Their children were fine children; one, now grown, has become a young scholar of promise. The woman was not a religious fanatic, but a young mother. She could combat "the last temptation" over her dead baby simply because she believed with all her heart and soul that it lay with her, as a test of her faith, whether her child lived or died. Logically there was nothing extravagant about her conduct. The martyrdoms of a thousand years have proved what men and women can do and endure under the tyranny of an idea.

Whoever studies the old files of the *Journal* from 1883 to 1887 must note the rapid growth of Mrs. Eddy's sect during those years. In the first number of the *Journal*, April, 1883, appear the professional cards of fourteen authorized healers; in April, 1885, forty-three professional healers advertise in this way; and in the *Journal* of April, 1887, are the cards of one hundred and ten Christian Science practitioners. In 1887 nineteen Christian Science "institutes" and "academies" are advertised. The graduates of these schools usually went at once into practice, although sometimes they first went to Boston to take the normal course in Mrs. Eddy's college. These preparatory schools are located in various cities in California, Nebraska, Colorado, Wisconsin, Ohio, Massachusetts, and New York. In 1886 was formed the National Christian Scientists' Association, with representatives from almost every State in the Union, which will be discussed in a later chapter.

How Mr. Wiggin Rewrote "Science and Health"

In the *Journal* of 1887 and 1888 one notices certain articles and editorials signed J. H. W., or Phare Pleigh, the initials and pen-name of the Rev. James Henry Wiggin, who in 1885 became Mrs. Eddy's literary adviser. Mr. Wiggin was graduated from the Meadville Theological Seminary in 1861, and became a Unitarian minister. In 1875 he retired from the active ministry and devoted himself to writing and editing. An old friend of John Wilson, of the University Press, Mr. Wiggin found plenty to do in proof-reading, revising, and editing manuscripts, in annotating and making indices to theological and scholarly works.

One day in August, 1885, Calvin Frye called at Mr. Wiggin's office in the old Boston Music Hall, and introduced himself as the secretary of a lady who had written a book, the manuscript of which she wished Mr. Wiggin to revise, adding that she also wished him to prepare an index for her work. A few days later Mrs. Eddy herself came to see Mr. Wiggin,* bringing with her a bulky package of manuscript which proved to be a fresh version of that much-written book, "Science and Health," which she had just rewritten from the fourth edition, 1884. She gave Mr. Wiggin to understand that, while the manuscript was practically ready for the printer, it needed the touch of a literary man. She agreed to his terms and withdrew. Mr. Wiggin, who was just about to start away on his summer vacation, put the package into his bag and took it up to the mountains with him. When he examined the manuscript later, he found that a revision of it was no holiday task. The faulty spelling and punctuation could have been corrected readily enough, as well as the incorrect historical references and the misuse of words; but the whole work was so involved, formless, and contradictory that Mr. Wiggin put the manuscript away and thought no more about it until he returned to Boston. Then he saw Mrs. Eddy and told her that he could do nothing by merely correcting her manuscript; that to improve it he would have largely to rewrite it. To his surprise, she willingly consented to this. During the autumn of 1885 Mr. Wiggin occupied himself with this task, which Mrs. Eddy carefully supervised to see that he did not in the least modify her views and that her favorite phrases were allowed to stand.

Examples of Mr. Wiggin's Changes

Beginning with the first edition of the book (1875), and going through the successive editions up to 1886, one sees that what Mr. Wiggin did for "Science and Health" was simply to write it; that is, to put into intelligible English the ideas which Mrs. Eddy had so befogged in the stating of them. Any one who reads a chapter, a page, or even a single paragraph of the 1884 edition, and compares it with the same portion in the edition of 1886, will see in a moment the more obvious part of Mr. Wiggin's work. Take, for example, the following paragraph (1884 edition):

"What is man? Brains, heart, blood, or the entire human structure? If he is one or all of the component parts of the body, when you amputate a limb, you have taken away a portion of man, and the surgeon destroys manhood, and worms are the annihilators of man. But

*For a graphic account of this first interview between Mrs. Eddy and Mr. Wiggin, the reader is referred to a pamphlet, "How Reverend Wiggin Rewrote Mrs. Eddy's Book," by Livingston Wright.

losing a limb, or injuring structure, is sometimes the quickener of manliness; and the unfortunate cripple presents more nobility than the statuesque outline, whereby we find 'a man's a man, for a' that.'"

Mr. Wiggin's revision of this passage reads: "What is man? Brains, heart, blood, the material structure? If he is but a material body, when you amputate a limb, you must take away a portion of the man; the surgeon can destroy manhood, and the worms annihilate it. But the loss of a limb or injury to a tissue, is sometimes the quickener of manliness, and the unfortunate cripple may present more of it than the statuesque athlete,— teaching us, by his very deprivations, that 'a man's a man, for a' that.'"

In the above example Mr. Wiggin's changes are purely with regard to composition, such as any theme-reader might suggest in the work of an untrained student. But in many instances he was able to be of even greater assistance to Mrs. Eddy by helping her to give some sort of clearness and consistency to her theology. In her chapter on the Atonement (1884) Mrs. Eddy says:

"The glorious spiritual signification of the life and not death of our Master — for he never died — was laying down all of earth to instruct his enemies the way to Heaven, showing in the most sublime and unequivocal sense how Heaven is obtained. The blood of Jesus was not as much offered on the cross as before those closing scenes of his earth mission. The spiritual meaning of blood is offering sacrifice, and the efficacy of his life offering was greater than that of his blood spilled upon the cross. It was the consecration of his whole being upon the altar of Love, a deathless offering to Spirit. O, highest sense of human affections and higher spiritual conceptions of our Infinite Father and Mother, show us what *is Love!*"

Mr. Wiggin's revision of this passage reads: "The material blood of Jesus was no more efficacious to cleanse from sin, when it was shed upon the 'accursed tree,' than when it was flowing in his veins as he went daily about his Father's business. His spiritual flesh and blood were his Life; and they truly eat his flesh and drink his blood, who partake of that Life. The spiritual meaning of blood is sacrifice. The efficacy of Jesus' spirit-offering was infinitely greater than can be expressed by our mortal sense of human life. His mission was fulfilled. It reunited God and man by his career. His offering was Love's deathless sacrifice; for in Jesus' experience the human element was gloriously expanded and absorbed into the divine."

Editing Mrs. Eddy

Besides granting subjects to participles, antecedents to pronouns, introducing the subjunctive mode in conditions contrary to fact, and giving consistency to the tenses of the verbs, Mr. Wiggin largely rearranged the matter in each chapter and gave the book its first comprehensible paragraphing. Out of his wide reading he introduced many illustrative quotations into the text (not always to its advantage), and used many more as chapter-headings. He prevailed upon Mrs. Eddy to omit a very libelous chapter on "mesmerists," and here and there throughout the book expurgated some amusing absurdities. Where Mrs. Eddy represents Huxley, Tyndall, and Agassiz as Goliath, and Woman as David going forth to do battle with them, Mr. Wiggin permits Woman to go on with her sling, but suppresses the worthy professors, leaving her to encounter Goliath in the shape of Materialism. It must be remembered that Mr. Wiggin's edition was not made directly from the 1884 edition, but from a manuscript revision of it made by Mrs. Eddy herself. However, when one recalls that the 1884 edition was the result of at least a fourth rewriting, it seems improbable that Mrs. Eddy could have made much headway as to English in her fifth rewriting, the manuscript from which Mr. Wiggin worked.

This collaboration with Mr. Wiggin has sometimes been referred to as discreditable to Mrs. Eddy — chiefly from the fact, doubtless, that, even in her business letters to her publishers, she has persistently referred to "Science and Health" as "God's book." There could have been no wish on Mrs. Eddy's part to avoid labor, for she has worked at the book almost continuously for half a lifetime. Barring the chapter called "Wayside Hints," which he wrote, Mr. Wiggin would have been the last man in the world to claim any part in the real authorship of "Science and Health." The book has been rewritten again and again since Mr. Wiggin's work upon it stopped, and the editions which bear his revisions have been considerably improved upon, especially in the arrangement of the subject-matter. But the successive editions never began to improve at all over the first one — indeed, it may be said that they grew worse rather than better — until Mr. Wiggin took hold of the book, and many passages of the work to-day remain practically in the form into which he put them.

The Rev. James Henry Wiggin

For four years Mr. Wiggin was employed in the capacity of literary aid to Mrs. Eddy, doing

editorial work upon the *Journal*, and assisting her in the composition and proof-reading of three successive editions of "Science and Health." Mrs. Eddy paid him well, and, in addition to his salary, he got a deal of entertainment out of his connection with Christian Science. He even wrote an amusing pamphlet* defending the new sect upon Biblical grounds. For Mr. Wiggin combined the qualities of a humorist and a theologian. He was a man of enormous bulk and stature and immense geniality. A slight hesitation in his gait, resulting from near-sightedness, sometimes caused his friends to liken him to Dr. Johnson. Extremely courtly and polished in manner, Mr. Wiggin was not only a scholar, but a man of fine tastes and of very considerable critical ability. He was a musical critic of no mean order, an indefatigable concert-goer, and united a love of theology and theological disputations with a seemingly incongruous passion for the theater. But, as it never occurred to Mr. Wiggin that there was anything unusual in delightedly pursuing the study of the drama and church history at the same time, so it seldom perplexed his friends or his fellow-clergymen.

For years after he had given up active pastorate duties, he often supplied the pulpit of some other minister, and occasionally went back to one of his old parishes to preach, lecture, or deliver a funeral sermon. His friendships with many of his old parishioners continued until his death, and the most cordial relations always existed between him and the members of the Unitarian Association. He usually attended the Monday Ministers' meeting at the Unitarian headquarters on Beacon Hill, and would often go out with one or two fellow-preachers and sit down to a lunch and a lengthy theological argument. Perhaps the same evening he would gather up several young newspaper men and go to an opening night at the theater, pouring forth between the acts such a stream of anecdote, discriminating criticism, and reminiscence, that the young critics felt the morning's "notice" of the performance growing beneath their hands. After the last curtain Mr. Wiggin frequently went back to the dressing-rooms to exchange stories and recollections with the older performers and to give encouragement and suggestions to the younger ones. Mr. Wiggin's love of the theater came about very naturally: his uncle had been from boyhood a friend of Charlotte Cushman's, whom the nephew himself knew and concerning whom he once wrote a delightful paper for *The Coming Age*.

* "Christian Science and the Bible," by Phare Pleigh.

Mr. Wiggin, with Edward Everett Hale, Professor William J. Rolfe, and a score more, was one of the organizers of the Playgoers' Club of Boston, before which he used often to lecture upon the old days of the Boston Museum and the remarkable stock work done there. Horace Lewis, William Warren, Mrs. John Drew, Adelaide Phillips, and Sol Smith Russell were among his many warm professional friends, and esteemed his suggestions and criticisms. He was becomingly fond of the comforts of the table, and delighted to gather a party of young writers and actors about him at supper and entertain them with stories of the great artists whom he had heard in his youth. His conversation was rich in anecdote and humor, and he belonged to the day when literary quotations were introduced unblushingly into friendly talk. Indeed, Mr. Wiggin had his Shakspere so well upon his tongue that he could illuminate almost any question with a Shaksperian quotation. He once wrote an account of how he heard Liszt, then a newly made abbé, play at a sacred concert in Rome, and managed — quite unconsciously, it would seem — to describe pretty much the whole affair in language from Macbeth. An extraordinary man, certainly, to be concerned in the shaping of "Science and Health." Mr. Wiggin himself never got over the humor of it.

"Wayside Hints"

But it must not be supposed that he took his task lightly enough to slight it. He was accustomed to do his hack work well, and it became with him a genuine concern, as he often said, "to keep Mrs. Eddy from making herself ridiculous." He was glad to talk theology to any one, and he doubtless enjoyed teaching a little to Mrs. Eddy. He used to tell, with enormous glee, how Mrs. Eddy would sometimes receive his suggestions by slyly remarking, "Mr. Wiggin, do you know, I sometimes believe God speaks to me through you." It was when his venerable patroness laughed that he liked her best, and with him she sometimes enjoyed a joke in a pleasant and human fashion. Among other services which he rendered her, Mr. Wiggin once drew up for Mrs. Eddy the outline of a sermon upon the "city that lieth foursquare," described in Revelation. She delivered the sermon before her congregation January 24, 1886, with great success, though the *Journal*, in reporting the occasion, says that the Rev. Mrs. Eddy labored under some disadvantage, as she had left her manuscript at home. Mr. Wiggin was present in the audience, and after the service the huge man made his way up to the rostrum, where

Mrs. Eddy was surrounded by a crowd of delighted women. When Mrs. Eddy saw him, her eyes began to twinkle, and, putting her hand to her lips, she shot him a stage whisper: "How did it go?"

When Mr. Wiggin persuaded her to omit the libelous portion of the chapter on Mesmerism from the 1886 edition of "Science and Health" after the plates for the edition had been made, Mrs. Eddy cut this sermon to the required length and, by inserting it, was able to send the book to press without renumbering the remaining pages. She called this chapter "Wayside Hints," and put her seal upon it by forcibly inserting, under the subject of "squareness," a tribute to her deceased husband: "We need good square men everywhere. Such a man was my late husband, Dr. Asa G. Eddy."

By the year 1890 Mrs. Eddy had begun to lose patience with Mr. Wiggin and to charge him with not taking his work seriously enough. In a letter to her publisher, Mr. William G. Nixon, she complains that Mr. Wiggin's proof corrections have a "most shocking flippancy," and the exasperation of her letter seems to indicate that the worthy gentleman had grown tired of assisting revelation:

"62 N. State St., Concord, N. H.,
"Aug. 28, 1890.

"My dear Student:

"The proofs which I received Aug. 27th, and returned to printer Aug. 28th, are somewhere. I had not changed the marginal references in the copy because I had before written to Mr. Wiggin to make fewer notations and more appropriate ones. When he returned the first proofs a *belief** (*but don't name this to any one*) prevented my examining them as I should otherwise have done, and, to prevent delay, the proof was sent to the printer.

"The second proofs have the most shocking flippancy in notations. I have corrected them, also made fewer of them, which will involve another delay caused by Mr. Wiggin. He has before changed his own marginal references which delayed the printing. Also he took back the word 'cannot' throughout the entire proofs which he had before insisted upon using thereby causing another delay. I write this to let you know how things stand.

"Yours truly,
"Mary B. G. Eddy."

In a letter dated three months later Mrs. Eddy again complains that Mr. Wiggin is slow about getting in his proofs, and says: "This is M. A. M. [Malicious Animal Magnetism] and it governs Wiggin as it has done once before to prevent the publishing of my work. . . . I will take the proof-reading out of Wiggin's hands." Mrs. Eddy never got tired of rewriting "Science and Health," and it did not occur to her that any one else could.

On the whole, she seems to have got along amicably with Mr. Wiggin. She liked him, greatly respected his scholarship, and was pleased to make use of his versatile talents. He, on the other hand, assisted her with all good nature, advised her kindly, and defended her with a sort of playful gallantry that went with his generous make of mind and body. He was often aghast at her makeshifts and amused by her persistence, while he delighted in her ingenuity and admired her shrewdness. He could find lines in his favorite "Macbeth" applicable even to Mrs. Eddy, and he seems always heartily to have wished her well. In a letter to an old college friend, dated December 14, 1889, Mr. Wiggin made an interesting criticism of Christian Science and gave probably the most trenchant and suggestive sketch of Mrs. Eddy that will ever be written. We have no other picture of her done by so capable a hand, for no one else among those closely associated with her ever studied her with such an unprejudiced and tempered mind, or judged her from a long and rich experience of books and men, enlightened by a humor as irrepressible as it was kindly.

Mr. Wiggin's Criticism of Christian Science

"Christian Science, on its theological side, is an ignorant revival of one form of ancient gnosticism, that Jesus is to be distinguished from the Christ, and that his earthly appearance was phantasmal, not real and fleshly.

"On its moral side, it involves what must follow from the doctrine that reality is a dream, and that if a thing is right in thought, why right it is, and that sin is non-existent, because God can *behold* no evil. Not that Christian Science believers generally see this, or practice evil, but the virus is within.

"Religiously, Christian Science is a revolt from orthodoxy, but unphilosophically conducted, endeavoring to ride two horses.

"Physically, it leads people to trust all to nature, the great healer, and so does some good. Great virtue in imagination! . . . Where there is disease which time will not reach, Christian Science is useless.

"As for the High Priestess of it, . . . she is — well I could *tell* you, but not write. An awfully (I use the word advisedly) smart

* An illness.

woman, acute, shrewd, but not well read, nor in any way learned. What she has, as documents clearly show, she got from P. P. Quimby of Portland, Maine, whom she eulogized after death as the great leader and her special teacher. . . . She tried to answer the charge of the adoption of Quimby's ideas, and called me in to counsel her about it; but her only answer (in print!) was that if she said such things twenty years ago, she must have been under the influence of *animal magnetism*, which is *her* devil. No church can long get on without a devil, you know. Much more I could say if you were here. . . .

"People beset with this delusion are thoroughly irrational. Take an instance. Dr. R—— of Roxbury is not a believer. His wife *is*. One evening I met her at a friendly house. Knowing her belief, I ventured only a mild and wary dissent, saying that I saw too much of it to feel satisfied, etc. In fact, the Doctor said the same and told me more in private. Yet, later, I learned that this slight discussion made her *ill*, nervous, and had a bad effect.

"One of Mrs. Eddy's followers went so far as to say that if she *saw* Mrs. Eddy commit a crime she should believe her own sight at fault, *not* Mrs. Eddy's conduct. An intelligent man told me in reference to lies he *knew* about, that the wrong was in *us*. 'Was not Jesus accused of wrong-doing, yet guiltless?'

"Only experience can teach these fanatics, *i. e.*, the real believers, not the charlatans who go into it for money. . . . As for the book, if you have any edition since December, 1885, it had my supervision. Though now she is getting out an entirely new edition, with which I had nothing to do, and occasionally she has made changes whereof I did not know. The chapter B—— told you of is rather fanciful, though, to use Mrs. Eddy's language in her last note, her 'friends think it a gem.' It is the one called 'Wayside Hints,' and was added after the work was not only in type, but cast, because she wished to take out some twenty pages of diatribe on her dissenters. . . . I do not think it will greatly edify you, the chapter. As for clearness, many Christian Science people thought her early editions much better, because they sounded more *like* Mrs. Eddy. The truth is, she does not care to have her paragraphs clear, and delights in so expressing herself that her words may have various readings and meanings. Really, that is one of the tricks of the trade. You know sibyls have always been thus oracular, to 'keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the hope.'

"There is nothing really to understand in 'Science and Health' except that *God is all*, and yet there is no God in matter! What they fail to explain is, the origin of the *idea* of matter, or sin. They say it comes from *mortal mind*, and that mortal mind is not divinely created, in fact, has no existence; in fact, that nothing comes of nothing, and that matter and disease are like dreams, having no existence. Quimby had definite ideas, but Mrs. Eddy has not understood them.

"When I first knew Christian Science, I wrote a defensive pamphlet called 'Christian Science and the Bible,' (though I did not believe the doctrine). . . . I found fair game in the assaults of orthodoxy upon Mrs. Eddy, and support in the supernaturalism of the Bible; but I did not pretend to give an exposition of Christian Science, and I did not know the old lady as well as I do now.

"No, Swedenborg, and all other such writers, are sealed books to her. She cannot understand such utterances, and never could, but dollars and cents she understands thoroughly.

"Her influence is wonderful. Mrs. R——'s husband is anxious *not* to have her undeceived, though her tenth cancer is forming, lest she sink under the change of faith, and I can quite see that the loss of such a faith, like loss of faith in a physician, might be injurious. . . . In the summer of 1888, some thirty of her best people left Mrs. Eddy, including her *leading* people, too, her association and church officers. . . . They still believe nominally in Christian Science, yet several of them . . . are studying medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Boston; and she gave consent for at least *one* of them to study at this allopathic school. These students I often see, and *they* say the professors are coming over to *their* way of belief, which means simply that they hear the trustworthiness of the laws of nature proclaimed. As in her book, and in her class (which I went through), she says, 'Call a surgeon in surgical cases.'

"'What if I find a breech presentation in childbirth?' asked a pupil.

"'You will *not*, if you are in Christian Science,' replied Mrs. Eddy.

"'But if I *do*?'

"'Then send for the nearest regular practitioner!'

"You see, Mrs. Eddy is nobody's fool."

SLATERVILLE'S APOSTATE

A STUDY IN COURAGE

BY

CASPER DAY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. BENDA

JOHANNES MARKOWICZ finished the patch on Alaburda's coat before he stopped to read the letter with the Austrian postmark. It was two o'clock when he took off his thimble, curled his legs more comfortably under him, and cut the envelop with his great shears.

It was five o'clock when he finished; five o'clock of an August day, with flies buzzing on the dirty pane, the afternoon glare beating down into the torrid valley. Men from underground were lounging wearily home from the shafts; children pattered in and out of sawdust-sprinkled bar-rooms with pitchers and tin pails. Five o'clock, with earth drought-stricken, the sky a tarnished brass: one hour from Sabbath.

Johannes Markowicz rose from his bench, stretching his knees. His face was pale, sallow, wooden. He tore the letter, cover and all, into a thousand tiny fragments. Stepping to the door, he cast them upward into the hot heaven. He raised his arms and spoke in English to his fathers' God:

"There, take that. I'm done with you."

The tailor was an Austrian Jew. Besides him, there were thirty-seven of the orthodox in Slaterville's hideous frame houses. The Rabbi made a thirty-ninth. Jews of the lesser sort, German, Russian, Servian, Italian, American, numbered some sixscore families—"plenty of renegades," as the Rabbi liked to term them.

Isidor Minkenheim's establishment stood farther along the street. Johannes folded Alaburda's coat over his arm, pocketed what money he had in the shop, locked the door, and went down to visit his rival.

"How is peezness, Zhew?" he inquired, leaning in the doorway.

Minkenheim looked up. The sneer upon the other's face, the exaggerated accent, astounded him.

"What is it, Johannes?"

"You don't talk no Jewish to me—see? I've quit it. Say, what if you gimme forty dollars to buy my business whole, Issie? I've quit it. I quit tailor, too; I go on strike with myself. Take it or leave it. What you think about it? Four 'andsome pieces, new cloths, and two other half-pieces from the winter. Very cheap, Issie."

The discussion was a long one. Isidor jabbered and gesticulated. An hour passed. The little tailor sewed as he talked, and Markowicz, glancing at the clock, saw with the secret joy of the orthodox that Isidor was working on the Sabbath. So much for a renegade out of Hamburg! But the bargain was concluded at length. Papers were signed, and the purchaser counted out twenty dollars in bills. It was seven o'clock.

Johannes Markowicz pocketed the money. He stood with hands on his hips, bow-legs wide apart, chin well raised, eying his compatriot with scorn. Some wild and alien strain stirred in his blood, a fighting spirit, stout with the pride of races who oppress and are not ashamed. He struck out with open palm and smote Isidor upon the left ear and the right. The little tailor fell to his knees, cringing, mouthing an inarticulate fear.

The younger man stood over him and laughed.

He kicked the frightened creature once and sprang past him to the threshold.

"You need not speak to me after to-night, Isidor. From this on I am nevermore a Jew." With the words he was gone.

"Niemals—" echoed the other. "Oh, God of Israel, be the words not unavenged! He kicked me, too—and on the Sabbath! Nevermore a Jew! I should say not so, indeed; he is more like a wild uhlan, or a Cossack such as my grandfather used to see in his youth."

Markowicz delivered the coat which he had mended. Alaburda was a Lithuanian,

"Finished the patch on Alaburda's coat"

prosperous and speaking English fluently; he paid the tailor the small price agreed upon and commended the work. Johannes nodded indifferently.

"I'm goin' to take a rest now," he said. "Too much work; too hot this weather. Come on up with me an' have a drink. Won't you?"

The miner, a big blond man, stared. The ex-tailor motioned toward a saloon opposite, where a foaming glass advised the thirsty to visit George Jurokus.

"I want whisky, myself. You maybe will get beer or something? It's on me, you know."

"I thought you was a Jew," said Alaburda bluntly.

Johannes shrugged. "I've quit it," he replied. "I ain't no more a Jew."

"I thought you was," repeated the Lithuanian. Suspicion mingled with his surprise; the pupils of his eyes contracted till his look was hard and sharp as a drill-point. "Ol' Whiskers, the Jew priest down here,—that there chicken-killer,—was your boardin' boss, wasn't he? I think I seen you go in his stairs some days?"

"I struck on bein' Jew," explained Markowicz. "I guess I can find me places to live besides rabbis' houses. Jews is no good. I donno: maybe I might go Christian if I took a notion."

The big Lithuanian stared a moment longer; then he broke into laughter.

"Who you laughin' at?" demanded the ex-tailor.

"A Jew."

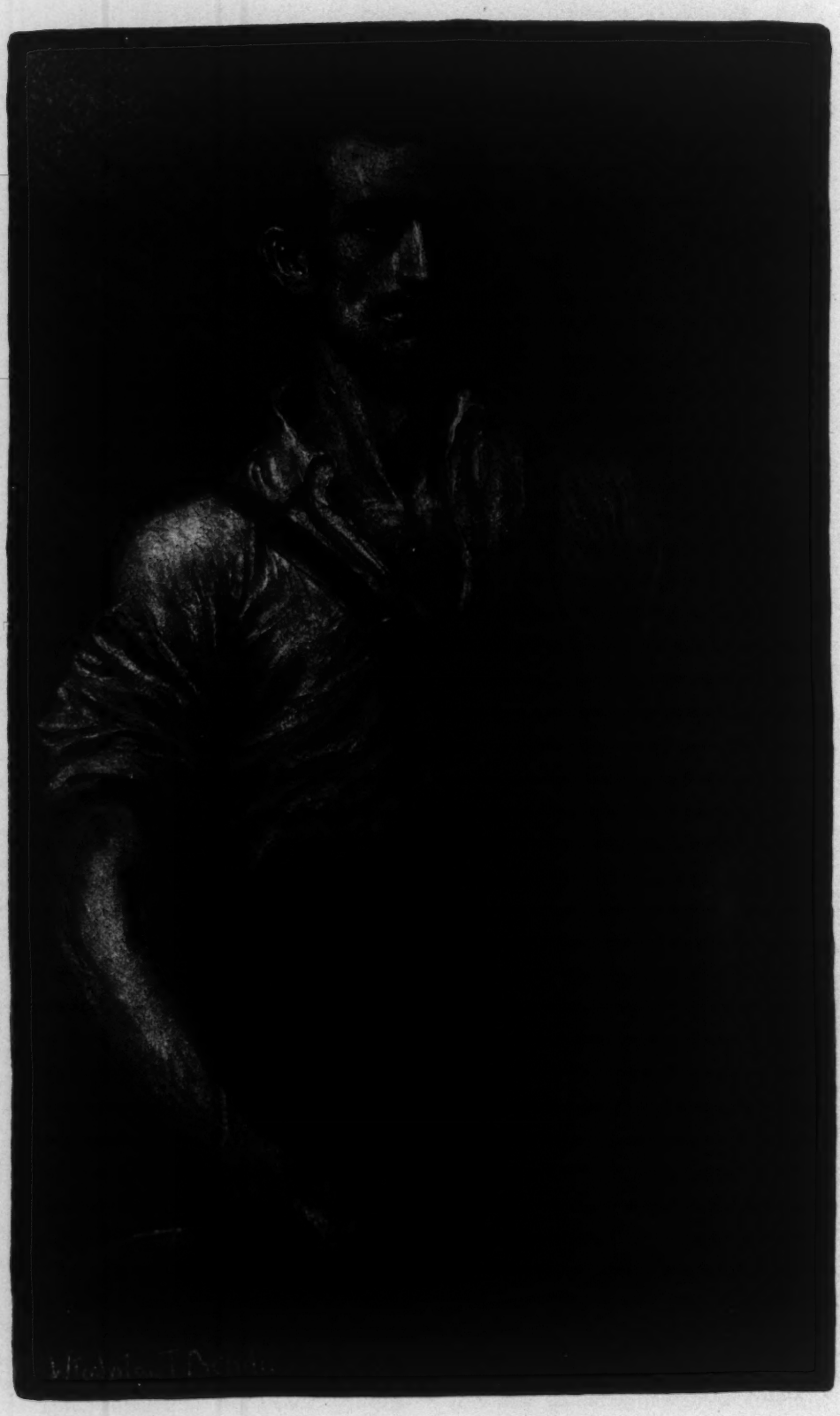
"I tell you I ain't no Jew!" Thereat Johannes proved his regeneration by a blow at the burly fellow's waist.

Alaburda swore good Christian oaths in English and in his mother-tongue. To be struck by a Jew took the Lithuanian's breath away. One thick arm shot out. He snatched at the little man's collar, caught him by the neck, and swung him back and forth, struggling, choking, impotent.

"Jew yourself!" spluttered Johannes, unconquered.

The captor, at that, released his hold. He leaned against the house, gripping his sides.

"You're drunk, ain't you, Johnny?"



SLATERVILLE'S APOSTATE

"No, but I'm goin' to be." Hot as the day was, Markowicz pulled his coat down and buttoned it with quick, professional gestures.

"Good luck to ye. I'd like to watch it."

"Well, come on." He was bland and friendly again upon the instant, quite without resentment against his late foe. Morally, he was incapable of feeling anger any more. For three hours that day his soul had lain molten as in the white heat of a furnace; now that the flame of fury had gone down, his nature was altered, fused to a new shape and texture; a sort of fearless malice yet abode in him, but wrath was no longer in his power. "Come on. I as't you, didn't I?"

Slaterville is as democratic a community as this free country can boast; moreover, Slaterville might teach its betters something from the civility, honest though rough, which its code holds inviolate. An invitation has a certain sacredness, the would-be host a claim in honor, whether one accepts or declines. Moreover, all men are equal when they stand upon the sawdust and nod to each other over the thick glasses.

Alaburda hesitated. The Lithuanians are the aristocracy of Slaterville; the Jews rank a little lower than the despised Italian. To drink in a public room as the Jew's guest was a course almost too impossible to be considered; yet he feared to hurt the feelings of the peppery little tailor.

"Thanks, I got to get dressed," he said finally. "I promised my wife I'd go down to a corpse-house to-night on the trolley."

Markowicz was no whit rebuffed. "All right," he assented cheerfully. "I go myself alone, then. To-morrow I guess I get me a job in the mines, too."

He crossed the road, and Dominik Alaburda stared after him till the wooden shutters swung together. This was a Jew such as nobody had ever seen before.

From the saloon Markowicz presently betook himself to his former lodgings. He climbed the grimy outside stair to the rooms where the Rabbi's family lived. Dirt and unlovely poverty abode through all, though both were too familiar to deserve notice. The place was hot, unbearably, suffocatingly hot; the sun was not yet below the horizon, and the low tin roof retained its midday glow. The Rabbi's wife had taken off her wig; her shaven head glistened yellow and hideous, spotted like the poppy-seed loaf beside her on the table. It was the supper-hour. The holy Sabbath calm lay through the house.

Johannes stopped in the doorway.

"I thought I would tell you," he said in Polish, "that I am leaving. I have paid you what I owe to the third day from this. In ten minutes I shall be gone. I am no longer a Jew."

The Rabbi's wife turned her wrinkled face and looked at him. The Rabbi made no sign that he had heard. The pair sat rigid, unyielding, unprotesting.

Johannes stuffed his few belongings into the canvas valise in which he had brought them to the Rabbi's house three years before. Certain garments, however, he did not pack. Those he rolled into a loose bundle and carried under his arm. His savings pass-book he thrust inside his shirt.

The liquor which he had had was beginning to affect him; the floor swam from beneath his feet, and his head ached in the stifling warmth. He remembered that he was fasting. The Rabbi's wife had fried a fish for supper, and the smell, strong as it was, impelled him to seek food. He went out and down the stair to the street.

MacKinnon's Railroad Hotel stood at a little distance across the main road. Markowicz went in. A short conversation with the astonished bartender and a still briefer talk with MacKinnon himself led to a bargain: provided the other boarders made no objections, Johannes should be accommodated.

Johannes invited every man in the house to drink with him, and paid with a free hand. Then he threw down a dollar bill upon MacKinnon's desk.

"I guess it wouldn't be too late for supper, would it? I been drinkin' a good deal; I'm hungry. I want a dollar's worth from ham an' eggs."

MacKinnon laughed. "You are doin' your best, ain't you, Johnny? Regular spree for you, ain't it? Well, all right; I'll see what the cook says."

Accordingly, in the angry light of a red sunset, Slaterville saw a marvelous apparition. Markowicz' room in the hotel opened on a narrow railed balcony overlooking Main Street; and here came Markowicz with knife, fork, a water-pitcher, and a great platter unmistakable in its pungency. Passers-by stopped to gaze, persons at a distance ran up to see better. A crowd gathered.

"What is it?" called the newest comers to those who were first on the ground.

"It is a Jew. He eats ham and eggs. Two dollars' worth of ham, so I heard. He wants all the other Jews to see him."

The answer was in Polish; Johannes heard it, smiled down on the crowd, and leaned over the balcony to answer:

"Good evening. No, I am not a Jew; I have stopped being that. I have no more use for

the Jews than you have any longer. I want to work in the mines, drink my beer, and live a gay life like the rest of you."

The crowd murmured; one or two laughed.

"What are those clothes he has on?" said another. "That sheet-like thing, and the bands about his forehead?"

"They are his priest-clothes, friend; say nothing about them, or he may go mad altogether. It may be the heat. He was not a bad little fellow for a Jew, the tailor; but he never was like this."

Polish is the court language of Slaterville, the tongue in which the mixed races of the village are most likely to understand each other. Russian, Ruthenian, Lithuanian, Magyar, Slovak, Jew, and Czech found it most nearly a common medium. Johannes, whose hearing was at all times acute, listened to the talk of the crowd and gleaned much of it.

"Where are the other Jews? Does he want them to see him?"

"Certainly he does," Markowicz put in from above. "They —" He paused to nibble a rind, licked his fingers, and threw the accursed fragment flippantly outward in the face of the crimson sunset. "It means — well, they are in their houses, peeping at curtains and cracks of doors. This is their Jewish Sabbath, a first-class holy time for them. They want to see me if they dared — me, eating Gentile food like a Christian."

"Eating meat on a Friday," growled a Russian who stood in the thick of the press. "A pretty thing for a Christian! Who but a Jew would fling insults at us like this? Chuck the Jew in the pond, I say, before he brings us any bad luck."

A few scowled and drew away. The major part, however, saw the conceit at a humorous angle; the little Jew's progress in Christianity was to them rather a joke than an insult.

Johannes leaned down again. A smile of most engaging malice flickered for a moment across his thin features. A keen and saturnine gaiety took possession of him.

"There is the old story, you know, of the king, the cat, the lass, and the Jew. I am like that, I suppose; you know it was only the cat who had made no mistakes by morning." He ran through the tale in a dozen rapid sentences, embroidering its coarseness with a wicked wit, a leaping fantasy.

Polite Europe has changed its standards of propriety with the changing centuries; yet there remain close to the soil the millions whose taste continues as robust as Richard Plantagenet's, relishing unashamed the jests that rocked the silken tents of Ascalon. The audience beneath the balcony of MacKinnon's Hotel roared with whole-hearted mirth. The telegram to the Jew's wife was such a cunning touch, a master's inspiration!

There followed other histories. Johannes smiled mildly. White-clad, fantastic and unmodern, he sat upon his balcony and held the crowd.

Darkness, the late summer gloom of drought and airless velvet skies, shut down at length. Markowicz was very weary all at once. His voice sank; his mind ceased to work. Staggering to his feet, he tore the drapery from his shoulders, the phylacteries from his head. The robe he rent into strips, throwing the streamers one by one over the railing to the crowd below. Then, with some hazy idea of going to bed, he fell in a limp heap and slumbered on the balcony.

"Well, there is one thing certain," proclaimed a voice stridently. "He says he is no longer a Jew, and it may be so. You never saw a Jew like that. He is a merry man; and they are sad, thin, dry people, wrinkled and solemn and without gaiety, concerning themselves only for money. Yes, he has the body of a Jew; he has that still. But the mind inside, it is Polish! I tell you, he has changed souls with somebody. Watch and see if he is a coward any more: that is the test."

Johannes slept late the next morning. Even after he had wakened, he lay still, meditating idly upon his future. Regrets, traditions, he had none; the years that lay behind were as impersonal as if another man had lived them.

Nothing could be done in the way of seeking employment till the men came out from the mines toward evening. Markowicz dawdled through the summer day, sitting for the most part in a wooden chair tilted back against the wall of MacKinnon's Hotel on the shady side. Once he loafed down to the house where Nicolo Sutaro kept a candy and peanut shop in the front bedroom. As he returned with his quart of nuts, the Polish bartender, lounging in the doorway of the hotel, smiled at him.

"How do you feel, Jan? Your head aches?"

The Polish form of his name, used instead of the German which had stood on his sign these two years past, touched the Jew's pride. His immobile face relaxed as he went up the steps to offer the paper bag. Yet with inbred caution he dissembled his pleasure and gave his answer in English:

"Oh, pretty good. I ain't used to it yet. I ain't been drinkin' much in four years. Have some peanuts?"

"Thanks," assented the bartender, driving a red hand deep down. He continued in his own tongue: "Have you a job yet?"

"No. This evening I guess I see the men to ask for it. How much is a keg of beer?"

Zygmunt answered with professional calm, adding only thirty cents to the current price, out of respect to the blood with which he had to deal. It was almost a shock to him, therefore, when Markowicz counted out the sum without debate and handed over the money.

"Keep that for me," he said in Polish. "I will give the keg to the man that will give me a job in the mines. You can tell the men that to-night. You can tell them it is ordered and paid for."

"Do you want a receipt? MacKinnon is out, but I know how to write."

Johannes waved the suggestion aside with graceful merriment.

"No, no, no! Your memory is good. Anyway, I hope you will not have to remember it very long; it is time I got to work and began to make some muscle — a man of my age ought to be able to show more strength. But speaking of receipts makes me think of a story ——"

He branched off into another anecdote, sharp, ludicrous, profane. The delighted Zygmunt rocked on his heels in the doorway, straining the buttons of his apron.

"Stay down-stairs to-night and tell that over again to the boys, that and a few more. You shall drink your beer free for one night if you will. It will be worth the cost to me. Besides, it will bring custom. Yes, it will be well worth it. What do you say?"

But the Jew of the changed soul only shook his head.

"I thought I would go up into Boganatoff's to-night," he said reflectively. "I have never been in there."

"No Jew ever went in Boganatoff's place," returned the Pole bluntly.

"But I am not a Jew. I said so yesterday."

"As sure as you go, there will be fighting."

"Lend me your knife, will you? The one that clasps."

The bartender considered the narrow-chested figure, the sallow face, the quick, slender hands.

"No, it is true," he muttered. "Your father and mother were Jews, and they gave you the Jew shape to live in; but someway you are not a Jew. I never heard of witches in this country, either. Still, something has happened to you. To go stirring up fights just for the excitement of it! Christ forget me if I would refuse my knife to a Jew-body like that!"

"'I thought you was a Jew'"

Accordingly, after another handful of peanuts had been offered and accepted, Johannes retreated to his chair with the borrowed knife in his pocket, a Polish weekly newspaper to read, and the compliments of Zygmunt yet sounding in his ears. He braced his chair-legs in the hard-packed dirt and whittled through the afternoon of Sabbath, singing a music-hall song. The white splinters fell around his knees. The Rabbi's windows commanded his position.

Supper was a jovial affair that night. Afterward, in the gathering dusk, Markowicz put on shoes, coat, and hat, and turned up the long hill to Boganatoff's place. It was late when he returned. He told no stories, but he bore no marks of combat. As he gave over the bartender's knife, Zygmunt met him with good news.

"Three men are willing to give you jobs," he reported. "You begin Monday morning."

Johannes took a strange pleasure in the new life which the following seven months accorded him. Right and wrong, love, hatred, and sorrow, were the illusions of other men's minds, having no reality for him. Loneliness was not his, nor longing. Instead, a pride of work performed, a zest in the rough labor which his teachers most despised, stiffened his shoulders for each day's homeward journey. The habit of physical exercise was a luxury, not a disgrace. He had a subtle pleasure in matching field-bred brawn against his tireless will and scraggy arms. Sometimes he walked with Danger, and saw

sturdy fellows, men bred to the mines, go doggedly about their tasks with beaded foreheads; while to him, savoring this Gentile life with eager palate, the day's work grew in interest with the risk. And after such a day, when bosses snapped out orders and drivers beat their mules to a gallop in and out, when timbermen strained at props till the breath groaned in their throats,—when a blanket or two carried helpless cripples to the shaft,—the Jew of the strange spirit came home to supper and to bed, resting in full-bodied content.

Bolish Shimanski, the miner who employed him, came to regard Johannes with something that was nearly pride.

"He is no more afraid of being hurt than a ghost is," he would say to his intimates over a pipe. "He takes risks, too, but he is never caught. And I have had only good luck since I took him, this Jew. He is no stronger than a boy of our people, and work does not harden him at all; he coughs, too, and grows thin. Still, he loads the cars as fast as anybody, and he is always ready to make you laugh. A gay fellow. Yet you can see that he cares for nobody—unless, perhaps, it is the lead-boy, Alaburda's youngster. That little one seems to be friends with him. They eat together lately. They talk in English, and my Jew tells him stories—not the kind he tells us."

The winter drew on, and Markowicz kept to the mine. Slaterville, cosmopolitan and downright, had long since accepted him in his Gentile role. MacKinnon and Zygmunt, the prime minister, were his firm champions in every company. Letters came sometimes, letters with local postmarks and letters with an Austrian stamp; but Zygmunt, to his secret awe and satisfaction, saw them fall unopened into the bar-room stove. His boarder, he was able to assure all comers, abjured things Jewish. Moreover, Johannes lived as other men were wont to do, departing from the traditions of MacKinnon's lodging-house only by meeting his bills to the day.

On the afternoon of the 13th of February a singular accident happened in the checker vein of Carbury mine. A driver left his place for a moment. Three mules, strung out tandem-fashion as the custom is, ran away with the trip of empty cars. At the narrowest part of the gangway, where a switch led off to certain easterly chambers, a trip of loaded cars was jolting over the latches; this had the right of way, and its mules and forward car were already taking the main track.

The runaway drove upon the working mules with a rush, taking them in the flank. The driver heard the crashing menace from the darkness at his right, and yelled a warning. He sprang aside, slipped, fell, just grazed the wheels, and rolled uninjured in the ditch. The little lad who held the lead-rope jumped for safety, too, but could not make the distance. He fell, screaming, and his light went out.

The passage at this point was set with double rows of timbers, narrowing it to a bare seven feet. Of that battle of fierce, cunning beasts in the dark there were no witnesses to testify. Trampling, biting, screaming, fighting with heels and trace-chains, they pushed to crowd each other against the rock and timbered ribs. Before lights came, four of the six combatants were down and mortally hurt; eight great props were driven from their places and lay crisscross on the empty cars, with roof-timbers dangling above—the whole a heap of giant jack-straws. The driver, stupid from his fall, had crawled to a safer place. The boy who led one team was nowhere in sight; nor was he missed at first.

The roof at this point, frail and dangerous at best, felt the difference that the eight ribs made. With a preliminary crackle or two, great slabs flaked off and fell.

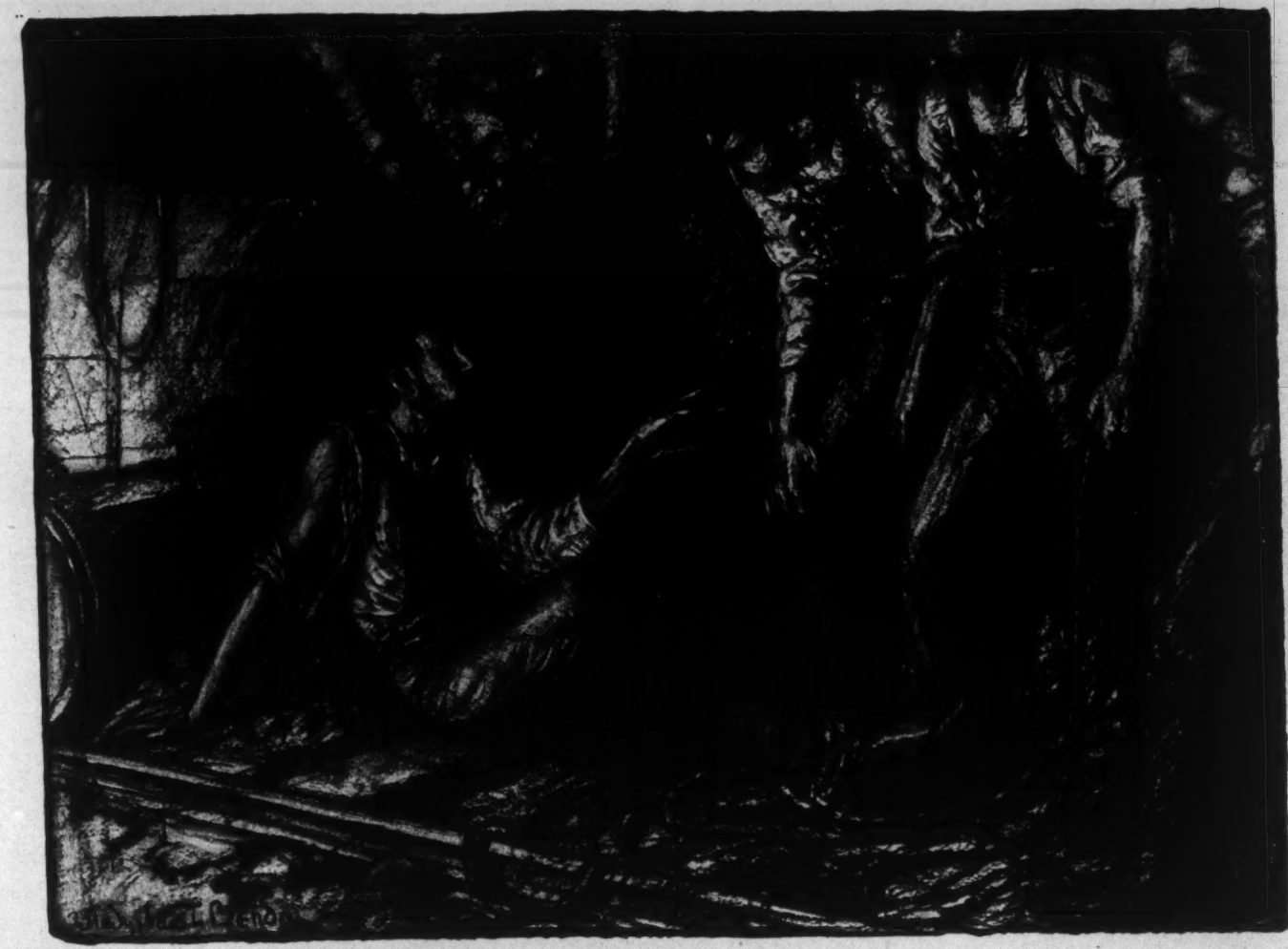
Two mules remained afoot, the second and third of the working team. They were mine-wise, young and strong; moreover, the new peril lent them strength. Still in harness, they sprang forward, dragging the body of the leading beast beside them, and hauling the loaded train across the switch and three yards down the track.

Again and again the rock fell, great jagged leaves of slate and sandstone, leaning from left and right so as partially to sustain each other. Not once in a thousand cases would the roof break in such wise; yet, in this one instance, the fall lay so as to make a peaked gable above the loaded cars. The mules were anchored to the spot perforce. They stood shaking, heads low, teeth bared, while the first comer cut their harness.

The battle and the caving roof brought men from all sides. A boss was on the ground with incredible promptitude. Fresh mule-teams, more props and timbermen, rushed to the place at his orders.

"The coal can go out by the manway an' the old slope for to-day, till we get this here cleaned up," directed Gilligan, the boss. "Larry was lucky to get out o' the mix-up so easy. Take 'im up to the air till he feels better. He can go home; the barn boss was sayin' to me this noon that there wasn't a mule left in the barn, for once. These here two won't be good for nothin' till they've had a rest. I'll take Larry on again soon's we get him a team; to-morrow, say, or next day. You comp'ny hands get a move on you an' clean up this track. I

"THE AUDIENCE BENEATH THE BALCONY OF MACKINNON'S HOTEL ROARED WITH WHOLE-HEARTED MIRTH"



"'IF YOU DO THAT ON ME ANOTHER TIME, I'LL KILL YOU, TOO!'"

ain't fond of mule smell. An' mind you timber every twelve inches of it as you go, too. If it caves again, it might come with the surface."

The chamber of Bolish Shimanski was nearest to the scene of the accident; he had gone home early, and his two laborers took half an hour from their work to look on. Markowicz especially felt an interest in the timbering, the more dangerous part of the work. As it became evident that the clearing of the passage would take till midnight, most of the spectators dropped away and returned to their own work. Johannes was among the few who lingered.

One of the mules in the mass was not dead; he snorted, screamed twice horribly, and beat with a hoof in the rubbish of the roadway. Nothing could be done. The workers would not come at him for hours.

Another sound came out of the rock-fall. The men in front looked at each other, not believing, but they heard a second time. It was a child's voice moaning: "Mother, Mother." The word was in the Lithuanian tongue; the voice was Poulie Alaburda's. "'Tis the boy!" said Gilligan. "My God, he was leadin' the team an' it caught him! How far in is he I don't know!" He lifted his voice in a shout.

No answer came back. Markowicz stepped out and caught the boss by the arm. "Let me," he ordered. Then he cried sharply to the rock and the blackness: "It's me, Poulie — it's Johnny Markowicz. Where are you? Poulie! Poulie! Holler out, so's I can find you."

Again and again he called, but without answer. At last a wail came back: "My leg!" and then, in the language of his babyhood, the cry for "Mother — Mother."

"He's 'way in — the middle, anyway," spoke Gilligan. "One o' you scoot round an' tell 'em to work lively on the other side. Tell 'em — Kearney, get back there! Three more ribs on that there side, afore you take a bar to one damn rock more! You hear me tellin' you? The hell of a lot o' good you'd do, bringin' eight ton down on yer own nut for us to shovel off ye! Yes, ye will, too, or I'll knock yer skull off!"

"Wait," said Johannes, catching the boss by the elbow. "I got a way. Lemme go in an' try it. I might get in. Under them cars there."

He pointed to the space under the foremost loaded car, between the low body and the track. The road-bed was irregular, but the space might average eight inches of vertical measurement.

"I can do it if the cars ain't smashed in. I c'n go on my belly an' not get stuck." He removed coat and cap and blew out his lamp.

"How'd you get out, though?"

"I donno — oh, say, ain't there no ropes around nowhere? Tie one to my two legs, each one. Sure!"

"It's worth tryin'," Gilligan assented. "Joe, there's a lot o' soft rope in a box up by the mule-barn. You get it. Only you can't make it, Johnny; ye'll get stuck under the first car. The kid himself couldn't hardly squirm through there."

The ropes were brought. Johannes began to make one fast to an ankle.

"It ain't none o' his business to go," complained a young fellow with a pick. "He's a miner's laborer."

Johannes looked up. "You ain't none o' you thin, an' I am." He finished the second knot, stretched himself along the track, and wriggled under the first car.

"Give 'er three good kicks if you want us to haul back," called the boss. Markowicz assented by a grunt.

The picks stopped work for fear of jarring down another fall. The men stood about in silence. They heard the drip of water, the tinkling fall of a tiny bit of slate, the hoarse breathing of the crippled mule, the scrambling of Johannes in his tunnel, and now and then the drag of the ropes over the rubbish on the track. The lamps smoked, making the air unwholesome. No man cared to meet another's eye.

The mule, catching the sound of the rescuer's advance, began a violent kicking. Thereafter, for a long time, the ropes ceased to drag inward. Gilligan took out his watch.

"If he ain't moved by fifteen minutes past, we got to haul 'im back," he declared. "Somethin's the matter."

Fifteen minutes — eighteen minutes past three — and still no motion. The hands grasping the ropes outside were wet with the cold sweat of waiting.

"Pull in, boys. Slow. He might stick on something."

The ropes drew outward. Furious kicking assured the force outside that the little Jew was still alive. They drew him out bodily, furious, gasping.

"What'd you do that for? What'd you do that for? I was a-restin'. That there mule hit out at me — knocked my wind." He wiped a dark froth from his lips. "I was jus' a-restin'. Now I got the whole thing to do again, yet! Blame you for a flock o' lobsters, anyhow! If you do that on me another time, I'll kill you, too!"

"You can't make it, Johnny," said a workman. "Leave it go. Or somebody else could try it your way. You're used up."

"Shut up!" snapped Johannes. "I ain't. I'm bound I'll get him. I mailed him a valentine this mornin' comin' to work. He wanted one. The post-office closes at ——"

He rolled over and squirmed a second time into the opening. A dreadful half-hour followed. This time the mule was quieted, either through weakness or by death. Johannes wormed his way onward, inch by inch. At length he gave the signal — three sharp kicks on one rope, then the other.

The little man was drawn out, this time not resisting. His arms were extended. His hands clutched tightly on the boy's shirt.

"Good God, he's got him!" exclaimed a watcher. Gentle hands lifted the pair.

"He's just fainted," said the boss, after a hasty glance. "The boy's got a broken leg — see the way it hangs? No, don't put no water on his face; get 'im up to the shaft first, so's he won't feel the jolting. It won't do him no harm; kids comes to easy enough. An' somebody get word down to Jones in the bottom vein to send Dominik out, if he ain't gone home. I wouldn't wonder if he'd carry the kid."

At six o'clock Alaburda's house was the center of a great crowd. All Gentile Slaterville was there before the February twilight turned to night. The boy was doing well: everybody knew that. But in the down-stairs bedroom the Jew of the strange soul lay dying.

MacKinnon and Zygmunt were with him from the first, the hotel-keeper voluble in his disgust that Alaburda had captured the boy's rescuer. Zygmunt was hoarsely inarticulate.

Now and again he fixed his eyes upon the scratched face and bloodstains flecking sheets and pillow, and tears stood upon his cheeks. The sallow neck and forehead of the sick man had been hastily cleansed with a towel, though sooty streaks lay along his hair and brows; one last and final washing was all that awaited Johannes after this day's work.

Two doctors were in the room, and big Alaburda himself. Father Daley sat beside the bed, wiping dark bubbles from the Jew's lips, and sometimes raising the weak head. These were not his people, of course; but the Lithuanian clergy lived far away, and the call of trouble was a language never strange or foreign to the old priest's heart.

"I can't do anything," one of the physicians said, in answer to a last plea from Dominik. "He's bled for hours; he couldn't stand the chloroform alone. Three ribs were driven downwards. If he was kicked again there may be other lesions. He can't last much longer now."

"He's coughed a lot lately; that ain't no sign, Doctor," argued MacKinnon, obstinately hopeful.

But the men of medicine were not convinced. "He would not have lasted very long, in any case. His lungs were in bad shape; various things may have helped the disease along: the accident only hurries the end."

Markowicz' eyes opened. A clear intelligence was behind them, despite his weakness. His gaze fastened upon the priest. He whispered:

"Poulie?"

"He's sleeping. There's not much wrong with him. You just about gave your life for him, though. A fine thing — a fine thing. It's a grand feeling to lie down with, that you've saved a child!"

The restless eyes disavowed such satisfaction. Johannes summoned all his strength and spoke:

"Paper. Whisky. I want to write."

The liquor was forthcoming upon the instant, but Johannes could not drink it, after all.

Then, with the priest supporting him in bed, the wounded man hardened his will, controlled his hand, and wrote. It was a short testament in English, and clear with that aptitude in business forms which is a racial heritage. He added the date and his name.

"Sign," he whispered, tapping the paper with one finger. He sank back on the pillows, closing his eyes, but he spoke in Polish to Zygmunt with some strength:

"Sign. Keep the paper, or else Poulie cannot draw the money out of the bank. The book is in the mattress up in my room. You get it for him. Good-by, friend."

There followed a struggle for breath lasting several minutes. When the patient relaxed somewhat, exhausted, but breathing more freely, the priest bent over him.

"Will there be anything I could do for you, boy? You're no Catholic — I know that; but would you want to say a bit of a prayer for yourself, or let me? Your own people are not with you, and it's a long, dark road you're going now. Is there a thing I could do to help you, if you're afraid?"

"Thanks," said Johannes, "I—I guess not." He looked up into the kind face of the old man, and a faint smile stirred his features. "You see, I was — a Jew, one time. They ain't always — not mostly very brave — folks. Lots of things — scares them. I used to be — myself — scared — often. But not dyin'. When things gets — to that — why, Jews ain't — scared of dyin'."

He spoke no more thereafter; and within a brief time the wailing and loud outcry from Alaburda's house told all the neighborhood that the strange Jew was dead.

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